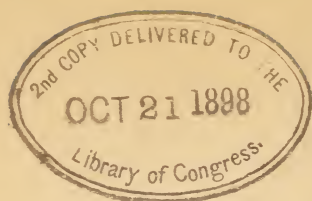




THE OLD PATHS

— BY —

MIRANDA L. VORN HOLZ



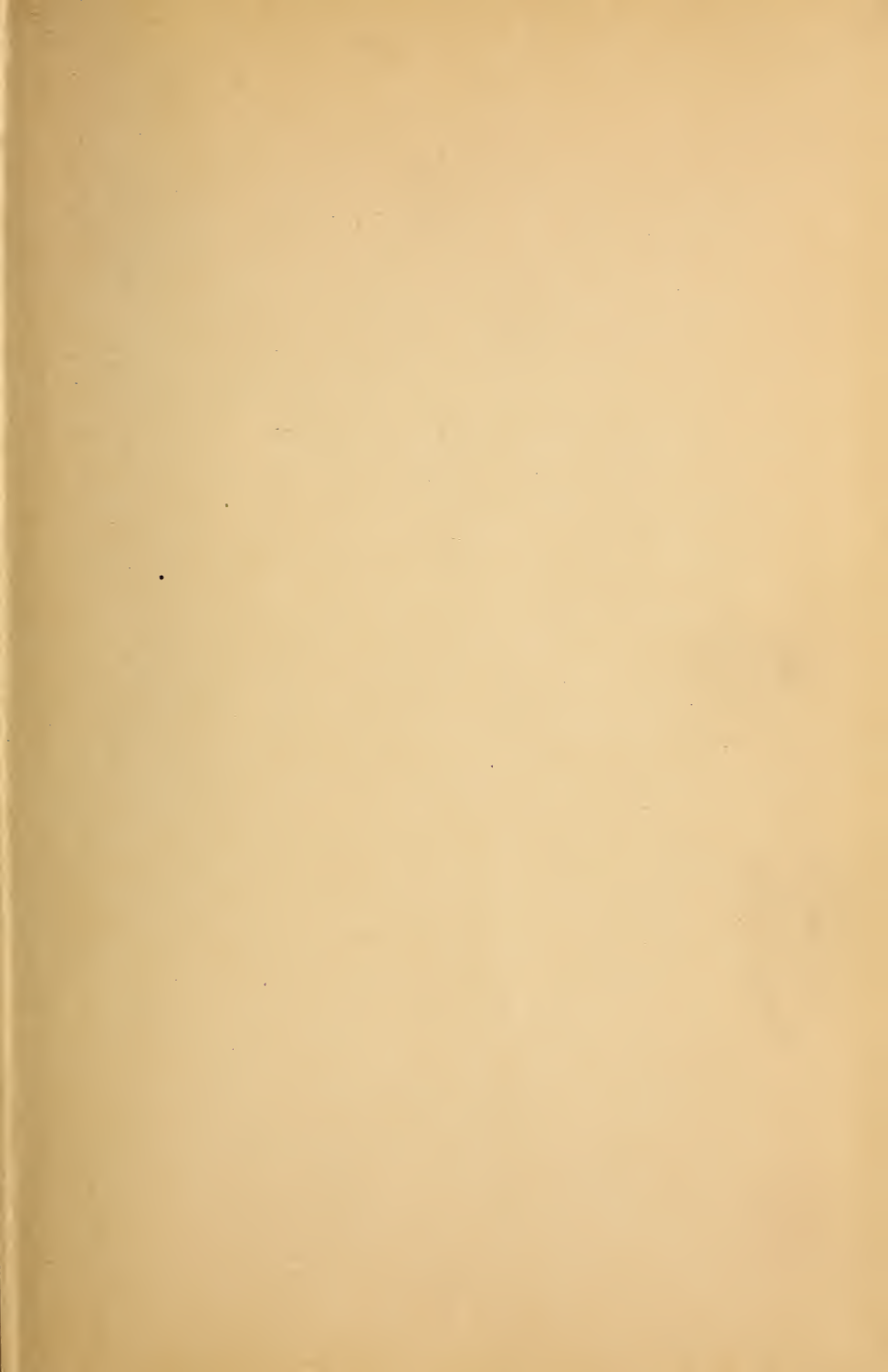
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MIRANDA L. VORN HOLZ.

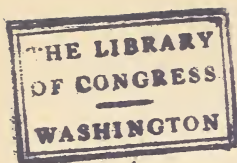


EDITED BY
HER DAUGHTER.

C. Collins Mrs. J. A. (Vornholz)

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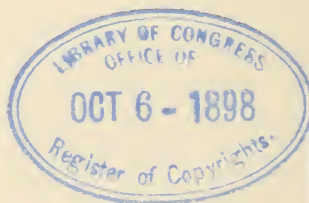
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TO THE
MISSIONARIES OF CHRIST JESUS

This Book
IS INSCRIBED.

Publisher's Note.

PROPHECIES are being fulfilled. God is pouring out his Spirit upon his "handmaidens," and his "daughters" prophesy.

Not the least among them is she whose life is reflected from these pages. She is evidently one of the number of whom the sacred seer said, "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host." (Psalms lxviii, 11. R. V.) Her wonderful experiences of salvation, the revivals that have attended her ministry, and the Jacob-like power to prevail with God in prayer which has characterized her life, make the book one of intense interest.

Her presence in our pentecostal meetings, in progress in this city, has been an inspiration and a benediction.

She has had for years a burning desire to be a missionary in foreign lands. As God's providences have not allowed her to go herself, she writes this book, and sends it out, devoting all profits which may come to her from its sale to the support of missionaries in foreign lands; hence all who buy the book, in addition to receiving the impetus which comes from drinking such wine, are helping to carry out the Savior's commission, to preach the gospel to all.

The publication of the book has providentially been placed in the writer's hands, and he feels that its reading and circulation will promote inquiry and love for the Old Paths herein magnified.

M. W. KNAPP.

Introduction.

THIS book—"The Old Paths"—is the record of the life and labors of one of the well-known and noble women of our Methodism. Mrs. Vorn Holz has lived in the city of Cincinnati since the year 1852, and she is well-known in that city, and in Ohio, and in Kentucky, and in other States, as a faithful and a consecrated toiler in the Lord's vineyard.

And both she and her friends have thought it well that she should set forth somewhat of the dealings of the Lord with her.

Every chapter of this book shows in some way the guiding hand of God in the life of this good woman, from childhood to old age.

The story, which is a very realistic one, is a showing of the way by which she has been led, step by step, in her work in the cause of Jesus Christ, her Lord. Her first work was such as caring for the sick, gathering children into the Sunday-school, inviting people to the services of God's house, visiting hospitals and infirmaries, and wherever else she felt she had a message for any soul. This work was graciously owned of God, and many were led to ac-

knowledge Christ, and receive him as their Savior and Lord. After this, she was led into broader fields of activity, and her labors resulted in the opening of mission work in the city in which she lived, the uplifting influence of which was felt in many directions. About this time the Lord granted her, in answer to prayer, a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, by which her experience was enriched and enlarged, and her faith strengthened.

Her opportunities for work multiplied on every hand, and pressing calls for such services as she could render came from every direction. She took an active part in the great Temperance Crusade, and, with other noble Christian women, won great victories in the name of the Lord. Soon after this, she felt it to be her duty to engage more directly and actively in evangelistic work, and from that date until this time she has been engaged in that form of service. She has aided pastors in revival work in their charges, and at camp-meetings in Ohio and Kentucky, and also in other States, and everywhere her labors have been owned of God, and at times the favor of the Lord has been shown in most remarkable ways. It is safe to say hundreds of souls have been converted to Jesus Christ our Lord through her instrumentality, and also multitudes of believers have been led by the

same agency into such depths and richness of spiritual life that their faith in the Son of God, as a perfect Redeemer and a wonderful Savior, has been confirmed beyond question. She is a woman of strong faith and much prayer, and the Lord has given her many victories, as she has with singleness of purpose toiled for him. I was her pastor three years, and during that time knew, and have known since, much of the results of her good work in the name of the Lord of the vineyard. Many of these results are effective illustrations of the power of the gospel in the conversion of the people, when presented in a direct way and in a faith in God and in his Holy Word that is steady and unwavering. And all this by one who does not claim to be a "minister of the Word," claiming only to be a humble handmaid of the Lord, called by him to toil just as he may direct in the great, wide fields so rapidly whitening to the harvest; ever happy in his service, no matter how humble the toil or obscure the field.

For several years Mrs. Vorn Holz was aided in her evangelistic work by her daughter Ida, now the wife of the Rev. H. R. Calkins, of the Rock River Conference. The requests received from pastors and Churches for their services were always more numerous than they were able to accept. Wherever they

went God owned their labors in abundance of spiritual blessings upon the people, and many hundreds of souls were led into such richness and clearness of experience, that they were enabled to testify to a full and complete salvation from all sin, wrought in their souls by the Lord Jesus Christ.

In His Name she now sends forth this book, praying it may prove to be a blessing to all who may read its pages, and thereby learn of the way the Lord has led her, and how he has made her life a blessing to others. I believe this volume will be helpful to any child of God, and especially so to those who wish to be useful in the Church of God, and learn something of the joy of work in his vineyard when the life of the worker is consecrated to him. I therefore shall be happy to learn that it has secured a wide circulation.

ISAAC W. JOYCE.

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July, 1898. }

Author's Preface.

I PRAISE God that he has let me live to see the fight through with the devil concerning the publishing of the diary of my life for the world to see. It is now ready for press. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! The fight began when, as a little child, I began to write down the happy times I had with the Lord. The devil said, "You have no education, and have not sense enough to keep a diary." Not knowing it was the devil, I burned what I had written; but soon found I could not get along without it. I started again, and have kept it up ever since.

No doubt, if the book is sold, there will be enough fault found with it. But I have nothing to do with that; I have tried to obey God.

There will be criticism of the dreams and prophesying; but all the same I have lived to see many of the dreams come to pass, and many of the visions fulfilled. The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is full of dreams and visions; Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and God's Word is being fulfilled all down the ages. Joel said: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

From the time I was converted I desired to be a missionary; but the way was never opened. Whatever money this book may bring, will be for the support of a missionary in heathen lands. I have been asking God for money enough to pay for six missionaries; one for China, one for India, one for Japan, one for Africa, and one for the mountain districts of Kentucky.

M. L. V.

Editor's Preface.

PROPHECY in fulfillment is natural. It is only as it is seen in the perspective that it appears miraculous. The ancient word, "One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts" (Psalm cxlv, 4), was already working in the heart of the thirteen-year-old girl, hidden away in the forests of Kentucky, as with childish fingers she wrote in her diary of the wonderful love of Jesus. Had the veil been lifted, and the purpose of God revealed—that this diary was to be the beginning of a book which should declare God's mighty acts to her own generation—the timid child would have been frightened away. Like a tender Shepherd, Christ carried his lamb, and guided the small fingers from year to year. In the year 1875 I find written: "I do not write this that any one shall ever see it; but the hand of the Lord is strong upon me. I am loath to continue; but there is no deliverance for me until I obey the voice of the Lord."

Now, on this, my mother's seventy-fifth birthday, as I gather about me the writings of sixty-two years, I am as one of old, who "sat and remained there astonished . . . seven days." (Ezekiel iii, 15.)

Hence, it is with reverent hand and the loving touch of a daughter that the connecting links are made. There is no apology needed for this simple

testimony and life-story, written by herself as unto the Lord.

The style of writing and quaint, old-fashioned words are due to the books which were her earliest companions; and if there appears to be repetition, it is simply a habit of mind acquired from having *lived* in the old Bible.

One of the striking features of the book is the exposure of sin, especially seen in her early writings, when, notwithstanding her religious fervor, the "old man" constantly reminded her of unfaithfulness.

These pages will reveal, to some extent, the exquisite gratitude and old-fashioned worship of her soul, and her faithfulness to God. But of her fastings and night vigils, of her incessant toil for her loved Church and the souls of men, eternity alone can speak.

May the fragrance of her prayers gladden the lives of those who may read her story, even as it has filled that of her daughter and fellow-laborer in the gospel.

"If I was hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I was drowued in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine."

I. V. C.

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THE OLD PATHS.

Chapter I.

ANCESTRY AND FAMILY.

OF a truth, to be well born is better than riches, and "a good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." Much of the data of my ancestry is obscure, as the property and the early records were destroyed by fire. In about the year 1783, my paternal grandfather, William Locke, came from England, and settled in Virginia. He had found a bride among the sturdy Hollanders, and together they endured the hardships of our early settlers. In the year 1784, a son, Richard, was born. Shortly after this my grandfather, while on duty protecting Fort Wyoming, was attacked by Indians, and killed. As time went on, my grandmother married the brother of the famous Daniel Boone, without whom Kentucky would have lost much of its heroic history. My father, Richard Locke, was given to his uncle, Jacob Locke, a Baptist minister and a very good man, strictly religious, who taught my father the fear of the Lord. He was an extremist in his Calvinistic views; so much so, indeed, it caused my father a life-

long suffering. The youthful mind had been filled with the doctrine of foreordination. When about eighteen years old, while hunting, his dogs were chasing a raccoon down the mountain. He knew it was too dangerous a place to risk in the dark; but with the words, "If I am to fall, I will fall anyhow," he rushed on, and fell forty feet on to a rocky ledge. When he came to it was daylight. He managed to drag himself home. His sister met him, and cried out, "Dickey is dead." He never fully recovered, and was not accepted for the War of 1812 on account of it. In 1805 he went into Kentucky, and married Katharine Callender, my sainted mother.

Of my mother, it can truly be said: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." (Proverbs xxxi, 27, 28.) In about the year 1768, my mother's great-grandfather, Frederick Fischer, sailed from Saxony for America. His first wife had died, leaving three sons and one daughter, Eve Katherine, seventeen years of age. On the voyage his second wife died. When in sight of land, a storm coming up, the vessel was driven back. They were fourteen weeks on the water. There was on board a young army officer, John Hoost, who fell in love with the motherless Katherine, and, on landing, they were married. There was born to them a daughter, Elizabeth Fischer, who married Michael Callender. He, too, as my father's father, was killed by the In-

dians; and five months afterward, my mother, christened Eve Katherine Fischer, was born in the fort where Harrodsburg, Kentucky, now stands. She was the first child born in that fort. She and her widowed mother went to live with her grandmother Hoost, who, after her husband was killed in the American Revolution, married Dr. Hagle, a man much revered, a skillful doctor, who died at the age of one hundred and fourteen years. It was here my father met mother. They were of the same age, and were no doubt attracted to each other by the remarkable similarity of their lives. Both forts were burned by the Indians, and all the title deeds and property were destroyed. With undaunted courage they began life with only fifty acres of land, which my father bought in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky.

They put up their own cabin in the primitive style, and before the first year was ended the family altar was raised, whose fire never went out for over forty-five years. They were neither of them converted; but mother, with her new responsibility, soon sought and found her Savior. Father was not so easily won. It was at a ball, or barbecue as it was called, given in Lexington, while dancing, that he was arrested by the Spirit of God. He said the musicians, all Negroes, appeared to him like devils. Up to the time of his conviction he had been accustomed to drink, as the custom was, though not to excess; but this night he was intoxicated. The next morning he promised mother he would never be in that con-

dition again. This pledge he kept to the day of his death. Still, the arrows of the Almighty were stinging. With conviction, the old Calvinistic teaching of his uncle appeared. It was a source of great temptation, and the devil tried to make him believe that he was one of the reprobates; that Christ had never died for him. One day, as he was coming from the mill, he called to God for help. He prayed, "O God, if Jesus Christ died for me, reveal it to me." Instantly he saw Christ dying on the cross for him, as though there were not another man living. He saw the nails piercing the bleeding hands and feet. He came home praising God with a loud shout, and he kept it up to the day of his death. He was a man of great faith, a devoted Christian, and was known as "the praying man." He was a great shouter, praying often until twelve o'clock at night. He had a most expressive countenance, and his piercing eye detected and rebuked deceit and wrong. He was an exhorter in the old Bethel Methodist Church, which he and mother joined in 1805.

After his conversion the mode of baptism troubled him. He searched the Bible, but could not find "immersion" there; but read of the "sprinkling" of many nations. Yet he could not get away from his early Baptist training. When asked his wish, he answered, "I will go into the water and kneel, and have the water poured upon me." And thus he was baptized.

Many souls he brought to Christ, and he was sent for constantly to pray with the sick. He had remark-

able answers to prayer. His faith was Abrahamic. Just before his last child was born, mother was sick unto death. He prayed, and the answer came, "Your wife shall live, and you shall have a son, and he will be a preacher." The promise was fulfilled, for my youngest brother, Jesse B., was a minister in the Kentucky Conference. At another time the fearful scourge, cholera, was killing the people to an alarming degree. They met in the church. He called a fast, asking those who would join him in praying that God might turn away his judgments to give him their hand. Saint and sinner alike came forward. At ten o'clock on the fast-day the class-leader came to our house. My father met him, saying, "Brother Taylor, God has turned away the cholera." We never had another case. One old man was thought to be dying. They sent for father, who went to see him. At eight o'clock that night father prayed for him. He sent my brother next morning to inquire, and he was met by the old man's son. He asked, "When did your father pray for my father?" and my brother answered, "At eight o'clock last night." The son then said, "At the same hour my father sat up in bed, saying, 'Brother Locke is praying for me; I will get well; I feel it all through me.'" He was made well, and lived longer than my father. During the Mexican war my brother desired to enlist, and my father did not want him to go. He prayed for God to stop the war, and that very day God said to him, "General Taylor has gained the victory." In three days' time

the word came that General Taylor had gained the victory, and the war was ended.

My mother was quiet; but O, so sweet and calm! I never saw her angry. How often was her hand laid upon me, the sweet voice saying, "Be quiet, my child!" She would never allow us to repeat any news, or talk about our neighbors, but taught us to be truthful and honest. O, how shall I speak of her good works; of her love to her husband, her children; of how she loved to entertain the ministers of God! She was greatly beloved by all her neighbors, and surely she had a happy passport from earth to glory. Her last days were full of great suffering; but her patience was greater. The following is copied directly from my diary: "Mother died August 9, 1850, at five o'clock in the evening, in the full triumphs of faith, having lived a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church forty-five years. She showed to the world a pious walk and a godly conversation. She had not spoken from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, when she rallied, and called for her children and husband. She gave them each, one by one, her last blessing, and said, 'Husband, good-bye,' shouted 'Glory, glory, glory!' and was gone. (Father said she shouted in the same way when she was converted.) I never can forget you, precious mother, so kind and good to every one. You are gone. I can not see you nor hear your voice again. It breaks my heart. . . . The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away. All that he does is

right. Blessed be his holy name. O God, help me to follow in her footsteps as she followed Christ, that my last days may be the same! Good-bye, dear mother, until I meet you on the golden shore."

My father soon joined her, dying in December, 1851. He talked of going to heaven as of one going on a lovely journey to meet some loved one. He was a man of God—full of good works and of the Holy Ghost. Just before his death he asked to be helped out of bed. Kneeling there, he prayed for his family one by one; then for his Church, remembering each by name; then for the salvation of the world. He asked to be helped into bed, and said, "Now I die, my father's God to meet," and died.

Surely hath God remembered, even to the fourth generation. When I am traveling alone, going over dangerous roads, or when I am in sorrow or trouble, my father comes by me, and I feel safe. The Bible says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

There were eight children in our family, four boys and four girls,—William, for my grandfather; John Wesley, James Fletcher, Jesse Boone, Elizabeth Calender, Rebecca Fischer, Maria Parker, and Miranda Morrow.

William, the oldest son, was very religious, and did not marry until he was thirty-six years old. He told me the last time I saw him that he never told but one lie, and that was when he was a little boy. Father had set a trap in the field to catch partridges,

and sent him to see if there was anything in it; but told him not to touch it. He found a jay-bird and a hawk. The hawk had chased the jay-bird into the trap, and they were both caught. He put his hand under the trap, and tried to catch them, and they flew away. Then he set the trap again, and went back to father, who asked him if there was anything there. My brother told him there was nothing. Father looked at him, and said, "William, you have told me a lie,"—and, taking him back to the trap, discovered the feathers. For this father whipped him, and it was the only whipping he ever received. Father always wanted him to marry. He bought a farm, and told him he would give it to him if he would find a wife. A minister told him of a very religious young woman, who lived about thirty miles from our house. He also told her of my brother. William prayed over it, and at last determined to go and see her. He had never been there, and the way was strange to him. He had been told there was a cross-roads, and when he was nearly there he prayed to God that if it were his will for him to marry, his horse might be guided. He let go his bridle, and the horse went on, choosing the path straight to a stile block, and stopped. He saw a lady coming out, and inquired if Miss Dillon lived there. She said that she was Miss Dillon, and requested him to dismount. He told her that he had come to see her, and that if they liked each other,

and she was willing, they would be married. They prayed at the same hour every day for six months, to ask God for his will to be done. At the end of this time they both felt it was God's wish concerning them, and that he had brought them together, even as in the olden day when he brought Isaac to Rebecca. And so it came to pass. She was deeply pious, and proved a helpmeet for him. God gave them a child, a lovely daughter, who was the sunshine of the home for fourteen years, when he called her to himself. They—the father and mother—stood over her coffin, and shouted, praising God. They said it was the happiest day of their lives. For thirty-seven years my brother prayed at the setting of the sun, and died in the full triumph of faith just two years after his wife went to heaven.

The second son, John Wesley, left home, with the consent of his parents, when he was eighteen years old. We have never heard from him.

Elizabeth Callender, the third child, married Dr. David Parrish, a good man in the full experience of holiness. Their Church was called Parrish Chapel, in honor of him and his wife, whose house was the home of Methodist preachers.

The fourth child, Rebecca Fischer, married a widower, Mr. Charles Cannon. She was a faithful mother to his children, and a loving daughter to his paralyzed mother, whom she nursed for fifteen years. God gave her children. Her eldest son's wife

died, leaving three children, who found a faithful friend in their grandmother. They have all been taught to fear God. She is still living, and I love to visit her; for, as I sit by her side and hear her gentle voice, I seem to be with my mother again.

The fifth child, Maria Parker, married a nephew of the Rev. Jonathan Stamper, a great preacher in those days. He died, leaving three sons. My widowed sister married Mr. John Shankland, and was left a widow the second time. She proved the widow's God to be faithful, and a few years ago went out the shining way to the City of Gold.

The sixth child, James Fletcher, was rightly named. He never married, and died at sixty-six years. He was faithful to the Church, in that he always attended to the finances. While he lived, the preacher's salary and all Church expenses were promptly paid. He was a pure, clean man, living a holy life and an honorable, filling positions of trust in his community. He sent for my daughter Ida, whom he loved very much, and myself, when he was dying. Long after he was speechless, the gentle pressure of the hand as we prayed testified of his unwavering faith in God. At the last moments the setting sun formed a crown of light upon his brow, which lingered after the spirit had taken its flight to the land where there is no night. He was a dear brother to me, and my constant companion until I was married.

My youngest brother was the child given in answer to prayer, with the promise that he should be a preacher. He was converted when he was ten years old, and began exhorting and preaching. He joined the Kentucky Conference, and has been the means of saving many souls. He is still living, and has been faithful to his father's God.

Chapter II.

CHILDHOOD AND CONVERSION.

MY earliest recollection is of God and heaven. I was the seventh child, born April 22, 1823. I slept with my dear old grandmother, who prayed me to sleep every night. The constant prayer of my father, night and morning, was a holy benediction in the home, and a wall of fire about me. My parents shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. With plain, old-fashioned honesty, they taught their children that if they told lies, or said bad words, or talked about their neighbors, or did anything wrong, if God did not forgive them, and they died, the devil would get them soul and body. Thus the fear of the Lord, which is wisdom, came to us. We were afraid to sin. Our parents not only taught us, but made us realize, that it was the truth of God. I delighted to please my parents. Only once do I remember disobeying my mother. She told me to drive the chickens out of the garden, and I answered, "I won't." She whipped me, and I never again willfully disobeyed. We had faithful instructions at the Sabbath-school, which convened at nine o'clock in the morning. My youngest brother and I took our lunch—there were two sessions—returning home at three in the afternoon. It was under the control of a

devoted Presbyterian and his four daughters, one of whom was my teacher. She encouraged me to memorize the Bible. She, too, taught me to be good, saying, "If you are good, maybe some day the good Lord will send you as a missionary to tell the poor heathen of a Savior's dying love." But all this did not save me; for I had an awful temper and a proud heart, and before I was six years old I was convicted of sin.

When I was ten years old, there was much talk of the judgment-day. This was caused by the falling of stars on the night of November 13, 1833, about which I quote the following:

"But the most sublime phenomenon of shooting stars, of which the world has furnished any record, was witnessed throughout the United States on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. The entire extent of this astonishing exhibition has not been precisely ascertained, but it covered no inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface. . . . The first appearance was that of fireworks of the most imposing grandeur, covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls, resembling sky-rockets. Their coruscations were bright, gleaming, and incessant, and they fell thick as the flakes in the early snows of December. To the splendors of this celestial exhibition the most brilliant sky-rockets and fireworks of art bear less relation than the twinkling of the most tiny star to the broad glare of the sun. The whole heavens seemed in motion, and suggested to

some the awful grandeur of the images employed in the Apocalypse, upon the opening of the sixth seal, when 'the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.'"—Burritt's *"Geography of the Heavens,"* page 163, edition 1854.

A celebrated astronomer and meteorologist, says:

"Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of November 13, 1833, probably saw the greatest display of celestial fireworks that has ever been since the creation of the world, or at least within the annals covered by the pages of history.

"In nearly all places the meteors began to attract notice by their unusual frequency as early as eleven o'clock, and increased in numbers and splendor until about four o'clock, from which time they gradually declined, but were visible until lost in the light of day. The meteors did not fly at random over all parts of the sky; but appeared to emanate from a point in the constellation Leo, near a star called Gamma Leonis, in the bend of the Sickle. . . .

"The extent of the shower of 1833 was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, from the middle of the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America to undefined regions among the British possessions on the north, the exhibition was visible, and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance. This is no longer to be regarded as a ter-

restrial but a celestial phenomenon, and shooting stars are now to be no more viewed as casual productions of the upper regions of the atmosphere; but as *visitants from other worlds*, or from the planetary voids.”—*Professor Olmstead, of Yale College.*

“No philosopher or scholar has told or recorded an event, I suppose, like that of yesterday morning. A prophet eighteen hundred years ago foretold it exactly, if we will be at the trouble of understanding stars falling to mean falling stars; or ‘*hoi asteres tou ouranou epesan eis teen geen*,’ in the only sense in which it is possible to be literally true.”—*Henry Dana Ward, in Journal of Commerce, November 14, 1833.*

The stars commenced falling early in the evening, and continued all night until after daylight. When they ceased falling, the heavens seemed on fire. It was not much I slept, I was so frightened. I thought the judgment had come.

On January 1, 1837, our presiding elder, Rev. Jonathan Stamper, preached from Revelation, nineteenth and twentieth chapters, on “The Judgment-day.” He said that, according to the Word, the judgment would sit in the air; that everybody would be there, from Adam down; that the Lord Jesus Christ would be revealed from heaven with all his holy angels, and the trumpet of God sound—yea, down to hell—to call the sleeping nations to judgment; that the books would be opened, and “the dead judged according to the books.” This, he said, would be the last parting scene. He spoke of all classes of

people, and how neighbors would rise up condemning each other because they had not done their duty. When he spoke of children saying, "Farewell, father; farewell, mother; you taught me to be good, and I did not obey you," I said, "If this is the judgment-day, I am lost." O, how I cried to God to help me! I thought when the invitation was given, that I would go forward and give the preacher my hand; but I just sat there and trembled. I went home crying. I found no relief. I promised God to serve him, for my heart was broken. I got religion hard. I had an awful fight with the devil, for he was determined not to let me go. I prayed day and night. I would go out into the field alone; I would think I heard chains rattle, and I would fly to my father. He told me it was the devil, and if I prayed on he would leave me, and God would bless me.

The following August, at Pointer's lower campground, a meeting was held, conducted by Rev. Carlisle Babbitt and Rev. Jonathan Stamper. It was an old-fashioned camp-meeting, where everybody cut their own logs and put up their own tents, and where everybody helped to build the auditorium, which seated five thousand people. On the second Sabbath the collection cleared all the expenses, and no stranger went without his dinner.

We were all ready to go, except my little brother, afterward a preacher, who was to remain at home with mother. Father told mother to get him ready, for God had told him that he would convert him, and

make a preacher of him. He was at this time eleven years old. There were five of us converted. When Jesse was converted he lay under the power of God for two hours, and then exhorted the people to seek God. He afterward, having graduated at Augusta, Kentucky, became an ordained minister of the Kentucky Conference.

August 27th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, while a local preacher was preaching, an old colored man shouted, "Glory to God, the power is coming!" and, like electricity, the power swept over the encampment. The preacher stopped preaching, and there was a rush to the altar. More than one hundred found God. The altar was crowded, and the front seats, until the whole auditorium became an altar. Some ran into the woods; but their friends followed, and soon was heard the shout of new-born souls, until the woods were ringing with the praises of God. I was sitting in the rear, crying as hard as I could. A young woman pressed her way through the crowd, and asked me if I wanted to be saved. I told her I did. She said, "Will you go to the altar with me?" I answered, "Yes; any place," and we went. I threw myself on my knees, crying. I did the best I could; but it got darker and darker. It seemed I was going down into a pit. I cried out of the depths of my soul, "Lord Jesus, save me, or I will perish." In a moment I was on my feet praising God with a loud shout, clapping my hands, and saying, "I am converted, glory to God!" I was converted

through and through. I was converted to stay converted. I have been converted every day since, and, thank God, after sixty-one years I am converted to-day.

The next morning, Sunday, I was very happy. It seemed to me I had gotten into a new world—the very trees were praising God. All of a sudden something said to me, “You were not converted last night.” I said, “What?” “O,” came the voice, “you just put that on.” I answered, “How could that be? I was never so happy in my life.” It said, “It was all excitement.” It was the devil stealing my joy. Just then the brother of our presiding elder, passing, said, “You were converted last night.” I answered, “I hope so.” He said: “Hope so! Do n’t you know so? Were you ever so happy before?” I answered, “O no.” He said: “The devil is trying to deceive you. Tell the devil he is a liar; that you were converted.” I did so, and the devil never tempted me again in that way. He knew God had converted me.

The last Sunday it was reported that there were twenty thousand people on the ground. Carriages were hitched five miles away. It was a glorious time. I did not want to leave. I cried to stay. I could hear the people shouting and singing for three months afterward. I united with the Bethel Church with my parents.

I feel sometimes astonished at people teaching sanctification, as though there were so little in conversion. My conversion gave complete victory over

temper. I sometimes felt it rising; but after six months I said to my mother, "I have not been angry for six months." She answered, "My child, live close to God, and he will keep you;" and so he did, not only from anger, but from every unholy thing. I believe I had more true, solid religion, in a justified state, than half the people of to-day who profess sanctification.

As soon as I was converted I began a diary, which I destroyed, as the devil tempted me. But when I was fifteen I began to write again. [The following is copied verbatim from a childish journal.—Ed.] "O, my God, I am about to make another attempt to write the particular part of my life; not for any one to see it, but Thou, who knows me just as I am. It has been a long time in my mind to do it; but fearing that some one might see it, and knowing my inabilities to write anything like the biography of my life for the world to see, I always banished the thought. I would to God I had done it, for then I could have seen the progress I have made in the Divine life. I desire to write down the particular things of my life as near as I can recollect; not for anything but to serve the Lord. Help me to do it aright—in that way and manner that will be acceptable and well pleasing in Thy sight. I desire to do nothing contrary to thy heavenly and holy will, O Lord! I was born of religious parents, for which I feel unfeignedly thankful unto thee, O my God, for I have been taught the precepts of religion all the days

of my life. The Spirit of God has been striving within me from my earliest recollections, down to the present period of my life. When I was nothing more than six years of age, I recollect asking my father if he always prayed one prayer. He told me 'No,' and taught me the prayer his mother taught him, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' [The page is marred and torn here.—Ed.] In my mad career, when I was going down the downward road that leads to fire and pain, through the instrumentality of Rev. Jonathan Stamper I received convictions which never wore off until I found Jesus Christ precious to my soul. O my God, what a day this was to my soul! What a joyful mourner's-bench was there! I inquired of the watchman of Him whom my soul desired to love, and I went with the watchman, and found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, Jesus Christ, precious to my soul. Next day, being Sabbath, it seemed to me the beautifulest morning, the loveliest place that I ever saw in all my life. All nature was praising God. I was happy, and things went happily and smoothly for some time . . . about the latter end of . . . My attention was turned to a subject that I did not . . . would ever cause me to shed a tear . . . the temptation to come; but I was greatly delivered, . . . other temptations I went through; but blessed be God, who brought me out of them all, and gave me peace and joy . . . since Thou gavest me this blessed religion, help me to serve Thee! . . ."

In the good old days, before it was fashionable to join Church, the Discipline was enforced. No one was allowed into the love-feast without so many class-meeting tickets. Thus it became our highest privilege to attend love-feast; to miss one, was the keenest loss. When God was thus honored, he graciously presided, and many souls were converted and sanctified. There were many who professed entire sanctification; and as I heard them, I would cry, "O my God, I am not like them; give me what they have." Like them, I started out to serve God with my whole heart, by fasting, praying, reading the Bible, attending Church, and being just as good as I could. Something said to me, "If you pray and fast, *when you are old* you will be sanctified." It was the devil cheating me out of my birthright. Thus, always with the desire for purity, I prayed on.

I read such books as Wesley, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Clarke's Commentary, Hester Ann Rogers, William Bramble, Benjamin Abbott, Carvosso, Benson, chief among them being "Fletcher's Checks." But that I might live closer to God, I had a certain place to go to pray. Over from our house there was a mulberry-tree in a little valley. There I had a big, flat stone on which to kneel. I have been there at all hours of the day,—at the dawn of the morning, at noonday, in the evening at the coming out of the stars. When the evening star came out, I used to pray that I might be bright and shining like that star; that wherever I went I might shine. I have been

there when it was snowing, and would soon be covered; and I would pray, "O Lord Jesus, wash me in thy precious blood, and make me whiter than this snow." O, how happy I would get! I would shout and praise God with all my ransomed powers, with none but God and the birds to hear me. Many times I have opened a fodder-shock, and, creeping in, would hide and pray. [An aunt told the editor, recently, that there was a path worn smooth to the mulberry-tree.—Ed.] I would be often gathering blackberries, and the sun would shine so glorious, I would get down and pray to God that he would send the Sun of righteousness into my heart, and make it luminous like the sun. O, for the old-fashioned "getting down" before God!

Every New-Year's day I would consecrate myself to God with fasting and prayer. I would write my vows—to pray each day, and read my Bible as often as I could. This vow I kept; I remember only once of going to bed without praying. The Spirit quickly reminded me, when I immediately arose and prayed. I had my blessing before I slept. I had many trials and temptations, such as young converts have; but I took everything to the Lord, and staid there until he settled it, delivering me from temptation, and blessing me in trial. I soon learned these things made me strong, each preparing me for greater temptations.

Thus my happy childhood passed in the simple

and free life of the old Kentucky farm. The atmosphere of the home was prayer, and my young life became filled with its holy influence. It was as easy for me to pray as to breathe, and, indeed, prayer and religious meditation became the habit and delight of my youthful heart. So I lived, and passed from girlhood into womanhood as in the presence of God.

Chapter III.

"THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

WHEN my father married my mother, he owned but fifty acres of land. This was situated in the midst of the beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, near Bethel, Bath County. With industry and frugality, his growing family saw the little log cabin, without chimney or window, soon become a substantial farm-house; the fifty acres became five hundred acres, well-stocked and with rich crops; a very land flowing with milk and honey. My father was richly favored of God, always having sufficient rains. The people said it was because he prayed so much. Every autumn there were three hundred chickens, eighty turkeys, three hundred bushels of apples, one thousand pounds of maple-sugar, fifty bushels of hickory-nuts, etc.,—everything in abundance. The poor and the sick were never forgotten—especially widows—to whom, whenever he killed fresh meat, he would send their portion. No one was ever sent from the door. Belated travelers and strangers soon felt the welcome hospitality; but they never left without father inquiring about their souls, praying with them, and sending them away with his blessing.

There was always great preparation for Sunday,

my father being a strict observer of the Sabbath. From quarterly-meetings—royal times in the olden day—there would be forty home to dinner. The roasted turkeys and chickens and thirty pies would soon disappear. Our house was the home of the ministers, father praying much for the young preachers, often helping them. Not long since I met a minister, Rev. Richard Deering, of the Louisville Conference, who said, "Your father was a host at quarterly-meeting."

Thank God, my father taught his children to pray! We each took our turn at the family altar morning and evening. This was not mere "prayers," but glad worship of father, mother, four brothers, and four sisters. Father always read the Bible, and we sang hymns. Those dear, old-fashioned family prayers! How they have lived in my memory, and been my daily inspiration for well-nigh seventy years!

My school-days were happy ones. We did not have very good schools in those days, and my little brother and I went two and a half miles every morning through dense woods and lonely forests. I remember one morning we saw a woman sitting on a log just below the road. She had very white skin, and very black hair which she was combing. We thought she was a spirit, and it frightened us so that we ran as fast as we could to the schoolhouse. It was during this time that my grandmother was chased by a panther. She had started with an uncle to visit some friends in the mountains of Kentucky. They

had a long distance to go; but hoped to reach their destination by nightfall. They had crossed the Big Sandy River, and were hurrying on, as it was getting late and the sun was fast going down, when suddenly in the distance, in the direction they had been traveling, they heard what appeared to them some one calling, "Whoo, Who-o-o! Whoo, Who-o-o-o!" As it got closer it grew louder and louder, "Whoo, Who-o-o-o!" Then uncle said to grandmother, "Hurry! It is a panther." The horses galloped; but the panther kept gaining. It was just ready to spring upon them, when they rode inside the gate of their friend's house. The dog gave a bound, and the panther, afraid of the dog, leaped into a big tree. They soon had a gun, and killed him. He measured eight feet from his head to the tip of his tail. This, and many other incidents, made us very timid, so that we were the more quick to imagine danger.

We were taught spelling, reading, arithmetic, and grammar. The old Webster spelling-book had all that is in the first six readers of to-day. We had the old-fashioned spelling-match every Friday afternoon, and my side usually won. I was counted among the good in all my studies; but especially in spelling, as I studied the dictionary constantly. When I was perhaps fifteen years old we had a teacher who was a college graduate, and very clever. Among other things, she taught us "society manners" on Friday afternoons. This I delighted in, as I wanted to be "polite." She taught us how to eat properly, and

how to serve at the table; how young girls ought to conduct themselves in the presence of gentlemen; that girls should not cross their feet, or even let their foot be seen; and that they ought never allow a man to put his arm around them; and that in everything we should be careful. My mother had taught me these things, and my teacher confirmed it. I have observed them all my life.

If I went over my lesson three times I knew it perfectly. I thirsted for knowledge. If I had been sent to college, I surely would have excelled, for I was strong and had a big ambition. I never wanted to marry, but rather to be a missionary. I always prayed for the missionaries. O, how I longed to go to Oregon, to tell the Indians how Jesus died to save them! But, thank God, he has given me my heart's desire, in granting me power to win souls to him by the scores and hundreds!

O, how happy were those days! Everybody seemed to love me. When we grew up, my brother and I were invited everywhere. One winter we went to twelve wedding parties. I usually was called upon to put the finishing touch to the table. My father was one of the oldest settlers of the community; was respected for his religion and honesty, besides being well-to-do in this world's goods. I had my share of good looks, and had a lively disposition. Our circuit extended twenty-five miles, and we always attended quarterly-meetings, so that I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with many people. I had a fine

horse and saddle, with double-reined bridle, and a dear brother who took me everywhere. I remember once staying all night at a friend's house, where I was but slightly acquainted. The next morning I spoke in love-feast, and my hostess said she was never so struck in her life at the way I could talk for Jesus. She thought I was too light, for I had an answer for everybody. This was the only thing that ever condemned me. After being in company all day, when the time of prayer came before retiring, I would have to ask God, if I had been too light, to forgive me, and bless me. In my jesting, however, I always kept the truth.

Honesty and integrity were the chief delights of my father. Really, on both sides of the house, truth was the glistening pearl in the string of virtues. There was nothing that delighted me in my small child days so much as to listen to my maternal grandmother tell the story about the ducks. She always began: "Once upon a time, when I was a little girl, my mother sent me on an errand to a neighbor. She lived some distance away, and I had to cross the creek to reach her house. After I had gotten what I went for, I was returning home, when, in the water, I saw a lot of wee small ducks swimming about. I ran in and gathered them up in my apron, and running home, called out, 'O mother, look, see what I have!' Mother said, 'Where did you get them?' I answered, 'In the water.' She said, 'Who gave them to you?' And I told her, 'I just caught them myself.'

She told me how wrong it was, for that was stealing. I was very frightened, and took them back. I went to the lady and told her what I had done, and she forgave me, and I never did so any more." Thus truth was written on my heart, and I was very careful.

I never danced or played any kind of games. It was very different in those days. The boys and girls learned to work, and a young girl was not thought much of if she could not do all kinds of work. There were "log-rollings," where the men gathered together and cut trees and sawed logs, and then, tying them together, would burn them. This was clearing the ground. While the men worked at that, the women gathered for a "quilting," which would end with a fine supper and a royal good time. Then there were "corn-huskings." While the men husked hundreds of bushels of corn, the women had "apple-peelings." Sometimes these would end in a play or a dance. When the dancing commenced I would leave the house. [The editor met a dear old gentleman, Mr. H——, of Bethel, some three years since, who said: "It was your mother's loyal Christian life which first convicted me. Many a time have I taken her home when the dance began."—Ed.] When the young girls made "calls," they took their patchwork, or needle-work of fine embroidery or handkerchiefs, or knitting of delicate thread lace. I used to be a great worker. I have pulled flax, and spread it upon the ground to dry. After it had dried and rotted, it was broken, and then the tow was carded out, and the

flax was ready for spinning into linen table-cloths and sheets, or made into linen coats and trousers for the men. We used to shear the sheep, and the wool was taken to the creek to be washed. After drying, the burs were picked off, and it was sent to the factory to be carded. Then we spun and weaved it into blankets, coverlets, plaid linseys, fine striped flannel, or plain white, just as we wished. If we wanted to make jeans cloth, we colored it before it was sent to the factory. My father had very fine merino sheep; the wool was very soft and beautiful, and made very fine cloth. It made good suits of clothes for the men. I had three brothers at home besides father. I had learned the art of cutting and fitting from a tailor who was giving lessons, and was soon able to make all their clothes. I could cut out a pair of trousers and vest after breakfast, and have them finished perfectly before sundown. We made three pairs of blankets a year, many coverlets, and sometimes two hundred yards of jeans cloth. After we had made the family clothing, we sold the rest at a dollar and a quarter a yard. With this money we bought china for our dining-room and other luxuries. Once, I remember, I bought some very handsome French flannel for a riding suit. This, with my saddle horse, made me very stylish. Maybe I was a little proud; I would not do it now. This extra work was all done after the regular work was attended to; such as the milking of cows, putting away the milk, making butter, feeding chickens, and a thousand other things.

The only thing I was deficient in was the education. I begged father to send me away to school, saying he need not leave me any of the estate if he would only give me three years at the seminary; but he did not believe in girls leaving home. For this I do not blame him; but praise God for my precious parents!

Although I had all these things, my whole soul was going out after God. I did not know then what I know now; it would have been different if I had. But the Spirit led unerring, and there were glorious times on the way. One choice commandment of God I have endeavored to keep, and it has brought an abundant fruit: "Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee."

Chapter IV.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

WHEN seventeen years old I had scarlet fever, from which I did not fully recover for years. [The following is taken from my mother's diary during that part of her life.—Ed.]

“Lord Jesus Christ, I have enjoyed great blessings, for which I am thankful. O, my God, the hand of affliction has been upon me for two years; I have suffered in body; but I have been happy in my soul the most part of this past year [1844]. It has been all my desire to do the will of my Heavenly Father, if my heart does not deceive me. These desires I have put into practice, as my health permitted. Many nights, I never expected to see morning; but Thou hast spared my life. I have not strength to write much. I do not know that I will live long, and this will suffice.

“April 22, 1845.—This day I am twenty-two years of age, and feel that I can not live another year; but Thou canst spare my life.

“April 24th.—To-day I have listened to a gospel sermon. . . . It seemed like heaven on earth. . . .

“April 30th.—I am yet alive, and able to write. I have not served Thee as I ought; but I have labored under great weakness of the body and sore tempta-

tions. Blessed be God, I feel free from temptation, and feel peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. If I do not live long, I feel that 'if the house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a house not made with hands, a building of God, eternal in the heavens;' but, O my God, if I live, I desire to live unto the Lord, so that, living or dying, I may ever be the Lord's. I desire to sink into the ocean of God's redeeming love. I am nothing; but Thou art all in all.

"May 6th.—How have I served Thee since last I wrote? I have not lived as close to the Lord as I should; but Thou knowest the weakness of the body. I do not write this as an excuse, for I am without excuse. Thou hast done all things well, and it is our duty to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks unto God. But notwithstanding the weakness of my body, and the stupidity of my mind, I have tried to pray every day two or three times, and sometimes more; but I have not enjoyed such a spirit of prayer as I have in the times past, much as I desire to worship the Lord. This day I have had sweet enjoyments in prayer. O Lord, give me true engagedness of heart to serve thee aright! This day these words have run through my mind, 'All my works are sin and death, except Thy quickening power.' O my God, wilt thou give me thy quickening power to make me alive unto thee? Help me to serve thee better than I have ever done, O my God.

"Wednesday, May 14th.—This day I feel I can

not live long; but Thy righteous will be done. O Lord, if I know the desire of my heart, it is to serve thee. I have not attained to as great a height in grace as I desired. Before I die I desire to feel the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin. I desire refining fire to go through my soul, and sanctify the whole.

"Saturday, May 17th.—I feel thankful unto the Lord that it is as well with me as it is. I am able to write; but I have not much hope of living; but I feel perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord. I feel satisfied to die at any time. All my desires are unto the Lord, and to the remembrance of his holy name. I desire a closer walk with thee, O my God. Sanctify my soul before thou removest me from this world to the invisible one, and for Jesus' sake give me some humble seat in heaven, and I ask no more. My hope is centered in Jesus Christ, the Holy One of Israel.

"May 23d.—What has the Lord brought me through since last I wrote; far beyond my expectations, for which I feel unfeignedly thankful! Through the persuasions of my friends I started last Monday to Winchester, to see Dr. H——. I was so weak, I felt I could not sit up when I started; but the Lord graciously sustained me. I was amazed at his goodness toward me, and I tried to give him all the thanks. I am such a negligent, unthankful, unprofitable servant, that I feel like lying at the feet of Jesus. When I look back and see the blessed Savior in Gethsemane, there praying until his sweat became as great drops

of blood, and view him on the cross, his hands and feet nailed to the rugged wood—groaning, bleeding, dying, saying, ‘It is finished’—view him lying in the sepulcher, and rising from the dead; view him on the mediatorial throne, there interceding for men, I feel encouraged to press on and upward, and serve the Lord in the best way I can, whether in sickness or health, that I may reach that heavenly goal for which I am running.

“Sunday, May 25th.—My health would not admit of meeting at the house of God; but I have been trying to serve God at home in my feeble manner, and have felt it is not in vain in the Lord; for thou hast blessed me, for which I give all the thanks to God. I feel encouraged to be more faithful to the grace he has already given me, and trust that he will give me sanctifying grace. O my God, make me just what thou wouldst have me, and grant that I may live to thy glory, and that I may be prepared to meet the Judge of all the earth!

“June 1st.—I am yet the spared monument of God’s mercies. Last night I did not know that I would live, but could view my way clear to mansions in the sky. I have nothing to mourn over but my own unfaithfulness and sinful heart. There has been a subject on my mind which I have thought of more than I should. It is very solemn, almost as solemn as death; it is the state of married life. I am young, and have a tender mother and kind father, a good home, and plenty of the blessings of life. But

my father and mother are getting old, and my father is very much afflicted, and can not live much longer, although he has been afflicted for seventeen years and is still alive, and may live longer than I. If I should be restored to health again, and live out the time appointed, I would live longer than my parents. When a respectable young man presents the subject of marriage to me, it makes me study, especially in turning an amiable young man away, who is better, perhaps than I am. I may live to be older, and marry a person who is not as good as any of these; or I may never marry, and have no one to take care of me, no friend to give relief, no father to pray for me, no husband to love, no children to comfort me. But I would prefer living and dying alone than to be married and be like some. Some persons never do right, either for their own souls or their children. Instead of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as they are commanded to do, they indulge them in every wickedness, and even teach it to them, rearing them for destruction. O my God, what a time it will be in the Day of Judgment! What a parting!—parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants. Husbands will say to wives, ‘If you had prayed for me and invited me, I would have gone with you to heaven, and now I am lost.’ So it will be with wives and parents and children; so it will be with masters and servants, each condemning the other. O my God, I will be there! Grant, for the sake of Jesus Christ,

that in that day none will rise up and say unto me, 'If you had done your duty, I might have been saved.' Help me to do my duty. Help me to fill my station on earth with dignity and Christian propriety; help me to live for the great Eternity. As respects marriage, I feel perfectly resigned for the will of the Lord to be done. I do n't desire to be married, unless it is to a holy, devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; one who will go heart and hand with me to the heavenly land, who will be a helpmeet in my Master's work, O my God, I would desire to entreat thee that, if I am not worthy of such a person, to grant that, if it is consistent with thy will, I may never be married. All my desires are unto thee, and I desire to spend and be spent in the service of the Lord.

"July 3d.—O my God, what I have seen and how I have lived since last I wrote! I have been to Winchester to get more medicine. Dr. H—— says that I will be well by fall; but that is best known unto God. The Lord has brought me safely back, for which I feel unfeignedly thankful. I have taken a violent cold, and have to cough. How it will terminate is best known unto the Lord. O, the enjoyments I have had in secret prayer in the past months! What sweet communion! It has seemed that earth has been turned into heaven.

"July 4th.—I am yet spared to see the light of another day, and feel to start afresh for heaven and after glory run. O my God, help me to serve thee this day! Help me to live continually in thy fear.

"July 5th.—This week I have been reading the deaths of some happy people, recorded in the *Western Christian Advocate*. My soul has been blessed thereby, and I feel a longing desire to love the Lord my God with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength, and my neighbor as myself. O that God would cleanse my heart from all sin, and grant that I may live a life of prayer and faith! I offer up my body and soul a sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto thee, O Lord! Wilt thou accept me for the sake of Jesus Christ; and all the praise that I can give shall be unto God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"July 11th.—I am yet living, and have time and opportunity to make my peace, calling, and election sure. Since last I wrote, I have enjoyed some precious seasons with the Lord. He has greatly blessed me, for which I am thankful.

"July 15th.—What progress have I made in the Divine life? In bodily strength I am better, and I am trying to serve God. I desire my breath to be devotion. The devil would make me believe, if he could, that I will not pray after a while; that I will not be as zealous in the service of God if I get well; that I will not be so religious then. But he need not try that, for I prayed when I was well; and I expect, well or sick, to pray while I live, and I put my trust in the Lord; for he has promised to be with me always, even to the end. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but Thy Word shall not pass away. Thy promises are

firmer than the pillars of heaven. The Lord is my God, and in him I put my trust.

"July 17th.—Through pain and suffering I am brought. What did I say? Pain? Not a murmur ought to be heard to come out of my mouth, when there are such promises for them that suffer affliction. These light afflictions shall work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. When I think of what my Savior suffered—was there ever such pain as His?—of his wearing the crown of thorns, that I might wear a crown of glory; O my God, help me to suffer patiently till thou come and call me! I must now put my pen up. I am too weak to write. It may be the last. If it is, instead of writing about the death and suffering of Jesus, I hope I shall be walking the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem. My hope is centered in Jesus Christ.

"August 3d.—O my God! what have I gone through since last I wrote? But the Lord has kept my mind in perfect peace, for which I feel unfeignedly thankful. . . . I desire to enjoy a living faith in the Son of God. I am making some progress. I feel strengthened in faith. The Lord looks down in compassion on me. O my God, what sweet communion I have enjoyed with thee in secret prayer! What! Such a poor, unworthy creature as I am to speak of being conversant with the God of the universe, and a mighty God! Yes; he looks in compassion on me, and converses with me, just as if I was talking with some living friend, who took great interest in my wel-

fare, and gave me comfort. He pours forth into my soul copious showers of love, and makes me to rejoice in God my Savior, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. On yesterday, as I was returning to the place of prayer, where I have gone for so many years, I was thinking how often I have prayed there, and under what circumstances, and tears of joy and gratitude flowed, and I praised God that it had never been too cold, and that I was never too tired. My labor has not been vain. Now as I went, in great weakness of body, and bowed before the Lord, this was the language of my heart, 'My God, I have come here to worship thee; but I feel unworthy to bow before thee, and to take thy holy name on my sinful lips. Neither have I strength to worship thee aright. O my God, be pleased to give me grace and strength! I can not give thee enough.' My soul was happy, and my body strengthened. I will never give up prayer.

"August 27th.—This day is set apart for fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving unto Almighty God, it being the anniversary day of my conversion. I do not know but that my affliction has been good for me. I have prayed more, sometimes eight times a day, and often all day and night; for when I was in pain I could do nothing but pray. I have had many sore conflicts; but, blessed be God, he giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. He has never said, 'Seek ye my face in vain;' but 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;' 'Draw nigh to God, and

he will draw nigh to you.' I have found God to be as he hath said. He is a present help in time of need. O my God, help me to live for thee all the days of my life!

"January 1, 1846.—O my God, another year gone, and the New-Year finds me in the land of the living! What an unthankful person I am! At the commencement of last year I was so sick I had no expectations of living; but the Lord has brought me through. I am enjoying far better health, for which I am thankful to God, and desire to covenant afresh to serve him better this year, or what part of it I may live. I make it on my knees, and I desire to write it as I kneel. This is my covenant: 'January 1, 1846.—I covenant this day with my God, by his assisting grace, to retire and bow before him, and pray three times a day; to pray as much besides as I can; also to read a chapter in his Holy Book every day, and to live as near the Lord as I can.' And now, my God, I desire that thou wilt enable me to live up to my covenant, and all the praise shall be unto thee.

"March 22d.—Through the grace of God I have been enabled to live up to my covenant, and I feel strengthened thereby. . . .

"December 20th.—The Lord has spared me to live almost to the close of another year. I am unfeignedly thankful unto him. I have enjoyed very good health. I have had some temptations; but the *Lord* has delivered me out of them all, and he has given me great enjoyment in religion. By faith I have gazed on the

beauties of heaven, and the happy state of those who surround the throne of *God*. Had it been right, I could have desired to depart and be with *Christ*. I am perfectly willing to stay here as long as the *Lord* is willing, and I feel perfectly thankful it is as well with me as it is. All my desire is that the *Lord* will help me to live in the discharge of every duty, improve the grace he has already given, and live to his glory, that when I come to die I may die in the triumphs of faith, and have an humble seat in heaven. This day I enjoy uninterrupted peace with my *God*.

“January 1, 1847.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all his blessings and mercies? He has spared my life, given me my health, and blessed me with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. He has enabled me to keep my covenant. This has been a joyful and thankful day unto me; I give God all the thanks of my poor, sinful heart, and feel like falling in the dust before him. On this day I covenant anew, by thy assisting grace, to retire to some sequestered place.
. . . [Here follows the old covenant.—Ed.]

“February 8th.—O Lord, thou hast spared my poor, unprofitable life. I have had great trials, and I am afraid they are not over yet; but I will go on putting my trust in the Lord. ‘They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded;’ ‘They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.’ I have prayed, wept, sighed, groaned, to be set free; but do

all I could, I did not enjoy the spirit of prayer as I wished. It was all my fault. I have been too unfaithful, and have not exercised faith. My mind has been on worldly things, and not upon Christ. With shamefacedness I acknowledge it unto thee, O my God! O Lord, have mercy on me! My God, forgive me for the sake of Jesus, and grant that my will may be lost in the immensity of thy will, O Lord! I have enjoyed more of a spirit of prayer than usual, for which I feel thankful unto God.

“January 1, 1848.—I renew my covenant with God. . . . My sister is married again, and I have so much to attend to, I can not have the time to serve the Lord as I desire. Notwithstanding I spend much time in prayer. O God, thou knowest all about it! I do not enjoy the fervency in prayer I desire to. This year has been one of trials, though many have been the bright days thou gavest. When the rest of the family has been in bed, I have spent many sorrowful hours in solemn prayer to God; but bright visitations I had from God. If I had lived as close to God as I ought, I do not think I would have had these dark seasons. But the messenger of Satan was left in the flesh to buffet Paul, lest he should be exalted above measure. But I have no excuse to make before Thee but my own unfaithfulness. O my God, I desire full redemption in Christ; to be cleansed from all sin; to walk with thee in white; to be sanctified throughout soul, body, and spirit! O God, increase my faith, confirm my hope, and perfect me in love!

“January 1, 1849.—O my God, thou hast brought me through another year! I thank thee for thy blessings. I renew my covenant. . . .

“January 1, 1850.—The Lord has spared my life to this time. O, the trials and troubles I have had to encounter! Thou knowest them all; but thou hast kept me in the straight and narrow path that leads to joys on high. I have renewed my covenant with thee. . . . Not only will I pray every day this year, but every day of my life, whether they be many or few, I intend to pray. This covenant is made for all the days of my life.

“March 25th.—O my God, I will never rest satisfied until I receive the blessing of perfect love! O God, give it to me now, for the sake of Christ! Help me to live by faith in thy dear Son.

“August 10th.—O my God, what a sorrowful day this has been! Never did I have such trouble before. Yesterday I witnessed the closing scenes of my dear mother. She died after an illness of three months.”
[This part of the diary is found in Chapter I.—Ed.]

Chapter V.

MARRIAGE—CINCINNATI.

MY father and mother frequently spoke to me of marriage. They said they could not live long, and that I would better not turn away so many offers. I said this was all true, but that I did not wish to marry. In a short time a gentleman came to our house to inquire where he could find a house for a "store," as he wanted to start business in the town close to where we lived. He found one which suited him, and then went back to Cincinnati and brought on his goods—a fine assortment—and also his partner, Mr. John H. Vorn Holz, a young man near my age. He introduced him to me, and I thought him very nice. Their store was the best in the place. He came to our house every week, and paid a great deal of attention to me. I did not think he thought as much of me as he professed; for I had become well acquainted with the young men of our neighborhood, and did not believe everything that they said. My husband—for he became my husband afterward—staid only one year, and then left for St. Louis, to start a wholesale store. He did not even come to tell me good-bye. His partner came and staid all night, and told us they had not known they were going so soon, until he went to the city and learned of a firm which

had failed, and which wanted them to take a part of their goods. I did not know I thought so much of him until he was gone. I gathered together all his letters and everything. I felt I was very foolish; I did not know what to do with myself; for, after all, I had fallen in love with a stranger. O, how my face burned! He had gone, and had not told me good-bye! But I had to make the best of it. That was in March, and I never heard a word from him until July, when I received a letter. He said it was the fourth letter he had written, and if he did not receive an answer he would not write again. He said everything he could, for he was very clever. My mother was sick. I read the letter to her. She said: "Marry him if he asks you. He will make you a good husband, and be loving and kind. I shall soon die, and you would better have your own home and somebody to care for you." My mother died twenty months afterward. We kept up the correspondence for over two years, and became engaged to be married, if the Lord was willing. In sixteen months after my mother died, father passed away.

I had three objections to marrying. One was, he was a stranger; that is, he had not lived long in our neighborhood, and I was unacquainted with his family. Another was, how could I be contented with city life? The last and strongest objection was, that he was not a Christian. I prayed and fasted over it for days and weeks. If I had been sanctified, I would have taken my money and gone to school; and then

I would never have married, for I would have spent my life and my all for God. There was a religious young man waiting on me at that time, who had everything to make me happy. His father was a good Methodist minister, and of an excellent family. This was another source of temptation, as it appeared more reasonable to marry him. If I had done so, I would never have accomplished much work for God. I read Paul on marriage, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and Clarke's Commentary. Clarke said the unbelievers referred to here were those who did not believe in God or in Jesus Christ. He also said the unbelieving husband could be saved by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife by the believing husband. There were many reasons why I should marry my husband, chief among them, I loved him, and then my heart was very lonely.

When my father died, just before they took him away, I kneeled down alone beside his coffin. I prayed: "O my Heavenly Father, if it be possible, let a double portion of my father's spirit of prayer and faith rest upon his daughter." I felt greatly blessed, and whispered, "Good-bye, dear father, until we meet again on the golden shore." . . . And they laid him away.

Six months afterward, on the 22d day of April, 1852, at seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Vorn Holz and I were married by Rev. Dr. Hicks, of New York. I said good-bye to my old, happy home, where I was born and reared, and had enjoyed so many

happy times; where my sisters and brothers were married, and my father and mother there to bid them good-bye. But they were gone to the glory-world. We had a happy time—a breakfast for one hundred of my friends. When I said good-bye I did not shed a tear, although it was very hard. Miss Mollie Workman, my bridesmaid, and my brother, groomsman, went with us to Maysville. It rained and snowed all the forenoon; but in the afternoon it cleared away, and was very fine. We staid all night in Maysville, my brother and bridesmaid returning home next day. My husband and I took the steamer, and came home—my new home in Cincinnati. When we arrived in the city my husband engaged a carriage, and we drove up to Ninth Street, to his home, where his parents received me.

It was just like another world—a large city, everybody strange to me; not anything like my old home or country life. We arose at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and went to bed late at night. It seemed to me I never could stand it; but one can get used to anything, and soon I became very fond of my new home. The thing I missed most of all was the family altar and singing God's praises. All my husband's friends were worldly, except one lady and her husband, who were very religious, and whom my husband liked very much.

We went to a good many Methodist Churches, and at last I put my letter into the old Ninth Street Methodist Church, while Rev. Mr. Crum was the

pastor. There I found a home and many warm friends, who were always kind to me. It was a very religious Church at that time. When I first went there it seemed a heaven on earth. Seven hundred children attended the Sunday-school. This Church, now Trinity, has been my home for forty-six years. Here my children grew up, and here I still delight to worship.

I loved my husband the first time he came to our house, and the more I was with him, the more I loved him, until I paid no attention to anybody else. He said he was intended for the ministry, and had thought of being a Presbyterian minister; that his parents were religious, and that he would go with me to Church, but that I must not expect him to be so good a Christian as myself.

At first my husband desired me to go to the theater with him. The first time I went—it was only to please him—I felt wretched. My husband enjoyed it, and thought it strange that I did not. He said I would like it by and by; and so in a short time he asked me to go again. I told him I did not want to go. He asked me, "Why?" I answered: "I am a member of the Church, and it does not look well. I can not think it right. I would love to please you." He was satisfied, and soon stopped going himself. He also gave up his club banquets because it grieved me so. I did not believe in dancing, nor in any of those things which the world calls pleasure. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ was enough for me.

I thought my husband's parents very strange. I had looked forward to being with them; for since my own dear parents were gone, I had grown hungry for love and to love some one; but I could not understand them. Certainly they could not understand me. They were religious, in that they were Lutherans; but they knew nothing of Christ as a personal Savior, and did not understand "Methodist religion." They called it excitement, and many times my heart was pierced because of these strange things; for Jesus and prayer and praise were not only the life, but the very joy of my father's home. There were many hard things to bear and many misunderstandings, for which I needed great patience.

Thus God permitted my cup of gladness to be tinged with something of bitterness. But his loving hand prepared and gave it; for through "manifold temptations" he was preparing me for the great crisis of my life, which was to sanctify me wholly to himself. Praise his dear Name!

Chapter VI.

SANCTIFICATION.

TRULY hath Jesus said, "The world will hate you: . . . it hated me." Jesus' own household, his half-brothers, said he was beside himself. I had some temptations that were indeed grievous to bear; but in one way it was the best for me. I could not have had another enemy who could have driven me so close to Christ; for there was no other way but for me to live at the feet of Jesus every moment. I needed the merit of his love; I looked to him, and he gave it.

Not long after my marriage, the devil said: "Your father and mother are gone to heaven, and you are away from your brothers and sisters and your old happy home. You are now in the city, and your husband is not converted, and you have to live with your husband's parents; you would better give it up, for you can not stand." He came with all his Satanic power. I fell upon my knees, and said, "My God, help me!" and I cried mightily to God, and the Lord spoke to me in power. He said: "My grace shall be sufficient for thee. Have I not always been with thee?" I said, "Yes, Lord." He said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. My grace shall be sufficient for thee." I was greatly strengthened. Two

years of my married life were gone, and what I had passed through was known only to God. The time came when I felt I must have something more than I had, or I would sin against God. I felt it was not possible for me to bear what I had to go through, without getting angry or saying what I ought not to. I never believed in Christians sinning and repenting. I believed God could keep us from sinning. I always did believe in sanctification; but did not fully understand it. I thought we must live a holy, sanctified life, and when we became old we would be holy, almost like angels. I tried by works to grow, and I do not remember ever going to bed without the witness of the Spirit that I was accepted. Now came the test. As I said, I had always believed in the blessing of sanctification, and I had from my conversion lived for it. When I was converted and joined the old Church of my parents, I said, "I have not the religion these people have." I saw how their faces shone, and saw them clap their hands, and I said: "The Spirit is going through and through them. O my God, give me what they have!" I had thought to live a holy life; but, alas! fasting, praying three times a day, and living just as close to God as I knew how, did not sanctify me. I want to say, however, that I grew in grace. I got stronger in the Lord always. It was not long before my faith was so strong that all I had to do was to pray and to hold on to the promises, and I would get my prayer; and yet I did not receive sanctification.

Just at this time, Rev. James Caughey, of Philadelphia, came to our Church to hold revival services. He was a wonderful man, and did great good preaching the doctrine of holiness. He explained it by entire consecration, and believing the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *now*. I saw through the whole thing. I saw where I had made my mistake, and what had kept me out of the blessing. I had made the consecration times without number, and believed in God's time he would sanctify me—never understanding that God's time is *now*. It was all a trick of the devil to keep me out of the blessing; by keeping me growing, growing into sanctification. Now I was determined to have it. I went to the altar every afternoon for ten days, the devil tempting all the time. He said: "What a shame it is for you to be going to the altar seeking salvation, and you have been all these years professing to have so much religion." It seemed to me I could hardly stand it; but I was determined to have the blessing. And so one morning about nine o'clock I put my baby to sleep, and left my servant to care for her. I went into the parlor to pray, and the devil followed me, saying: "You have not time to pray so long. You will be late to meeting this afternoon." (How anxious the devil gets sometimes to have us go to Church. He will use any means to keep us from making connection with the throne of God.) I said: "Time or no time, I am going to pray. I am going to settle this question." Then the devil left me, and God blessed me. There seemed to me such a power

of love resting upon me, and that I had such love to God as never before. Then the Spirit said, "Now, what do you want?" I answered that I wanted to be filled with all the fullness of God's love.

Just then the life of Abraham was brought up before me; how God told him to take Isaac, his only son, to offer him a sacrifice on one of the mountains in the land of Moriah; and yet God had promised Abraham that in this son all the nations of the earth should be blessed. He had taken him out, and told him to look to heaven and count the stars, and as they were, so his seed should be; now he tells him to offer him a sacrifice. It was a three days' journey to Moriah. I do not believe that Abraham told Sarah anything about it, but gathered up the wood, and took his servants and Isaac, and went on his way, trusting God; believing if God permitted him to slay his son he would raise him to life again. The devil no doubt said to him: "You know God has said to you that in your son all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. You must be mistaken. God is not speaking to you now." But Abraham understood God. He had said, "Go," and that was enough. So they went on, Isaac carrying the wood on his shoulder. Christ bore his own wooden cross up the steeps of Calvary, and was crucified, it is thought, just where Abraham built his altar to sacrifice Isaac. The altar was built, and Isaac laid upon it. Abraham's hand was uplifted to strike the blow, and God called, "I know thou art faithful unto me. Do thy son no harm.

I have prepared thee a sacrifice," and there was the ram. God showed me that it was faith in God that could do this work for me. If God gave to Abraham such mighty faith in the dark age of the world, when they looked to a coming Savior, then surely I should trust God through a risen Savior. He also showed me that God was no respecter of persons, for he had made them male and female; and that if he could give to this man power to do this thing, he could give me the faith to believe that the blood of Jesus Christ could cleanse me from all sin. I then looked to God for help. I felt it was coming. My soul was being warmed by the fires of his eternal love. My heart was melting fast under its influence. I said, "I do love thee now; but I want to love thee with all my ransomed powers." Faith was growing stronger and stronger, as I kept saying, "I do love God." All at once I let go of everything, and said, "It is done," and the great transaction was done.

"He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

I was emptied of self, and filled with God.

In the country there are majestic trees growing, and down about the roots there is nothing but a shell. So I felt that memorable morning when Christ came, and took his own precious blood and cleansed every avenue of my soul. He brought his Father with him and the Holy Ghost; they came in and took possession of my soul and body. The blessed Spirit came

to stay, and has been my abiding guest from that day to this. That was April, 1854. He has never left me, not for a moment. I have passed through trials and temptations—enough of them—but they were on the outside, for I had Christ enthroned within. I felt that if I had wings I could fly to the ends of the earth, to tell the power of Christ to save and to cleanse from all sin. My whole being was flooded with love. I was completely swallowed up in love. O, how I loved God! O, how I praised him for his love to me! God blessed me every day of my life, more or less, from the time I was converted. Sometimes I would shout and praise God, as happy as I could be; but after the shout was gone, I would have an uneasiness in my heart. I would say to God, "What is the matter now? I have been shouting; I have done nothing wrong." I could not tell what it was. I know now it was the old man—inbred sin. I have never felt it since I have been sanctified. Christ can make us very happy, and bless us in a justified state; but he can not dwell in our hearts while there is any inbred sin there. Christ and sin do not go together; but he can take his own blood and cleanse us from sin if we let him; then he comes in to dwell forever if we live right. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i, 7.) I thank God he helped me to live religion every day of my life, and that I was never cold and was never a back-

slider; but my march was onward and upward to Mount Zion, the city of the living God. It was just as distinct to me that God had cleansed my heart from sin, and sanctified me soul and body for his own, as that he forgave me my sins, and that I was born of the Spirit. I have never doubted the work, nor that it was accomplished that morning.

But the devil was not dead, and there he stood with a new temptation. He suggested to me not to say that I was "sanctified," because I might be mistaken, as I had such a high view of holiness; "but rather profess to be cleansed from all sin, for of course I know that you have a deeper work of grace." Thus because I was afraid that I might profess too much, I spoke of it as "cleansing." I attended a holiness meeting, led by Brother Dubois at Christie Chapel, every Sunday; I professed the blessing as a deeper work of grace. Brother Dubois said, "You might as well profess the blessing of holiness, for that is what it is if you are cleansed from all sin." Brother Shorten said: "Sister, why do n't you profess the blessing of sanctification? You have it if anybody has." I answered: "I will pray over it, and if what I have is sanctification, and God gives me the assurance, I will profess it." On the next Sunday afternoon, sitting on the same seat in old Christie Chapel, I felt the power of God coming upon me. All at once my husband came up before me, and my children, saved, washed white in the blood of the Lamb. The sight was wonderful. Then came the assurance, "I, thy

Lord, have sanctified thee soul and body for myself." The power was so great I could scarcely stand under the weight of glory that rested upon me; indeed, I could scarcely walk home. From that time I have professed sanctification. He has been my abiding Savior from that day to this. In all kinds of temptation and persecutions he has never left me. I have had trials to pass through that would take my strength away; but I felt Christ was with me, and when it was enough he took them away with the greatest blessing, so great that I was faint.

Trials do not come from anything that we have done; they often come through friends. This blessing gave me perfect patience and perfect faith and perfect love. My husband's parents still continued to live with us, and I found it to be the very thing I needed. I did not mind what was said or done to me. I could be still, and say, "Mother, God will decide all things with us." I lived to realize it. She lived on for twenty-two years, and on her dying bed she would say, "Miranda, I want you to get down and pray for me." I would say, "Mother, you can not understand me." She always answered, "God can." I would get down and pray for her, and she said they were the happiest moments of her life. For fifteen months she was helpless. I washed and dressed her as if she had been a baby, and fed her six times a day. Thank God! she clung to me to her last moment. My father-in-law lived nine years longer, and he, too, did not want any one to do anything for him but

myself. I had the joy of soothing the closing hours of his life, and giving him the refreshing water which he called for incessantly. He was not sick; but passed away from the effects of the excessive heat of that year.

I can truly say I have never committed any willful sin during these years, but have had Christ with me. I do not say I have not erred in judgment. I have done many things, when at the time I was doing the very best I knew; but afterwards I saw wherein I might have done differently. It would have been better for me and all concerned; but I did not feel condemned, for it was an error of judgment. There is one thing sure,—if we are sanctified soul and body, and live as close to God as we can, God will not let us err very far; his Spirit will teach us and lead us. Many Christians count error of judgment sin; many others who profess holiness are at the other extreme, and count sin as an “error of judgment” or “righteous indignation.” We do the best we can up to the light we have. We will make mistakes sometimes; but God will sanctify them to our good. Now he can not sanctify sin, and if the mistake comes from sin, he does not touch it; but when we repent he puts it away, restoring to us what we lost. If it is a mistake from the head, it is given to Jesus. IT IS NOT LOST, and God works it into our character, revealing deeper needs and higher aspirations. Ah! when we are yielded to God nothing is lost, the very hairs of our head are numbered, and each experience brings added knowledge and light.

The question arises, "Did you not grow in grace in a justified state?" Yes; I did. One must go forward or backward; there is no standing still in the Christian life. But I grew more in one year in a sanctified state, than in all my life before. I had such light on God's Word, and my Christian life was deeper and stronger. I had such rest in my soul, and a peace flowing like a river. There were no more "ups and downs." I was not shouting happy; but an indwelling Christ, an inward peace, was mine, sweeter than any tongue can express, like unto the land flowing with milk and honey. There is nothing sweeter to the taste than honey; neither is there any blessing so sweet to the soul as sanctification.

After professing, I had double the power. O, how much God's people lose by not receiving and professing entire sanctification! My desire to work for God was greater than ever before. The old longing desire to be a missionary became a fire in my bones. Sometimes it seemed to me I must go out and get the world saved for God. But I was married, and my husband had become engrossed in business. He was living for the world. God had blessed us with children. My second child—a little boy—had died; but my four little daughters were spared to us, so that I had a little family. Beside my husband's father and mother, my niece was living with us, going to school, and my nephew, who was working for my husband, took his meals with us. I had as much as I could do to take care of my home. The only work

I did outside of my family, until my youngest child was old enough for school, was to be faithful in my attendance at my Church, sickness only preventing me. When I could, I went to all the love-feasts in the city, and testified for Jesus, of his power to save and sanctify. The preachers, when they had protracted meetings, would often send for me to come and pray and help at the altar. As soon as summer vacations came, I would take my children to the country, where my brothers and sisters lived. I believe God used me there. I would have such glorious times with my friends. It was a great treat to get away from the hot city, out into the fresh country air, and away from the fashions and styles.

While I staid at home I prayed all the time; working or not, I was praying to God. Our dear pastor, Rev. W. I. Fee, told an incident about two women praying for their husbands, who were infidels. They covenanted with each other and God to pray every day until they were saved. Three months passed away, and there appeared to be no change. The last day came, and they were not saved. They went to bed, and at twelve o'clock their husbands woke them up, and each said to his wife, "Pray for me; I shall die." They were both converted at the same time. There was only a lot between their houses, and they started to tell each other the joyful news, and met halfway. This inspired me, and I made a covenant with God to pray for my husband, and to fast every Friday, from evening to evening, for his salvation.

Three months passed, and he was not saved. The devil tempted me awfully. I said: "Now I will pray again. My sister-in-law is not saved, and my nieces and nephews. I will pray for them, and see if God will not answer my prayers; even if my husband will not be saved." So I began to pray for them. In six weeks I received a letter from my brother, saying: "Yesterday the quarterly-meeting commenced, and the elder and preacher staid at my house. My wife was converted at the breakfast table. The work has broken out in the Church in a wonderful manner, and I believe all our friends will be converted." The next day another letter came, saying, "Dear Aunt, if you had been here last night I would have been converted." In ten days they were all converted, and sixty souls saved in the Church. The report was a wonderful meeting, with mighty power resting upon the people. When the last letter came, my husband read it at the dinner-table. I could not keep back the tears, and as soon as he was gone, I went into the parlor and just praised God with all my heart. The devil said to me, "It was not your prayers." I said, "Glory to God! He has given me the desire of my heart"

All the first part of my married life my children were sick much of the time, and I myself many times at death's door. Ah, the many sleepless nights I spent down on my knees! At those times it seemed as if the devil were working for me, instead of against me. The very nights when the devil would rob me of my sleep were made the choicest of my life.

O, what happy hours I have spent with Jesus when everybody was asleep! It was not of myself; it was all of God—that blessed Triune God—who was in me, and abideth forever. O, the many glorious visions of his power and love, either preparing me for a trial, or blessing me after one! Once my mind was carried away to behold the Heavenly City—the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, the pearly gates, the precious walls, the throne of God—until my strength was almost gone. I could hear the songs for some time, and was drinking wine right from the kingdom. Another time, while passing through a deep affliction, I was lifted up above the earth, praising with the redeemed—O, how glorious was the feeling! The pain, from which I had suffered intensely for twenty-four hours, was gone. One night I could not sleep. I went down stairs to pray, with my Bible and lamp in my hand. I read the promises, and prayed for six hours; yet I did not get the victory. The bells were ringing for six o'clock, and I had to see about breakfast. I said, "I can not give it up; I must have the victory." I was lighting the fire. All at once the load was taken off, and such an enraptured vision of the heavenly world burst forth as to almost lift me out of myself. It seemed to me there was nothing but a dimming veil between me and that glory. O, it was wonderful, beyond anything I can express! For days I could see nothing but that glory. It will never be entirely erased from my memory. It was not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars; it was

something far beyond that. My mind was so enraptured with this vision, that when my third child was born she looked up continually. The doctor said she had the most remarkable countenance, and looked as if she had had a beautiful dream. I prayed, and it passed away.

At some times it seemed to me as if the lost spirits were called up from hell, and as if I was surrounded by them. I had done nothing wrong that I knew of. I would call to Christ for help, and he would give me deliverance. One night it seemed to me the room was filled with lost spirits. I tried to pray three times, and every time I would go to sleep. Then something would wake me. I would read the Bible, and I could pray for a few moments; but would fall asleep again. It seemed they would devour me. All at once I said, "Lord, send some one from heaven to rebuke the devil, and cast out the lost spirits." As quick as thought, it seemed to me Peter stood there—and the room was filled with angels. O, how I rejoiced in the Lord! 'The spiritual world is not so far away. Many may smile; but God hideth from the wise and prudent, and revealeth these things to babes. "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Although I believed in God, yet I could never understand faith. I prayed to God that I might understand it. One night, after I had been praying a long time, something happened. It was a dream or a vision. I thought I was at the foot of a very high mountain, which appeared to be perpendicular to the

top; and I thought I had to go to the top. I said in my heart, "How can I go to the top of that high mountain?" I looked to the left, and there was a broad road leading around the side of the mountain. It appeared to go to the top, and so I started on that road. I got about halfway up, and the road ended with a dismal gulf. O, it seemed awful to me! I went back from where I started, and was again impressed that I must go to the top. I said again, "How can I go to the top?" The answer came: "Place your eyes on the top of the mountain. Do not look to the right or to the left, and do not look back, and you will reach the top." So, looking upward, I commenced to rise, and up I went. It was no exertion on my part. As I went up I found strong roots which grew out of the mountain. On these I rested my feet. And there was strong grass growing down the mountain, which I took hold of, and thus I went up. I never took my eyes off the top of the mountain until I reached it, where I met my father and my mother. I awoke, or came to consciousness, and "raised the shout." God explained it to me, that I was to keep my eyes on Christ, nor look to the right nor to the left; to look to nobody but Christ, and never look back. The strong roots that came out of the mountains were the Word of God, and the strong grass was faith. I was to stand on the Word of God by faith—take the promises of God, and hold on to them, and pay no attention to anything else. Standing on his Word, I would reach heaven

at last. I have never had any trouble to understand faith since that glorious night. Ask, believe, and receive.

These revelations and experiences prepared me for the future work. O to be a skilled workman in the hands of God! O to have such understanding and wisdom as to enable us to go into the realm of darkness, and grapple with demons! O to have on the whole armor of God, and be strong in him to wrestle with principalities and powers, against the rulers of this darkness, against wicked spirits in the heavenlies!

Chapter VII.

FIRST WORK IN CINCINNATI.

I HAD felt for some time that I had a work to do in the west end of Cincinnati. I did not know what; but it was pressed upon me more and more. In March, 1867, there was held a holiness prayer-meeting for women at a lady's house. It was a good meeting, although only a few attended; but when it began to turn cold, the lady said we could not have it any longer. We hated to give it up so much, and we prayed over it. The ladies of the Home Mission had a mission in that neighborhood, where a Sunday-school was kept. I went to the president, Mrs. Bishop Clark—a grand woman of God—and asked her if we could not have the church to hold a woman's prayer-meeting. We received permission, on condition that we pay our own expenses. Some of the brethren had already been holding a prayer-meeting there for quite a time, and were discouraged. They said they could do no good, for it was a hard place, and they were about to discontinue; but that if we held a meeting on Thursday afternoon, they would change their night, and continue their meetings on Thursday.

“Great was the company of women that published” salvation, among whom were Sister Cook and Sister Hattie Wright. We commenced on Thursday

afternoon, the latter part of October, 1867, at three o'clock. The Lord was with us in mighty power. When we commenced to pray, it seemed as if we were praying against a brick wall; but we held on until we had the victory. We prayed for about six weeks, and the Lord said to me that we must go out from house to house with tracts in our hands, inviting the people to our prayer-meetings, and gathering the children into the Sunday-school. The Lord brought something up before my mind to help me to persevere. It seemed to me a big rock was placed before me, and the word came that I was to push it away from the place where it lay. I tried, but I could not move it. The next word was to get two or three to help push it; and I did. We gathered and took hold, and it moved easily. This thought then came: "You can not do anything by yourself but go from house to house, and gather the people in, and you will see what I will do." And thus we advanced. Sister Cook and I started with tracts in our hands, Bible under our arm, and Christ in our hearts. The snow was over the tops of our shoes; but, the Holy Ghost leading, we made twenty-seven calls, and got twenty-three children for the Sabbath-school. We prayed with every one who would let us. Some of the Catholics would fly up in our faces at first; but we would wait until they finished, then we would talk to them with so much love (for the love of God was burning in our inmost souls), that they were conquered. Then we asked them to let us pray for them, and down they

would get, and while we prayed the tears would run down their faces, and they would say, "Come again." We could hardly get away from some of them. There was a sick lady at the last place we called, and we asked her for her children for the Sunday-school. She said she would send them, and I asked her if we should pray for her. She said, "Yes; and ask God to spare my life to raise my children." Anything like that always touched my heart, for I had four daughters, and I wanted God to spare my life for them. We asked God to heal her and convert her; also to convert her sister and a Catholic woman who was in the room, and then we got up and went home. The Catholic woman and the sister came to the meeting, and were converted and joined the Church. Some of the workers brought their letters, and with these two women a society was started. Weeks after that, I went back to see the sick woman, and she came to the door and let me in. She took me to the sick-room, and I said, "Where is the sick woman?" And she answered, "I am the sick woman." I threw up my hands, saying: "Where did you get medicine to make you well so quick? You told me you had been sick four years, and that you had not been out of your house for two years, and now you are well." She answered, "My children say that it was your prayers, and I know I felt I was healed while you were praying." It was truly wonderful how God healed her. Her husband was in the liquor business, which he left, and went into the dry-goods business; and she

lived to see her children all married. Many called us Spiritualists, because of the remarkable manifestations of the Spirit.

The people gathered to the Church, and the work began in earnest. Re-enforcements were added—Sister Shorten and Sister Reynolds, two holy women of God, joined us, and won many trophies in their visiting. The meetings continued for six weeks, every afternoon except Saturday; and we never met but some one was converted or sanctified or reclaimed. I myself received great victory over some trouble. There were Catholics saved, and one Jewess. O, the meeting grew to be wonderful! The power was spreading all over Cincinnati in a marked manner. The women of the Home Mission engaged Rev. John Pearson to preach every Sunday afternoon, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school helped the brethren every Thursday night. They started a class on Sunday morning, and they all worked together, and the Lord was with us in mighty power. It was in March we began the seven weeks' prayer-meeting, and the work grew so mightily that we went to work to raise money to pay a preacher for the next year. There were about seventy-five members, and we raised five hundred dollars, the Home Missionary Society giving the rest. Rev. John Pearson was sent to take charge of the Church, and the Lord continued with us. Often the power was so great that the people lost their strength, and great faith was given to pray for the city, for the Churches, and for the whole

world. We just felt God was on the giving hand, so speedily came the answers. We were especially burdened for the holiness movement, that God might sanctify all the preachers of the Cincinnati Conference. We held Dr. Newman, of Washington, constantly before the Lord, until the news came that he was sanctified, and then how we praised God!

My summers were always bright spots. July of 1867 I made my usual visit among my relatives in Kentucky. All my children were with me, and I felt free as a bird. The Lord blessed in a glorious manner, and used me often in comforting my friends. Why should I not give out the comfort wherewith I had been so often comforted? Freely I had received, and freely I gave. In the summer of 1867 they had a holiness preacher, who rejoiced in the good report of our work, and was eager for a revival. We worked together in perfect harmony, and had a glorious meeting. He has since gone to heaven. Unworthy as I was, God blessed my prayers and exhortations, to the comfort and consolation of many souls. My brother-in-law, Dr. Parrish, to whom I had sent the *Guide to Holiness*, consecrated his all to God, and received the blessing of sanctification, and lived in the full enjoyment of the cleansing blood. He witnessed constantly to the cleansing, and that Christ was within every moment in the midst of the greatest suffering, and died shouting in the full triumphs of a victorious faith, that he was going home to live with Jesus. It helped the work greatly, as he was a man of much

influence. A little boy six years old was converted, and he is now a preacher, at whose Church, in after years, my daughter and I held services. He is doing a great work for God. Praise his holy name, many workers are in the vineyard of the Lord. When we returned home I resumed my work of visiting. I was still a member of Trinity—it was then the old Ninth Street Church—but the mission belonged to the Home Missionary Society, which was composed of many of the leading women of Cincinnati Methodism, under the leadership of Mrs. Bishop Clark. They had thirteen missions in Cincinnati. My work was to visit from house to house, invite the people to Church, gather the children into the Sabbath-school, pray with the sick, get the people converted to God, and get the Church sanctified. I attended the Sunday and Thursday afternoon meetings. The interest continued unabated, and the Church prospered.

I became so enthused with the work of saving souls that I could not be still. I had a family of nine at that time, and I inquired of the Lord: "What shall I do? I have a large family, and how can I work for thee?" I felt the Lord was talking to me, and I said: "Lord, I will consecrate myself anew—my children, my husband. If thou wilt do my work for me, I will do thy work. By thy help I will go out every afternoon, and return in time to prepare for tea." A peculiar unction rested upon me. The work seemed to do itself. I went out five afternoons in the week, and sometimes oftener. I have been so happy at times

I could not eat. I would just sit at the table, my mouth filled with laughter. The children were all going to school. They helped me some, each one having her work every day, and on Saturday they helped in all the work. About their work sometimes they would not feel well, and I would give them some peppermint-drops, and a bottle with sugar in it, and some money, and they would go off to school, and would come home all right. I had made up my mind to educate my children, and that I would not neglect my family to go out to work for God. I believed that God would help me if I did his will, and I believe he did. I got up in the summer-time and prayed for an hour or two, and then would do my marketing. I would come home and get breakfast, have prayers with my children, and get them ready for school. After they were gone I did up my work. Nearly all the time I made lunch for my husband's mother and father at ten o'clock. We had a large side-yard and many flowers, and I took full charge of them. In the summer-time they were watered every day and kept clean. There were orange, pomegranate, fig, and lemon trees, and many varieties of the smaller plants, which required constant attention. Once a week, from four to six in the morning, the weeds were cleaned out. A man cut the grass and kept the walks clean. All the flowers were put away in the fall. Monday morning was wash-day, and all the clothes were out before noon. Tuesday was ironing-day. Friday was the day for sweeping and dusting through-

out a house of twelve rooms; and the windows were cleaned once a week. I had much to do. I did a part of my sewing. I used to do a great deal of fine needle-work; but when I got to working for the Lord I gave it all up as foolishness. It is time lost, and sinful, too, because it makes our children proud and vain. Make their clothes neat and plain, and keep the ruffles and embroidery off. Surely only God helped me. I prayed always three times a day, and often eight times. I had my Bible on my dining-room table. It was very easy to read a few verses, and it made me so strong. I had my tracts near by, so that when the tramps came to my door I would give them something to eat, put a tract in their hands, tell them to read it, and give themselves to God. If I felt led to pray for them, I did so. I never shall forget the winter after the Crusade. It was a bitter cold day, and there had been probably six men after something to eat. Another came, and I gave him what I had. He stood at the door. This Scripture came to me: "I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these my little ones, ye did it not to me." I said, "What?" Swiftly the answer came, "This man is freezing to death; ask him to come to the fire," and I said, "Come and sit down here by the fire," and I gave him a hot cup of coffee. I never saw a man more happy, and when he was

through I kneeled down and prayed for him. I was sweetly baptized, and the man arose and said: "You have spared my life; I would have dropped dead on the streets to-day. Little did I think I would ever come to this." I believe God saved him. I went down to the temperance-meeting, and God set it on fire. He always blesses when we obey. O, I am now shouting happy as I write this! Glory, hallelujah, to God and the Lamb forever and forever, for helping me to do these little things!

This was a glorious year to my soul. I rejoiced every day in my Savior; he filling me every day with his love. O, the beauties I saw in Jesus! O, how precious to feel his cleansing blood going through and through! Many people came to my house to talk and pray, and they always went away blessed. Jesus did it all. I am nothing; but he is all in all! (O, he fills me with his holy power! If this writing is ever put into a book, and it is published, I pray to God that every one who reads it may be filled with his holy power, which is filling me now. O, may they receive such a baptism of love as will burn self up! Amen!)

I believe I gave out about four thousand tracts and made about a thousand visits, praying with the sick and with the mourning ones; several persons were converted, and others received sanctification. There were many who subscribed for the *Guide to Holiness*. My diary of 1868 says: "The great blessing of God has rested upon me the last year God only

knows how much good he has enabled me to do for his own glory. I praise his name for all his blessings to me. I have had awful trials through which to pass; but he has been with me all the way. I feel Jesus Christ is my abiding Savior. He never leaves nor forsakes me, not for one moment. The trials are on the outside, and the temptation; Christ is enthroned within. O, glory to his name forever!"

"January, 1869.—I renew my covenant with God to pray three times a day, and read my Bible every day all I can, God being my helper. I am sure when we make a covenant with God he always helps us. We must be in earnest, and God will meet us."

The first week of this year I spoke in love-feast in our Church. A lady followed me out, and said: "If God can do so much for you, he can do as much for me. I want you to visit me," and gave me her address. The family had come from the East twenty years before, and had been members of the Methodist Church, but were backsliders. I visited them once a week, and took tracts. I felt to have a prayer-meeting with them, and asked some of the sisters to go with me and help, and we had a glorious time. The mother and widowed daughter were blessed, and both rejoiced in God their Savior. About six weeks after this, the mother fell down stairs and fractured her arm. They came for me. The doctors gave her up to die. Her hand was all black up to her wrist; but she was very happy in the Lord. We prayed together, and another daughter was there who was

not converted. I took her by the hand, and told her to give herself to God, and I never let go until she was saved. Praising God, she went to her mother, who rejoiced with great joy. Then I took the aged husband by the hand, and told him to give his heart to God. He told me he had not been to Church for twenty years, and God was chastising him for his disobedience. I told him that Christ would receive him, that Christ had already saved his wife, and that she was going home to rest with Jesus. He yielded himself, and said that he believed God would save him; but I never let go until he said, "I believe Christ saves me now." O, how he praised God! Just then another daughter came, and she also was saved. An only son, a very fine young man, who afterward married my niece, kneeling by his mother's dying bed, found Jesus. The old lady lived six weeks, and died in the full triumphs of faith. The entire family joined the Methodist Church.

Our ladies' prayer-meeting continued until the devil began to find fault, saying the meetings were held too long. It was not our meeting; it was the Lord's. We read a portion of God's Word, and then told the people to do what the Lord wanted them to do. The Lord had sent us there to pray for Cincinnati and the world. We just got down on our knees, and prayed one after another for that neighborhood, Cincinnati, the world, the Churches, the ministers, until we received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Thus we believed God would give us our prayers. It

took more than one hour for ten or twelve wholly sanctified women to pour out their souls to God for the salvation of the people. We just praised God for a place to pray, where nobody would stop us until God told us to go. Somebody told the preacher that we must not hold the meeting so long; and then he appointed another leader, and we did not have so much power afterwards; but, thank God! we kept it up long enough to have a good Church there. A few of us felt we ought to do something more than we were doing. We were not so free to work as we had been. I told them we would meet at our house, and see what the Lord wanted us to do. We felt we ought to pray more; so we met at my house on Tuesday afternoon, the first week of August, 1869, Sisters Cook, Wright, Shorten, Reynolds, and myself. We read a portion of God's Word, and then got down and gave ourselves anew to God. We promised him that if he would bless us we would work for him, speak for him whenever we had an opportunity, and if it was his will for us to meet at this place every Tuesday, that God would come down and bless us. As soon as the prayer was made, we felt that God accepted us. He came down and filled us with the Holy Ghost and power. I felt the room was filled with the glory of the Lord. Sister Shorten said she saw a great light coming in at the door, and filling the whole room. It was perfectly wonderful the power that rested upon us. Such an increase of faith was given to us as we had never realized before. And the

answers to prayer offered that afternoon were miraculous. It was stated in the papers that the Catholics were going to nominate one of their friends for governor of Ohio; so we took it to the Lord that afternoon, and God gave us the assurance that he would not be elected; so it came to pass. He lost the nomination. We felt God was with us in mighty power, and that it was his will for us to meet at our house. This meeting continued every Tuesday for sixteen years.

We still attended the Thursday afternoon prayer-meeting; but it was not so interesting as at first; the preacher had his way. I believe as much in order as anybody; but when God works let everybody be still. For so long a time we had prayed to God to give us HIS power. The preachers and leaders of the meeting would pray, and God would answer their prayers; but just as the power would come they would close the meeting, and the Holy Spirit would be grieved. Then they would think: "What is the matter? What shall we do to get the people saved?" The preachers would preach such warm sermons, and the people would be convicted; but they thought they must wait for revival times to come; but by that time the conviction was gone, and their hearts were hardened. I believe in striking while the iron is hot. As soon as men or women are convicted, get them converted at once.

I believe that is one reason why the preachers do not do more good. Why not ask on Sunday morn-

ing if there is a hungry, sad heart? It is easy to say, "If any one desires to be saved, you will remain after the benediction." That would keep the revival going all the year round. We just praise God for Pine Street Mission, because we prayed and God sent the power, and as we praised him for his presence he would bless us more and more. We just let him have his own way. But God opened another place for us, where we could pray as long as he told us to. We now commenced to pray in earnest for the salvation of Cincinnati. We had no preacher to stop us; we just gave ourselves up into God's hands, to do just what he would have us. He soon sent Mr. Hammond to Cincinnati. The very week he came the Lord gave us the assurance that he would pour out his Spirit upon the city. It seemed to me as plain as though I saw it while we were pleading with God. I saw it coming down upon the city in streams of beautiful light, like the shower of rain when the sun comes out and shines upon it while it is falling. It seemed that this rich light fell upon that part of the city where the meeting was held. We all at once, at the same time, rejoiced at this revelation. We did not know that Mr. Hammond was coming to the city at this time; but with him the mighty power of God came also. During a talk with Mr. Hammond, I said that I thanked God for a sanctified evangelist. He said, "What! do you think I am sanctified?" I said, "How could you do the work that you are doing if you were not sanctified?" He asked me how he could have such a burden

for souls as he had if he were sanctified; that he went to his closet and prayed for hours, crying to God for sinners. I told him that it only proved he was one with God, and I promised him to pray that God would give him the witness if he was really sanctified, and he promised to pray himself. When I went back the next morning, he saw me coming and met me, saying that he had never in all his life had anything do him so much good as the few words which I had spoken to him. He called a consecration meeting for the next Thursday, and many were sanctified, among them one of the finest ministers of the Congregational Church. This was the one thing for which we had been praying, that the ministers and Churches of all denominations might be filled with the Spirit, and united together and made one in the Spirit. It was a glorious sight to see the ministers of all denominations working together for the salvation of souls. Over one thousand joined the different Churches, and many who were already members were converted.

There was another thing for which we had prayed: that God might influence his people to free the pews in the churches, so that his poor might come in. One Wednesday night after I came home from prayer-meeting at Trinity, I had said my prayers and gone to bed; but I could not sleep. I had to get up and go down stairs. The housemaid was lying on the floor asleep. I awakened her and sent her to bed, and thought that was why God wanted me to come down stairs; but I had to pray. I said: "What is it,

Lord? I have prayed all I can." In an instant the Churches were brought up to me, and the sorrows of the lowly Nazarene were revealed to me. His professed followers had pewed the seats in their churches, and had turned his poor out. It seemed he spoke, "I will turn them out of heaven, if they do not free the seats and let my poor come in;" and such a sorrowing and weeping came over me, I thought I could not stand it. I cried to the Lord for mercy, that he might spare his people and help them to do his will. I prayed until I felt better, and then I retired. I told the sisters about it, and they said it was of the Lord. And we all prayed, and felt that God would help us and would use Mr. Hammond. The Presbyterians began freeing their seats. It was in all the papers, that on Sunday morning seats would be free, and that everybody would be welcome. Five of the Presbyterian Churches were made free, and all the Methodists were rebuked. Some of the Presbyterians said that the Methodists had left John Wesley, and the Lord had left them; that they were following John Wesley, and that God blessed them gloriously. So the seats were nearly all free, and God's poor came in and felt that they were at home. O, how we praised God for all he had done in saving so many people and making the seats free and uniting the Churches. We had a regular jubilee over it.

There was yet another thing which God did for us. There had been much fault found with the holiness people, and with some cause, for many did not live

right, especially as they professed the blessing. We agreed among ourselves to turn our meeting into a band meeting. Everything we heard said about the holiness people, and all that was done, we would bring it to the meeting and talk it over; then we would pray over it. Thus everything was brought before the Lord. We also agreed that no matter what was said about us, we would not say a word back; but we would watch ourselves that we lived right. It made the greatest change in the meetings. The people soon saw that we had something which they did not possess, and they came from near and from far. A new love went through the Churches. They heard of us at the Young Men's Christian Association, and the secretary asked me if the meeting was open to everybody, and if the men were allowed to come. When he learned that it was for women only, he requested prayer. The next time he saw me he said, "Pray on; God is answering, and men are coming in from the streets asking for prayers." This opened another door, for he often sent for me to come and "set them on fire." These were the words he used. Many times there were six young men saved in a night. I remember one time I was sent for, some one called out, "If Sister Vorn Holz is here, will she come forward?" I did not hear him, for I was talking to a young man who was sitting near the window. I asked him if he wanted to be saved, and he said that he did. I told him to get down and pray, and give himself to the Lord. After praying with him, he arose and said he

was saved. I thought and prayed much for him. About four months afterward I was in the Young Men's Christian Association. I had been there often; but had never seen him. He was present and testified. He said that he was converted that night; but had never testified, because he was afraid he was mistaken. But now he said, "I know I was converted, and I am going to live for God." He united with the Baptist Church, and has been a worker ever since.

The ladies of the Home Missionary Society had a church down by the river, called Mears Chapel. A local preacher held meetings there, and desired us to help him. The ladies told me to go ahead, and do what I could. I went to the Preachers' Meeting and talked there, asking if they could not come down there and preach. One, who was afterwards made presiding elder, preached. After he was through he asked me to exhort, which I did. After the meeting he said to me: "Why do you ask for preaching? You can do it yourself." And so I did. I went out and had invitations printed, which I carried around, others helping; and they—the invitations—were all good preachers. We had a glorious meeting. The local preacher carried the work on until there were one hundred and two conversions. The wickedest men in the community were saved. It was in a Catholic neighborhood, and the boys would throw stones into the church. One woman, a Spiritualist, sent for me to come and see her. She said her room was full of spirits; but that when I went in they all disappeared.

I prayed for her, and she was converted. A woman lived just below the church, and sent for us to come down and pray for her child, who was very sick. The preacher asked me what I thought about praying for children to be healed, and I said, "Pray for God's will to be done." We all prayed, and the woman asked me if her child would get well, and I answered that if it was God's will it should live it would be well by morning; and so it came to pass. In the morning he was well. I saw the boy when he was nine years old, strong and hearty. There was another woman who also sent for me. The house was full of people, crying and going on terribly. She told me her son-in-law was dying, and begged me to pray for him. She said he had been sick four months, and the doctors could not do anything for him. I told her to put the people out of the room; then I would pray for him. I went in where he was lying, and I asked him if he was saved. He just whispered that he was not saved. I asked him, then, if he wanted to be, and he answered, "Yes." Then I said, "If God will save you, will you give yourself to him; and if he will heal you, will you serve him?" And then we prayed, and he asked God to forgive him his sins. He said that it was done, and I went home. The next afternoon he went to the barber-shop and was shaved, and on the following Sabbath he united with the Church and was all right. There was another man dying with lung fever. He had just come from the South, and was very poor, with nothing to eat, and not even a bed in the house.

His little girl was sick, too. Sister Shorten and Sister Reynolds prayed, while I talked to the man. He told me he was not a Christian; but that he desired to be. He prayed to God, and was saved. The neighbors went to work and fixed them up. Food was sent to them. I went back the next day, and, looking up into my face, he said, "I feel very comfortable, for God has saved me." He united with the Church, together with his wife and little girl, who also was restored to health. We found him a position at the Mitchell & Rammelsburg factory. They are both in the Church now, and their daughter is married, and they have their own home. I met them on the street in Cincinnati recently, and they were very glad to see me, asking me to come over to their home.

At one time I had inflammatory rheumatism. I could not lie down day or night until God took it away. On Tuesday afternoon the sisters were praying at our house. The pain had settled in my shoulder, so that I had to have my right hand in a sling. If I moved, it seemed like a knife going through my shoulder. While they were praying about the man who had the withered hand, the Lord said unto me, "Reach out thy hand." I raised it, and stretched it out. I felt that God touched it, and the awful misery was gone. O, it was wonderful how God blessed me during this affliction! During the fall of 1871 I had planned to do much work for God. One night in September I went to prayer-meeting, and when I returned home it was very cold, and I had

no wrap with me. As I entered the hall I had a chill. I grew worse, and by the next morning the pain had settled in my head. I did not trust God then for my body as I do now. I thought, perhaps, it would be for the glory of God if I had affliction of the body. For nine weeks I was sick, and could not get out to Church, and sometimes could not sit up. I drew closer to Christ every day. I would lie in the bed as long as I could bear it, and then I would kneel down and pray, and then such a blessing would come from God. One night I suffered all night long, so that I could not sleep, and I was utterly exhausted. At four o'clock in the morning the Lord told me to go down stairs and pray. I thought surely I could not get down stairs. I was so tired I fell asleep, and slept until five o'clock. I awoke, and a voice said, "Go down stairs and pray," and I answered, "I will." I dressed myself and went down stairs, holding to the balustrade. I went into the parlor, where it was very warm. I kneeled down to pray, and felt myself going to sleep. I said: "I can not pray; I will be asleep. I will do as David did; I will walk before the Lord." I had done this many times before, and had always received signal blessings; but I was too sick to walk. I went back to the heater, and said: "O my God, thou wilt have to bless me; thou didst tell me to come down and pray; I can not unless thou help me. I will fall over on the floor." Just then this Scripture came to me: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is

glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?" (Isaiah lxiii, 1, 2.) Just then I saw Jesus coming toward me, covered with fresh blood. His looks toward me were majestic, though tender, and my heart was ravished with his sublime beauty. He looked as if he had just died on Calvary; only his countenance was all aglow. Enraptured, I began to praise him. I was afraid I would wake up everybody in the house. My Jesus was so close I could have touched him. His garments were all covered with blood. Quick as thought I felt the cleansing blood going through and through until my sickness was gone. My whole being was illumined with his love.

In my visiting for Trinity Church, I came one day to a house before which I stood for some minutes. I was strangely impressed not to ring the door-bell. Six weeks afterward, on Monday afternoon, I started to visit, being especially eager to go out. It was snowing and blowing, and I prayed the Lord might show me where to go and what to do. I started by the back door, and crossing the alley-way, I went straight to that house where I could not ring the bell. A woman opened the door, and I told her I was gathering the children for the Sunday-school, and inquired if there were any in this house. I also told her we were holding revival services every evening at Trinity, and invited her to attend. She said she had nobody

but herself, and was too sick to go, and asked me to come in. I gave her a tract, but did not go in. She asked me to come back the next afternoon, and so I prayed to God to help me, and went. She took me upstairs. The little tract had done the work. She told me she was the daughter of a Methodist preacher, and that her mother had died; that after her father married again she left home, as she could not get along with her stepmother. She found a place as chambermaid on a steamboat, and in time she was led astray and ruined. Since that she had lived a very bad life, and she owned the house where she was living. The little tract was the means of her conviction. After she had told me her whole life, and asked me what she should do, I told her to give herself to God, that he might forgive her sins. She cried for mercy, and though she felt her sins to be as scarlet, yet they were made as white as snow; and though they had been red as crimson, God had washed them white as wool. She was very happy, and asked me to come the next afternoon and have a meeting with her, for she wanted her friends to come and get saved. I told her I would come; and so I went. I do not know how many were there; but the Lord was there. O, there was such crying! I do not know how many were saved. She began reading her Bible, and in three months' time she was through the New Testament. She joined the Episcopal Church, sold her house, and quit the awful business. She said she believed that God would save her in heaven at last. The last time I saw her

she had her Bible and hymn-book in her hand, and she promised to be faithful.

On Tuesday afternoons God made the house glorious with his presence, and opened another door to us. It was during the Hammond revival, when the burden for the city rested more heavily upon us, that he showed us where we could labor—the jail, the workhouse, the house of refuge, and the city and county infirmaries. Every Tuesday, with prevailing prayer the fire was replenished; then with burning love we would go forth to spread the glad tidings. In these visits there were many souls saved, and often people were healed. I visited the Home of the Friendless sometimes every week. There were a good many girls saved and sent to their homes. Some of them were from the East. Young men, under promise to marry them, would induce them to run away, and would take them to those houses which are “the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death;” and then—what could the poor girls do? O, so many poor girls would say to me, “You look like my mother,” and would cry as if to break their hearts. The mayor gave us passes to send many of them to their homes. We went to the workhouse about every two weeks. It was about four miles out of the city. About six hundred men were always there, and about one hundred and forty women. We carried thousands of tracts and papers to distribute; also Bibles were given to us for them. O, how we prayed in those days for God to open the hearts of the rich!

We never seemed to have enough papers to distribute, and these poor unfortunates were always disappointed. We would tell them we were sorry, and would bring more next time. We were not permitted to see the men, except at meal-time, when we would give them the papers. We were the means of doing so much good among them, that if we did not come every time, the officers would send for us. The House of Refuge was near by, which we visited; then there was the Widows' Home and the City Infirmary. Every two weeks we went to the County Infirmary, and these were the happiest days of all our labor. There were twelve wards, besides many rooms, with a chapel for the services. There we met the lame, the blind, the deaf, the half-witted—the poor, afflicted ones of this earth. During the services some would cry, and some would praise God. We would have a glorious time with them. Then we would go through every ward, praying with those who could not get out. O, how happy they would be! Then we would go into the colored wards; and, last of all, we would go into the chapel, and what a happy time we would have! After this it was time for us to go home. There was one girl who was blind, and whom I pitied very much. I prayed that she might receive her sight. When I went back afterward she saw me coming, and ran to meet me, to tell me she had received her sight. I always went out on Wednesday, and when I came home I would go to prayer-meeting at my own Church. I would be so happy I could

hardly contain myself. Sister Whitridge and Sister Moore would go with me. Sister Whitridge was a great worker. She did more than all of us. She had no family, and had money to pay her own way; and she spent all her time for the Lord.

I was up and down the streets of Cincinnati, in the tenement-houses, in the garrets, in the cellars; amongst the poor, the sick, and the dying. In some rooms the mother would be sick, with no fire, no coal, no bread, with three or four children crying with hunger. O, sometimes I could hardly bear it! I would report many of these cases to the Church, and relief would be given to the poor. O, those were happy days to my soul! Nor did I forget the poor souls in heathen darkness; though all I could do was to pray. Yet in this was I faithful. The following is a copy of a letter written some time in the seventies to a missionary in India:

“MISS LEMING:

“*Dear Christian Friend*,—I am about to redeem my promise. I fully intended to write to you in September, when you left; but I have been hindered until the present. You perhaps think I have forgotten you. I can assure you I have not. Almost every morning very early, perhaps before you are awake, I ask God’s blessing to rest upon you, to enable you to win souls for Christ . . . in India. We pray for you in our Tuesday afternoon meeting. We feel you are with us. Though seas and lands separate us, yet

our souls are one, united together in the salvation of the world. We think of you, we talk, we pray for you. We desire that God will assist you in the sanctification of souls and the salvation of sinners. I have felt once, since you have been gone, that you were passing through severe trials; but I told Jesus all about it; how you were away in India from all your friends and your father, and that he should be a Father unto you; that his loving arms should be folded around you; and I had the assurance that his grace would be sufficient for you. It seems to me that the same Heavenly Power overshadows you still, which you received in the two last meetings while you were here before you started to India, and that you have the tongue of fire. Our meeting goes on gloriously. One after another is stepping in and being made whole. There is not one meeting but what the Lord blesses some one. Brother E——'s wife received the witness here a few weeks ago, and has gone to work for Jesus. We miss you very much; but the Lord sends some one else to fill up the vacancy—it is not our Sister Leming. We are all well, and hope these few lines will find you well, with the whole armor on, working for Jesus. I do not know how you live; but the time when I get nearest to Christ is in the early morning watch, when I receive the sweets of his power."

Thus keeping close to the Master, and being faithful in little things, he led me on into the mountain, where he spread a feast of glad things for my soul.

Chapter VIII.

THE VISION OF 1870.

JANUARY 1, 1870.—I kept watch-night meeting last night in my kitchen, all to myself, with Jesus my Savior. For three hours I was on my knees at Jesus' feet, pouring out my soul in thankfulness to God for his love to me, to my family and friends, in sparing our lives, and in keeping us in health. I felt to praise him for a long time for his blessings. Then he filled me with his love, and gave me such a spirit of prayer and faith,—helping me to bring my family to him, together with those who had requested prayers, the ministers of the gospel, the Churches, the whole world, and my enemies; I laid them all down at Jesus' feet. I felt he accepted my prayers, and there came a glorious manifestation of his power. I gave myself into his care entirely, for him to use me for his own honor and glory. Thus while I was giving myself anew to God, I said: "Now, Lord, it is about the time for the old year to go out. Show me the old year as it passes out." I waited a few moments, when it was made plain to me. As the old year passed away, there was a great darkness passed out with it. I could not understand it; I gazed upon the scene which was before me. Just then I saw the new year coming in, and such light came in with the

new year as I never saw. It seemed to me that the whole year was filled with the light of Christ. I could not yet fully understand it; but it was impressed upon me that some great event would come to pass this year. This vision was glorious to my sight. Perfectly sublime! O, what light Christ gives to us by his holy Spirit if we live close to him! I did not see it with my natural eyes; but it was just as real, and more so, to me.

This, the first day of the year, I solemnly renewed my consecration with God, to pray three times a day and read my Bible as never before, to do all the good I could, to win all the people to Jesus I could, and see as many sanctified to God as possible. I prayed that I might be instant in season and out of season.

Of course this remarkable vision was talked over in our Tuesday meeting. As we prayed together, there seemed to be an opening up of the mystery, and the prayers assumed a tangible form. Catholicism was laid upon our hearts with redoubled burden, and when the rumor of the Franco-Prussian war reached us, we felt that in some way the pope would lose power. Then came the agonizing prayer that the Prussian army would prevail. Then came the cablegram regarding the Ecumenical Conference, and the edict of the pope. "The same year Pope Pius IX sent out his famous encyclical letters summoning the Ecumenical Council for 1870—six archbishops, forty-nine cardinals, eleven patriarchs, with the spiritual rulers representing the Church of Rome throughout

the world—solemnly decreeing the dogma that the occupant of the papal chair is in all his decisions regarding faith and morals infallible. It was said that arrangements had been made to reflect glory around the person of the pope by means of mirrors. The decree was passed at noon, the 18th of July; but the sun shone not that day. A violent storm broke over Rome; the sky was darkened by tempest, and the voice of the Council was lost in the rolling of the thunder.” Then came the later and fuller account of the downfall of the pope: “On the very day following this culmination of arrogance of self-exaltation was declared that terrible Franco-Prussian war, in which the French Empire of Louis Napoleon withdrew all the soldiers by which the pope was maintained on his tottering throne, and the temporal sovereignty of papacy fell with it. No sooner had the French troops been withdrawn from Rome, and the French Empire had collapsed, than the Italian Government announced its intention to enter the Roman States, and did so. On the 20th of September, 1870, Rome was declared the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and became the seat of Government of Victor Emmanuel. The Summary for that year says: ‘The most remarkable circumstance in the annexation of Rome and its territories to the kingdom of Italy, is the languid indifference with which the transfer has been regarded by Catholic Christendom. A change which would once have convulsed the world has failed to attract attention from the more awful spectacle of

the Franco-Prussian war. Within the same year the papacy has assumed the highest spiritual exaltation and temporal sovereignty to which it could aspire, and lost that power which it held for a thousand years.' ”

God took the pope's power from him in one hour. Will there ever be given to mortals the power to express praise to him who is Omnipotent? He who holds the world and rules it, stoops to a band of obscure women, and revealeth events which make history. It filled us with such holy awe, that in these glad triumphant days we walk softly before him. “Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets.” (Amos iii, 7.)

All over the world there was a great mourning as the Catholics assembled in their churches. Then was Revelation xix, 1-7, brought to my mind. Ah, the great has indeed fallen! The little stone which Daniel saw cut out of the mountain shall roll on until the whole world shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. That little stone is Christ. God said to Moses, when the children of Israel had sinned, that his glory should fill the whole earth, and it will come.

Even the very details of the vision, in the covering of Rome with the darkness of the storm, was fulfilled. Then, too, the light which followed the darkness has been so marked. There never was such light in the world in every sense of the word. There must have been poured out on the earth the oil of knowl-

edge and ingenuity; for, dating from 1870, improvements, inventions, discoveries have increased. Implements of war, great guns which sweep an army away in a short time, machinery such as farmers never dreamed of, machinery for cloth and hardware, ingenious toys, bicycles, typewriters, and a thousand inventions which spring from the advanced knowledge of electricity. Railroads are being built into Jerusalem, and I suppose one can circumnavigate the globe soon without leaving his palace-car! The gospel has been sent to every heathen nation, and the Bible has been printed in three hundred dialects. There were never so many institutions of learning, colleges and universities, and the cable and telegraphic wires increase knowledge throughout the world. It is just as the Bible said, that in the last days knowledge would increase. There never was a time when there were so many Bibles distributed as now. It seems to me that the great and mighty God is preparing for something wonderful. Consider the tens of thousands of young men and women who are being prepared for some great event; consider the railroads which are going all over the world, the great gold and silver mines, the millions of cattle, and all the money there is in the world; let the great and mighty God give us another Pentecost, and how quickly the gospel would be preached all over this world! The great and mighty God said that the time would come when he would turn a pure language upon all nations, and when a nation would be born to him in a day.

He promised his Son the heathen for his inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. I have felt the Gentile age was drawing to a close.

These are some remarkable answers to prayer:

As our band of praying women looked upon those giants, Brothers Inskip and McDonald, our faith was inspired to pray that God might use them in answering our prayers in behalf of the world. With greedy desire, which waxed bolder and bolder under the fire of the Holy Spirit, and jealous for the cause of holiness (for which cause Jesus suffered without the gate), we renewed the importunate prayer of 1870, assailing heaven's throne, that righteousness might spread throughout the world. Shortly after this, twenty men and women, under the leadership of these men, started round the world, taking a big tent in which to hold services. They sang as they went, in the trains and on the highways, pitching their tent everywhere, preaching Jesus and his righteousness. The blood-stained banner of holiness waved where, in the ancient day, the tents of Mohammed rested; and in India, where the blighting scourge of heathen worship is, the blood of the Lamb was sung. The power of Calvary drew immense crowds, and the kingdom of Satan was shaken. In the parlors of a quiet home in Cincinnati the band of praying women rejoiced, and clapped their hands.

The prayer which the Spirit inspired, that he would call the young men and women of the colleges and the universities, has been marvelously answered.

In about the year 1893 one thousand young students, so it was stated in the papers, offered themselves as missionaries during a Convention held in Indianapolis; and five hundred more offered themselves in Des Moines. Within the past ten years the great movement of the Christian Alliance has been spreading into all lands, and reaching even into darkest Thibet. Recently God sent power upon one of their Conventions, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in one afternoon was put into the treasury of the Lord. The women gave their diamonds, and the men their stocks and farms. This we believe to be in direct answer to the importunate prayers which brought soul-sweat between the years of 1868 and 1884. Sometimes I tremble for our own dear old Methodist Church. God waited all those years to answer, because he could not find willing hearts sooner. He must have his work done, and if he fails to find response one place, he will turn away and seek it elsewhere. Let Methodism take warning and repent, doing her first works over again, forsaking her pride and costly apparel and golden ornaments. The news reaches us that the fire is burning across the water. The Pentecostal League, which is spreading through all the Churches, especially through England, and sweeping out from her shores to the ends of the earth, is in answer to prayer. And the great Inland Mission of China!

O thank God, the devil may think what he pleases; but I believe—nay, I know—that God is faithful, and

that he hears and answers prayers. He told us to go into all lands, even to the ends of the earth, and disciple all nations. It must needs be that every Spirit-filled believer is a missionary; and if God countermands the order for us to remain at home, even then the missionary fire is burning just as hot in the prayer-closet in Cincinnati as in India; and our prayers make us fellow-workers with all other missionaries, and bring us in touch with all their movements. How it thrills us to hear of the last great movement, and how exultant is our faith—The World's Student Volunteer Movement! The brightest minds of the world are dedicating themselves to the King and to his heathen in Africa, India, and China. With this exodus of students is the promise of those who stay at home, to raise the money for the support of those in the field. Ah, sure the millennium is hastening! God speed it on!

We must not forget the great Temperance Crusade of the seventies, which united all denominations in America, and sent that general, Frances E. Willard, around the world, uniting Christendom.

During these times of prayer, William Taylor held a meeting at Trinity Church. I invited him to my home, and when he came I told him how long we had been praying for the world, and of our work in the West End. When I told him of the wonderful answers to prayer, he was greatly interested, and said that he was going to South America as a missionary, and requested that we should pray for him. We

promised, and from that time the name of William Taylor was mentioned every Tuesday afternoon. At the close of fourteen months he came back. The devil had tempted us about praying, saying that God did not hear us. I picked up a paper where it stated that William Taylor had returned from South America, and that he had done the most wonderful work he had ever accomplished in so short time; that he had organized fourteen self-supporting missions and two schools. As I read, the Spirit said, "This is the answer to your prayers." We continued to pray for him, and when he started for Africa he was carried into that Dark Continent in the arms of our faith. One night the Spirit waked me, and I immediately arose and prayed. About two o'clock in the morning Bishop Taylor came before me, and it seemed to me that he was in great danger, or that he was sick. An agony of prayer came upon me, and I continued until God lifted the burden. Later, I learned that at that very time his life was threatened. We prayed that his life might be prolonged, precious in the sight of the Lord, until the pioneer work of Africa was established. Thank God for the answer, which has been all we asked for!

This has been the substance of my prayer since 1870:

PRAYER.—I have asked God to hasten his coming if it be his will; that he would send forth more laborers into his field, for the fields are already white to the harvest; that he would pour forth his Spirit

upon all the colleges and all institutions of learning; that he would convert and sanctify the young men and women, and so fill them with his Spirit that they would cry, "Here am I; send me to carry glad tidings unto the heathen;" that he would pour forth his Spirit upon the banks and foundries, and upon all business places—for the rivers of oil and the cattle upon a thousand hills belong unto the Lord; that he shall open the hearts of the rich, that they shall carry on the work of God; that he shall baptize all the preachers and evangelists, all class-meetings and Bible-readings; that he shall touch the tongues of the people with fire from off the altar, so that sinners shall be convicted, converted, and sanctified all over the world; that God shall hasten the day when he shall claim the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; that he will baptize Bishop Taylor, and give him all the sanctified men and women he needs to carry on the work, and to spare his life long until that Dark Continent shall be washed white in the blood of the Lamb, or at least so established that all Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands for the gospel of the Son of God,—all this we ask in faith believing.

Christ says that we shall pray for kings, rulers, and those in authority over us. Our forefathers bled for freedom's cause, and this Government was founded on the Word of God. Many of the foreign population are pouring in, trampling our laws and destroying our Sabbath. If there is nothing done soon, our

happy country will be gone! Let the people come; but let them be law-abiding citizens. God has blessed our Nation as no other; but we have become so corrupt! O God, take the charge of this Nation! Let the spirit of our forefathers rest upon our leading men—President, Congress, Legislature; and let those be elected who will enforce the law, who will sweep out the liquor-traffic, and give us back our Sabbath. Amen and amen!

Chapter IX.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

JANUARY, 1874.—Another year is passed and gone. I renew my covenant with God. My all to Christ is given. O, what a glorious year the past has been! What heights of rapture I have enjoyed with God in doing his will! We have had many answers to prayer in our holiness meeting. Souls have been converted to God, and believers sanctified. The sick have been raised up, and others have been converted and died happy. God is giving wonderful power and faith in praying for the Church and the world, and we are realizing answered prayers. His power is coming down. The Churches are being revived, and souls are being converted to God by the scores. The hardest-hearted sinners are yielding, and backsliders are being reclaimed. The Tuesday afternoon meeting at my house has kept the fire burning all along the line. We have had no time to get cold: sometimes twenty-five or thirty sanctified women praying together for two hours and a half, the power just poured upon the city and the world. I remember one night such a spirit of prayer came that I agonized all night. It seemed to me as if I was at the Red Sea, with the hosts of Pharaoh back of me. Early in the morning, just about daylight, there was given

to me such a determination to cross over this Red Sea, and with this determination the power of God came upon me. I stepped out by faith, and quick as thought I felt the cleansing power going through and through me. I felt I was under the fountain. It took away my breath, and I said, "Let it go, Lord, if it be thy will." (I surely could lose it from joy when it had almost gone from sorrow.) Then God blessed me more than ever. I was so happy for three days, that I could do nothing but praise him, and I desired to be alone with him. He gave me renewed faith to pray for the city.

Brothers Inskip and McDonald came to the city while the fire was burning. The effect was as the pouring of oil upon a burning fire. The flames rose higher and higher, and spread out far and wide. With them came an heavenly host, and the whole city for that blessed period seemed under the control of the army of the Lord. Sentinels seemed to be stationed in the heavenlies, and victory after victory was won for Immanuel, until the slain of the Lord were numbered in the hundreds. Many were called to put on the whole armor of the Lord, receiving sanctifying power, which made them overcomers and soldiers strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. The last Sunday afternoon of the meeting I looked up over the pulpit where these men of God were standing. It seemed to me I saw two suns, the one over Brother Inskip, the other over Brother McDonald. Surrounding these lights the whole space was

filled with stars, bright and shining, and a halo of glory illumined the Church. It was a grand sight to me. O, what a great reward there will be in heaven for these two soldiers of the King! It was God's preparation for the Temperance Crusade, which immediately followed. When the bugle-note of that trumpet sounded, a battalion from Cincinnati was ready with sword sharpened and armor brightened to go forth.

It was a wonderful time, indeed, when the women commenced praying on the streets, and then in the saloons. O, how I rejoiced in it! It was what the Lord told us to do when we were praying on Pine Street in the Mission; but because my husband was not saved, I did not go. The sisters were all willing, and I felt we ought to go. The Crusade came about through the obedience of faithful women. In Hillsboro, Ohio, there was a band of women praying together, and the Lord told them to go into a saloon and pray, just as he spoke to me in 1869 to take the praying band, and go to the saloon on the corner of Freeman and Clark Streets, promising to go with us. They obeyed the voice of the Lord, and the Crusade commenced. As they prayed, the men in the saloon and the proprietor broke down and were converted, poured the liquor into the gutter, and all signed the pledge.

I had always believed in temperance, and entered the ranks early in life. In the old days of my childhood the farmers supplied whisky for their work-

hands. The weather was very warm, and the men drank so much water that it made them sick. They felt they could not harvest the wheat without their old Bourbon whisky. There came a temperance lecturer, who spoke against the fashion of having liquor for harvesting. My mother was utterly opposed to it in any form, even as she was opposed to slavery, and would not let my father buy a single slave; no, not for the world. It was at this time that I signed the pledge. My mother said to father, "Give your hands a quarter of a dollar more a day, and I will make my boiler full of coffee, and we will take it out to the field with lunch twice a day." Father sent the word out what he would do, and when the day came more hands applied than he needed. My mother did what she promised, and I helped to carry the lunch into the field. The men were perfectly satisfied. (My mother was a beautiful cook, and everything which went through her hands was perfectly done. Everybody knew in the community that we kept a generous table.) Father never had so much wheat cut before, and he told mother that it "paid." That was the last of liquor in the harvest-field. Many of the neighbors adopted this plan, which proved a great blessing to the community. This was known as "The Washingtonian Temperance Society." From this time I was stronger than ever for temperance. A splendid young man, educated, cultured, and wealthy, who, at his father's death, would come into possession of a fine farm, a brick house, and a prosperous mill, was a frequent vis-

itor. When I learned of his one habit of liquor, that was enough for me, and he came to see me for the last time. Would to God every young woman in our land would refuse the society of intemperate young men! How quickly would the curse be wiped out! I had seen the effects of the liquor in my young days in our own community. There was one home where the sin had entered, and the father would take sprees of drinking, and would drive everybody off his place. He nearly killed his wife many times. O, it was awful, and always filled my child-heart with horror! Thus, when I came to the city, where the monster was unchained, my eyes were opened to the awful curse of the liquor-traffic. I saw the effects of it in all the public institutions. I was one Monday morning in the jail. I never saw anything like it. It was crowded, and liquor was at the bottom of it all. I never saw such confusion as there was in the jail that Monday morning. Usually there was perfect order; but this Monday morning it was anarchy. How startling are the results of breaking the Sabbath-day! They were full of the accursed stuff, which they had bought on the Lord's holy day. I stopped, and said: "O my God, what is hell? If this place is so awful, what is hell?" They were doing everything that people could do. Some were crying, some were laughing, some were swearing, some looked wild. It seemed to me the devil had possession of them all. When I went into the workhouse, Home of the Friendless, infirmary, it was just as bad there. Nine-

tenthhs were put in all those places because of liquor. In the workhouse they used to cry and beg us to go on with the temperance work. The women would cry with breaking hearts, and beg us to get the liquor out of the way. Ah, go to the jail if you want to see sights which will fill you with dismay! The men and women become perfectly crazy with the liquor; so wild that they do not know what they are doing or saying. At the commencement of the Crusade, there was a wicked woman on Broadway, who said she could not run her house if it were not for the liquor, for that was what kept it going. I lived on Eighth Street, where, after midnight, I would see young girls running on the streets without a bonnet on their heads, perfectly wild, not knowing what they were doing or where they were going. I have seen policemen drag women dressed in silk through the streets to the station-house; and I have seen saloon-keepers, after they have gotten the last cent of money, kick the man out of doors. There is no mercy with the devil, and the saloon-keepers are the devil's agents. What good has the liquor ever done? The doctors say it is good for medicine, and prescribe it for their patients, saying they will get well by the use of beer or wine; and in using it for the health, it has made drunkards out of many men and women. That is not all it does; it takes the clothes off the children's bodies, shoes off their feet, the fire to warm them, bread out of their mouths; it breaks the hearts of millions; it breaks up happy families—thousands of them; yes, ten thou-

sands; yes, millions. It has taken, and is taking, our best young men and women from our Churches, and the very best and brightest minds from our country, and sends them to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. One hundred thousand a year in this nation—this free America, where our forefathers fought and bled for freedom's cause—are led captive slaves to death and hell. Ah, yes; the liquor-traffic is bringing this nation down! It fills the station-house with wailing and woe; the workhouse, the jail, the penitentiary, with murderers and thieves and all manner of law-breakers. The brains of children are dashed out, wives are murdered, and the screaming, maddened drunkard is carried to the gallows or the insane asylum. Innocent girls, with praying mothers, are maddened by the same deadly stuff. It makes brutes out of men, who, according to Divine law, ought to die to preserve a woman's honor; yet they will sacrifice her virtue to the lust produced by liquor, until, with the memory of her mother's breaking heart, she finds oblivion in the dark, cold river. Behind the walls of the gilded palaces of sin there is wailing and misery, which would almost silence the crying of hell; and yet the people vote to give license to those men who are sending their children to perdition. When cholera or any other scourge attacks our Nation, the quarantine law is rigidly enforced. The liquor-traffic is killing more people than any disease, and they let it go on, and say nothing. How the devil is surfeited! There must have been a mass-

meeting in hell when the liquor-traffic was organized. Even the poor heathen nations are begging for the liquor not to be sent to them, for it makes their people crazy.

At the commencement of the Crusade, the liquor-traffic was sweeping off whole towns in Ohio. One town of five thousand inhabitants and thirty saloons was one of the first to follow Hillsboro's example. When the saloon-keeper surrendered at Hillsboro, and the women poured the beer on the streets, the news spread fast. In this one town of which I speak—Delhi—the sons of the best people were being drawn into the tide. The saloon-keepers were capturing these sons, and taking the money of the best people in the place. The women, hearing of the success in other towns, prayed to God for deliverance. Three of the leading women met at the Methodist parsonage, and, with their pastor, resolved, after praying, to make a crusade upon the saloons. They appointed a committee of five women to go to all the preachers in town, to have meetings in all the churches at nine o'clock in the morning, and to call all the people together by the ringing of the bells. There were committees appointed to visit the families of the saloon men, and the men were to stay in the churches to pray for the band as they went out. God was with them in mighty power. The next morning, when they returned to the churches, out of thirty saloons six had closed, and over three hundred had signed the

pledge to drink no kind of liquor. Prayer-meetings were held in all the churches that night, and they organized more perfectly; and they held services in all the churches the next morning at nine o'clock. The second day was more remarkable than the first. Ten saloon-keepers abandoned their business, and over one thousand signed the pledge. The papers gave full accounts of the work that was done. They stated that it would be impossible for the saloon-keepers to hold their own against an assault so determined and so thoroughly organized. One report read as follows: "The women are too much for them. The liquor-men are like an army in a beleaguered city, with its supplies cut off, and the enemy in untold numbers swarming every commanding height and battering at their gates. Nothing is left but to capitulate and surrender. The strong are falling one by one, and resistance is growing feebler every day. Our women are the complete masters of the situation." On the third day the *Eagle* stated: "The excitement is at fever-heat. Yesterday many places of business were closed, and all Delhi was upon the streets." The sixth day was the crowning day. "REDEEMED—REGENERATED—DISENTHRALLED," were the words, standing out in large capitals, that greeted the eyes of every reader that opened the *Delhi Eagle* on the next morning. The struggle was over; the victory won. The bells rang out their wild jubilation. Men clasped hands on the streets, and gave each

other joy. The liquor was out of Delhi, to the great joy of thousands of happy hearts. And thus the great news was wafted on the breezes to Cincinnati.

We determined that the saloons could be closed by faith and prayer. The Crusade commenced in the fall in the East End of Cincinnati, and it soon spread all over the city. Mrs. Leavitt, wife of the Baptist preacher; Mrs. Fee, wife of the Methodist minister; Mrs. McHugh, Mrs. Bishop Clark, Methodists; Mrs. Taylor, Presbyterian; Mrs. Whitridge, Mrs. Moore, and many others, of all denominations, were banded together to fight this one common evil. The Crusade united the Churches. It was a great time. It appeared to me that a baptism of the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the world. I led out one of the bands. Twenty of us went out from Brother McHugh's church. Brother McHugh's wife was the leader of another band. We went two and two together. After years of indecision, we stood on that corner of Freeman and Clark in front of the saloon. The official reporter asked me to go into the saloon, and address the men; but such a yelling I never heard. I talked to them, and then I went out and talked from the tenth Psalm. The crowd was tremendous. I never saw men cry as they did on the street. Men said to me that there had never been seen such power of God as on that day. We marched from there to the brewery, and prayed in front of it. While we were praying, they lighted matches three times to set me on fire; but I would not burn. I had the Holy Ghost

fire within. I never saw such a time. Of all the baptisms I have received, I must say that I have never received any which rested upon me as at this time. There must have been thousands converted during the Crusade. The proprietor of the saloon on Freeman Avenue said, after the Crusade was over, that if we had come back again he would have surrendered, for he could not have stood the singing and praying. We had our foot on the neck of the monster. I knew the mayor would stop the praying on the street if he could. I asked my husband if I could go out in the band with the rest of the women. He said he would not go himself; but that I could do as I liked. And so I went; but when the Crusade waxed hot, then came the persecutions. The mayor made a proclamation, forbidding the women to go upon the streets. I did not consider myself anything; but the next day my husband came home to talk with me; the idea of his wife going out on the streets leading thousands of women in such a work as going on the street to pray! That was not all. There had been four or five hundred men in his store, to say that if he did not keep me off the street they would not buy any more goods from him; and so he forbade me going. The mayor had also been there, and told my husband that he would have to keep me off the street, or it would ruin his business. I did not know at the time how they said that if they could keep me in, they did not care for the rest. If I had known it all, I would have gone if I had never had a home again. As I had always

tried to please my husband, I thought I would stay in and pray, and that I would soon be out again, and that God would save my husband. We all made a mistake in listening to the voice of man, even though they were our husbands. They feared their wives would be killed. The preachers, with the wisdom of this world, advised that the women adopt different measures; that we should divide the city into districts, and visit, abandoning more heroic measures; and thus the executive rooms of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were established. The cry was, "We must be law-abiding citizens." Law-abiding! While the rum-ghouls were devouring our children! It was the old cry of, "Release Barabbas!" The women at last determined to go on the streets again. I sent them word not to go; that if they did they would be stopped; but they went, and were all arrested and put in jail. That was the end. They engaged a lawyer to plead their case, which cost them one hundred dollars. If they had pleaded their own case, and had then gone out on the street again, and done what God wanted them to do, the liquor-traffic would have been stopped. There would have been such a time as would have laid bare the hellishness of the liquor-traffic. Many men were banding themselves together to come to the women's rescue. Some men who opposed the Crusade dropped dead at its very commencement. We prayed much for our mayor; for we felt that he was in the balances, and that if he was true to God he would have great re-

ward. But he turned to the liquor-men, and died soon afterwards. Ah, how like another Pilate he stood in Cincinnati in those momentous days; and how similar was his fate! Untrue to his conscience and God's warning voice, he sold his opportunity for the vote of the rabble, and did not live to enjoy it.

The work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union on Vine Street was wonderfully owned of God, and the people were being saved every day. Many drunkards were rescued. One day I passed a fine-looking young man who was beastly drunk, and I begged him to come with me to the temperance hall, where the Lord graciously saved him. I told some of them to take care of him; but he said he wanted to go home to his parents in the country, and so we sent him. He wrote back to us several times that he had joined the Church, and was all right. Another man, whom God used me in saving, came to my husband a long time afterwards in his store, and said: "Your wife was the means of saving me, when everybody had given me up. I have now my own home and a happy family." My husband, very much pleased, came home and told me that I had done one good deed in my life, if I never did another! There were many such cases. During the flood we used to feed from twenty-five to fifty people in a day, and have meetings every night. Of course the devil was mad. Some said: "We will have no more salvation meetings; but have temperance lecturers. We must send off, and get some one to lecture for us." I said: "If

you are not going to have the people saved, and have those men testify and pray, this is no place for me. My time is too precious to be wasted; for the work will never succeed only by God's power, and the people can not stand without God's help." So I was troubled, for I knew there was no hope but God's salvation for a poor drunkard.

How slyly does Satan work! First, he stopped the Crusade by suggesting peaceable means; that we must be "law-abiding" citizens, no matter if the heavens fell. We fell into this little trap, and started temperance-meetings. As the devil had suggested "law," we then proposed to make new laws, and prohibit the deadly poison. This the devil took exception to, and, with much heat, demanded to know why there should be a "third party" (he was willing for license, for that would give "tone and respectability" to the liquor-traffic); and that it was very "mannish" anyhow for women to meddle with the affairs of men; that the men would have nothing to do with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union if it became "party prohibition." And this succeeded after a hard fight. Elated over this success, he walks boldly into the temperance-meetings, and begins to run them. "The proper thing," he smilingly says, "is to send for lecturers, and become 'intelligent' on the subject. There is no need of getting vulgarly excited. As to prayers, and testimonies, and working with a few drunken sots, it will make the place disreputable, and no refined lady will care to come. Besides that, if you

really want to make the thing popular, have some entertainments, not those out-of-date hymns, such as 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' etc." Thus he won his point.

At the close of the Crusade the Murphy movement commenced. A Convention was held at Wood's old theater. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was already at that time on Vine Street. Mr. Murphy invited us to hold our meeting in the theater on Sunday afternoon, as our place would not hold half the people. It was crowded, so much so that there was not standing-room. Mrs. Leavitt, chairman of the meeting, requested me to talk. I told her there were plenty without me; but she said, "You are the only one who can be heard." I asked her if she wanted me to say there would be an end to King Alcohol. She answered, "Yes;" and if God ever helped me, he did then. People were converted while the talk was being made, and they cried and shouted over all the house. The Lord showed me how the work was going on; that the Crusade was but "the sound in the mulberry-tree." The prophecy spoken then has been fulfilled. Temperance is planted in every clime. No matter how many devices Satan may bring to pull down this White Banner, it is guarded by the army of the Lord. Dewey holds Manila, even though still occupied by an unyielding enemy. The world recognizes our victory. Even so, the "liquor-traffic" is held for the final bombardment of God's hosts.

I praise God for the brave woman, Miss Willard,
and would lay a sweet tribute at her feet:

OUR WHITE LADY.

ROBERT MCINTYRE, D. D.

So pale she lies, in sweet repose!
Not whiter lie the winter snows
On this sad earth. From her cold brow
Unloose the braided myrtles now,
And bind the wreath of cypress there;
Put lilies in her hands and hair.
Come, gather round her, ye who stand
"For God, and home, and native land."

Doth thine anointed vision see,
Brave daughter of democracy,
How Church and State together bow
Above thy casket, weeping now?
They loved thee so, best of our best,
Thou Miriam of the mighty West,
Who dauntless led thy deathless band
"For God, and home, and native land."

No woman cried, "O Lord, how long!"
But thou fared forth to right her wrong;
No man went shackled down to hell
But on his gyves thy hot tears fell.
Thou this old world in ribbons white
Didst lift, as loops of cosmic light
Upbear it in the Almighty hand,
"For God, and home, and native land."

White Ladye, though before thine eyes
The portals fair of Paradise
Unfold on thine enraptured view
The heaven that shone thy white soul through—
Though high the victor's anthem swells
Where thou dost walk the asphodels,
Still shalt thou lead us, still command
"For God, and home, and native land."

Chapter X.

THE SOUTHERN OHIO HOLINESS ASSOCIATION.

FROM 1875 to 1883 I was connected with the Southern Ohio Holiness Association, which was organized in May, 1875. J. C. Brooke, of Cincinnati, was the president, and W. W. Scarlett, Cincinnati, was secretary. There were eight vice-presidents: Thomas Davis, of Mechanicsburg, Ohio; Judge Lowe, of Dayton, Ohio; J. C. Kempt, London, Ohio; John Dubois, Madisonville, Ohio; J. F. Larkin, Cincinnati; J. C. Dorman, Madisonville, Ohio; O. A. Fulton, Xenia, Ohio; T. F. Brown, Springfield, Ohio. These were all business men, who, with their wives, would leave their homes, and, at their own expense and after a hard week's work, would start on Saturday afternoon for some appointed place. Many times there would be all-night prayer, and always prayer at six o'clock, Sunday morning. All day long Sunday there would be salvation; these men and women laboring often until after midnight without a thought of their bodies. There was no thought or hint of reward, either financially or in praise of men. After the Word was given out, their commission ended, and with nothing but a "Good-night," they would leave the work and the reward with Him. They started back for their work early Monday morning. Is it any wonder that many

times there would be one hundred souls for God? Ah, the secrets and surprises of the great Judgment Day, when the hidden motives of the heart are known, and God's just verdict is spoken and his rewards are given!

There were about one hundred and forty-five members. Mrs. Bishop Morris, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Whitridge, were among the faithful workers. I would speak a word about Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. Hannah Martin, who went out with the Association. These were clever, bright women, and very devoted to God and his cause; were both beautiful singers, and sang with the spirit and the understanding also. They studied the Word of God with discretion, and they were the leading spirits of the work, having great influence with the people, both great and small. They had power in prayer and with God in all our first work. I do not know much of their later life, as I was called forth to other fields; but there is one thing sure, they were as lovely women as I have ever met, and I believe pure and good and modest. I never knew them to do a wrong thing nor speak a wrong word, and I expect to meet them on the golden shore. As for Brother Brooke, he was a perfect gentleman. Not only that, a more devoted Christian I never saw, nor a harder worker to get souls converted and the Churches sanctified.

There would be sometimes forty of us go to a meeting. We would go singing on the trains up the streets to the church, filled with the Holy Ghost; and

the first thing we did was to go into a separate room, get down before God, and pray for him to take charge of us all and the meeting. Then we went into the auditorium, and such singing and such testifying—O glory! The conversions and sanctifications were the most powerful I had ever seen. The congregations could not get into the church, and often we would have an overflow meeting. Usually the whole community was stirred. In one place the prayer had been, "Lord, visit every family in this town;" and it came to pass. Some one was saved out of every family; even the saloons were visited, and a saloon-keeper surrendered. One member of the Official Board—a backslider, who had an impediment of speech and had to write down what he wished to say in the Board meeting—was reclaimed, and immediately afterward received the blessing of sanctification. His speech was given to him, and he could talk as well as anybody. The papers stated that at this place over three hundred were saved.

One Sunday, at Newport, Kentucky, there were one hundred and twenty-five saved and sanctified. I have seen many evangelists lead meetings; but I never saw anybody who could lead an altar service as effectually as Brother Brooke. Some may win more who profess to be saved; but for the general work of the Spirit upon sinner and the Church he was peculiarly blessed. Thomas Harrison, the boy preacher, had this power also in a remarkable degree. I know whereof I speak; for I was with the Association about

eight years, and I know what was done. In our later work we often met men and women who would tell me that they had been converted or sanctified at a certain meeting held by the Southern Ohio Holiness Association. I believe there will be a great confession at the great day. The devil wanted the Association broken up, for its entire membership seemed to be of one mind, and each one was in his place ready to do what the Spirit dictated. Sisters Whitridge, Moore, and Morrison used to stay and help the preachers carry on the revival, and hundreds would be saved before the meeting broke up. We were called to Dayton, Ky.; Bellevue, Ky.; Shinkle Chapel and Eleventh Street, in Covington; Somerset, Groesbeck, Ohio; Wilmington, Washington Court House, New Brunswick, all through Cincinnati, and many other places. We always had good meetings, with much visible fruit.

I could only stay from Saturday until Monday, and then I had to go home. I was sent for to return to several places, and after my daughter was converted, held several meetings, leaving the care of the home with her. We went back to Wilmington after the Association had left; the people had sent for me through the preacher, saying that they would take care of me. After consulting our president, who said that God would use me wherever I was, and if I was strong enough I would better go, I started. The house was full, and the meeting continued until Friday night; but we did not get the crowd which we

wanted. The pastor preached a short sermon, and I gave the exhortation, and I told them that if there was no one else to be saved I would be returning home in the morning. The preacher said that if I went home he would close the meeting. I waited to see if more would come. Every service there had been three or four saved, and four had already come forward that night. While we were singing, they started from the rear of the house and came with a rush, until twenty-four were kneeling at the altar. About half-past eleven, twenty-two had been saved, and we had a perfect cyclone of power. An old gentleman, the father of the one who was entertaining me, had opposed holiness as an instantaneous work. He had been reading up, and the fight was going on in his heart, and the power of God fell upon us all. He went under. His son was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and was gloriously sanctified, and four of his grandchildren were converted to God. He surrendered, and God sanctified him. O, it was a glorious time! The whole family was saved. I never had so much love shown me, and they could not do enough for me. The old gentleman said he had received a "Benjamin mess." I staid until Monday morning. I can not tell how many were converted; but it was a grand time. The minister's daughter and two of his sons were saved, and it was salvation all day long. I staid Sunday night with a lady who lived close to the depot, in order that I might take the early train for home. She showed me so much kind-

ness that I did not know what to say. I felt myself nothing, and yet there was so much done. The devil had tempted me so. He said, "You are nothing but a woman; you can not do anything." He tried to keep me from going; but God helped me, and I had conquered. It was all over, and now on Sunday night I could not sleep for the devil. So often am I reminded of Elijah, that mighty man of God, and have been encouraged. After his magnificent work, calling fire down from heaven and the slaying of the prophets of Baal, and, after prayer, running for miles before Ahab's chariot, Jezebel sends word that she will have his life—and Elijah, strong as a giant when called upon to do the work of God, became like wax, and ran and hid. Thus it appeared to me that Satan would devour me on that Sunday night after my work was done; but the Lord was with me to deliver, even as in the olden day when he fed his servant the cake under the juniper-tree. As I called on the Lord, I asked him to show me if I had done any good. All at once I looked in front of me. It was early in the morning just before day, and I saw a very bright star rise up and pass over my shoulder in front of me. O, it was wonderful! It was about the size of a bird's egg. Then another and another arose in just the same manner, until it seemed there must have been thirty, some smaller than others. It was grand to behold those beautiful stars! Then a voice spoke to me, "These are the souls God has given thee." O, I was so happy I could not tell it! It was as plain as when

I beheld the light when daylight came. The lady with whom I stopped Sunday night had taken her letter out of the Church on account of trouble there, and had said she would not put it in again. I told her that she was standing in the way of somebody, and that they would rise up against her in the Judgment Day, and I told her we would pray for her in our Tuesday meeting. I learned that afterwards, on the following Sunday night she joined the Church, and five persons followed her.

Another place where God permitted me to go was Somerset, Ky., where God used me in the salvation of a man whom that county had nominated for governor. He joined the Presbyterian Church. The minister had sent for me five months after the Association meeting, and, accompanied by Mrs. Bishop Morris, we arrived just after the minister had left for a country appointment. He left word for us to come on. The Baptists sent for us to come to their meeting, which was held at eight in the morning, and as we could not start until ten o'clock, we went and held a consecration-meeting. Such a consecration-meeting! The power of God came down in a wonderful manner, and the people sprang to their feet like tops. I never had seen such dancing before the Lord in my life. We had to leave in the midst of shouts, and started on our journey into the country, where we had a glorious time. The Baptists and the Methodists worked together. I had determined to leave next morning, Thursday. Just at the dawning of the

day, as I lay upon my bed, a vision of a large bread-plate filled to overflowing with large, round biscuit was set before me. I said, "Is this a token of the souls thou art going to give me?" It seemed to me a sure evidence, just as sure as if I had seen them. We went to the church at night, and it was filled. I told them I had expected to leave the next morning, and wanted to know how many would promise to meet me in heaven; and that if they desired me to pray for them they should come and give me their hand. Forty-four came and kneeled at the altar and front seats. The minister gave a great shout. We prayed, and they all professed to be saved before we left. We staid until Saturday, and then went back into town and held a meeting, in which five denominations were represented. They wanted me to stay with them five weeks, one week in each church, and all uniting together. I have no doubt there would have been a great work. There must have been one hundred and fifty saved in the two weeks and four days. I met an evangelist recently who held meetings in those places, and she said the people who were saved then were sanctified now. They talked so much about that meeting, and were delighted to hear that she knew me. It is only known to God, and my heart warms even now with the memory of how the people loved me. I praise God with all my ransomed powers that he ever called me out to work in his vineyard. I do not know how he can use such a little being as I am; but blessed be his holy name for his love to me!

The next place I went with the Association was to Maineville, Ohio. We went on Saturday as usual, and had a fine meeting. It was during the time of the great flood, and we traveled three miles through the water, the train nearly swimming. Early Monday morning I woke up, and this came to me: "There are many souls in this place who could be saved; and if they are not saved now, they never will be;" and the inspiration came that if I staid, God would help. I stopped at a doctor's home, whose daughter came to me, and said: "You must stay and help with the meeting. A dancing club of young men and women are going about from house to house, dancing almost every night. Their parents are getting alarmed about them. The young people like you, and I think you can have an influence over them." Our president also came to me, and said, "Do n't you think the Lord wants you to stay?" I answered that I did not come with the intention of staying; but we would pray over it. We all prayed; but received no answer; but after waiting awhile, looking silently to God for help, the light came; I was to stay. I said to the president, "I will stay." A young woman who came with us staid also. We put on our wraps. It was raining some, and the water was running all over the ground, so that we could scarcely get through; but we went from house to house, praying with the people who had not been to Church for years, and some were saved. We called on many families that day, and it had a wonderful effect upon the whole community. They said if

strangers would come into a town and visit as we did, there was something in religion. That night we had a crowd, and we carried off captive two young men of the dancing club. We tried hard for more; but we praised God for the two. I do not know how many more were saved. The next morning it was all over town that we tried to pull them to the altar. In the afternoon Mr. Davidson preached, and there were several sanctified. That night I said: "They say we tried to pull the people to the altar, and that is not right. Jesus Christ said to compel them to come in, that his house might be filled. We only begged you to come in, for we desire all the young people in the town to be saved." The next night forty of the dancing club surrendered. I did not know what to do. I had told them to come, and God would save them. Brother Davidson was there; but somebody had said they would shoot him, and he was in the rear of the church preaching to those men who had talked so about him. The preacher in charge was a young man with very little experience in getting people saved. I prayed three times, and talked to them as best I could. At last I got down, and said: "Lord, I have told these mourners that if they would come to this altar and give themselves to God, thou wouldst save them. Here they are kneeling at this altar, and I have done all I can; thou wilt have to save them. Thou canst, for thou hast promised to receive all that come unto thee. Thou hast never turned any one away empty. I lay them down at thy feet in the arms of my

faith for thee to save them. When thou wast here on the earth the people brought their sick folk to thee by night, and thou didst heal them all. Even the poor leprous man said, 'Lord Jesus, if thou wilt thou canst;' and thou didst say, 'I will, be thou whole,' and it was done. Jesus, thou hast said thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Show us thy power by saving these young men and women. Amen." And I arose. They commenced rising from the altar, and going to their seats. I thought, "What is it? are they saved?" I went to them, and said: "Are you saved? You are all getting up from the altar." And they answered, "Yes; we are saved." Thus it went on until all were up. We had a testimony-meeting. I can not write all the details; but the next night all the dancing club professed salvation, except two, who were in Cincinnati. Sixty young men and women professed to be saved through Jesus' blood. O, it was a wonderful time! The night the forty came I had prayed for them before they kneeled at the altar. I claimed them by faith, and walking up and down the platform, I said, "They are coming, they are coming," when they started, and quickly the forty were kneeling. I had to go home on Thursday. About two months afterward the young people sent for me to come back. I arrived there on Saturday, and on the next Sunday we had a jubilee over one hundred and fifty who had professed salvation, eighty-five of whom were young people. It seemed so strange to me that so many young people would take a fancy to me, at

least enough for me to win them to Christ. It seemed that they loved me dearly.

There was an old church five miles from there in the country, and the older members did not want it broken up. There had been two revivals, one five miles away, and the other three miles on the other side; and the young people desired to go to either one of these two places. Of course, this would break up the old country church, and so the old people sent for me to come and help them. They could not have sent for one more unworthy; but, thank God! I did not look at that. I did not go by my feelings nor my unworthiness. I went in God's strength, and he went with me and did the work himself; for the preacher was not any better than myself. The meeting commenced on Monday night, and several were converted. You see, I took all the converts with me to help, and they were a power. I can not go into details. Tuesday morning we had eleven sanctified, four men and their wives and three young women. The meeting went right on until Thursday night, when we had a union love-feast of four Churches. It was a glorious time, with many at the altar. All at once it seemed to me that the very devil himself was present, and I thought, "What shall I do? I can not pray." Then swiftly came the thought, "I will do like Joshua; I will shout the walls down," and I commenced to shout, "Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God the Son, glory be to God the Holy Ghost!" God helped me, and I shouted the battle through. Then

I determined to see what the matter was, that all at once I should have such an awful power from the devil. I went around shaking hands with the people, and came across quite a number of men full of liquor. Then I found what had brought the devil. These men had come in at the close of the meeting. We closed the meeting that night, and I went home the next morning. In a short time there came a storm, which blew the roof off the old church. They met together to see what could be done, and decided to build a new one. Those very men who had been filled with liquor subscribed fifty dollars apiece. A new church was built, and the last time I heard from them they were getting along all right. Thus the Lord set his seal of approval.

The Association had a big tent, which they pitched in the West End of Cincinnati, where great good was done. One man came up to the altar in mockery, and God took hold of him in an awful manner while he was praying and confessing in mockery. He went through all the big saloons that night and all the next day, trying to shake it off; but could not. He came back the next night, and confessed what he had done, and begged for our prayers. He was in a dreadful condition, and never left his knees until he was saved. He became a good worker. We moved to the East End, at Pendleton, where a grand work was done. While there my daughter and I were invited to Fruit Hill, a country town. Souls were converted, believers sanctified, and backsliders reclaimed. A young

man, the son of the dear people who entertained us, was converted. There I met a man who inquired eagerly if I was from Cincinnati, and if I lived on Eighth Street. He told me that he had once sold me a barrel of potatoes, and that when he had delivered them I had spoken to him about his soul, and had handed him two tracts. Those tracts, he said, had been the means of his salvation, and he was happy in the Lord. How strangely do our lives touch each other; but how passing understanding that a slight touch becomes eternal, fulfilling God's purpose, and controlling the eternal destinies of men! "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that."

There was another place, Bethany, to which the Association was invited, where I did not go at first; but afterward. I sent my children to the country, as it was summer vacation, so that I could not leave home. During this time there was one trial, of which I will speak. The children were in the care of my oldest daughter, who was quite a little mother, and I intended to follow them a little later on. But my husband did not wish me to go to the camp-meeting. It was one of the keenest disappointments of my life. I said no more; but went and hid in my closet, where I poured out my soul to God. It was also a temptation; I could only see the cruel injustice. I had always been ready to do anything I could for his

happiness, and I felt for the time I could not forgive the humiliation. From Friday night until Sunday morning I had a fight with the devil. I never said another word about my going. I went to the love-feast on Sunday morning, and in my testimony I said, "If the devil can keep us from working for God, thank God he can not keep us from praying!" and the Lord baptized me in a wonderful manner. The presiding elder was there, and when he went upstairs to preach he was all on fire, using my testimony in his sermon. Thus the Lord would not permit the adversary to triumph over me; but made the words, wrung out of my bitter grief, the inspiration of a grand sermon. On Monday morning after breakfast was over, my husband went to his business as usual. I was alone with God. I said: "Lord, what shall I do? I have done nothing but pray the last four weeks." I had two new books which I had not read. I opened one, "The Night Scenes of the Bible," and began to read. The Spirit began to work, and I got down lower and lower until I was prostrated. The sting of the humiliating trial was still there; but the good Lord knew just what to do with me. The devil always outdoes himself; but the blessed Christ gives victory when the devil has gone his length. Viewing the wonderfulness of God and his mighty power in all the worlds he has made, I got down on the floor. Then the things of time and sense vanished, and I was inside the glory-world at the feet of Jesus. Just one moment inside of the heavenly city, and we will forget all trials, and

wonder that the mighty God will take us, poor sinful mortals that we are, to such a place as heaven to behold his glory. Once there, the angels will take us from world to world, and it will take all eternity to know what God has prepared for his children. I have no language to express the humility, the nothingness, as I saw myself, as it were, in the presence of the great God. When I came back to myself I understood humility, and I could forgive. I was kept in that state some time. My children came home that night. During the week my husband went to New York, and on Tuesday morning of the following week I was praying. I said, "Lord, if they send for me to go to Bethany, I will go." As I ended my prayer, the door-bell rang, and there stood Brother Dubois, who said: "I have come for you to go to Bethany. Can you go?" I answered, "Yes." I always prayed over things before I promised; but without a moment's hesitation I had answered. He told me to be ready at four o'clock. The devil tempted me after he was gone. He said: "You are only a woman; what can you do? And, besides, your husband is in New York, and your children might get sick, and then what would you do?" And much more he said to me. I fell on my knees, and asked the Lord what to do. And he said: "Go, and I will go with thee. I will take care of thee and give thee mighty power, and will bring thee safely back; and I will take care of thy children, and they shall not be sick." And God gave me a great blessing with it. So I went,

together with four other workers, and the devil tempted all the time; but the Lord was with us in a wonderful manner. We claimed the sanctification of every one in the Church that night, and the conversion of all that were unconverted, and before eleven o'clock thirteen were sanctified, and all professed conversion. It was a glorious victory. And God brought me safely home, and my children were all well.

Chapter XI.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

FROM 1879 to 1883 I lived in the furnace. I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left, but I met the devil in every shape and every form. All through this incessant fire I never ceased working for the Lord in the temperance cause, in the Holiness Association, in the missions, in the Young Men's Christian Association; continuing the work in all public institutions. Then came the Harrison revival at St. Paul Church, where for three months I labored every night but three at the altar and in the congregation. A great work was done in Cincinnati, spreading through the suburbs and neighboring cities. All denominations shared in the work. They would go from the altar praising God for the baptism of fire; for when the sinners would not come, the Churches were invited to come for the Holy Ghost. The Spirit ruled, sometimes holding the sinners back, in order that the men who could not attend the day-meetings, and those from other denominations, might receive the full baptism. Shortly after the St. Paul revival word came to me from a Baptist Church, "Come and set us on fire," and I went to assist them. In urging them to consecration I spoke of their children, who would be lost if they did not do their duty, and that

they would be responsible for it. They were eager for anything. When I asked that all who desired the baptism of fire for themselves, and those who desired to pray for their children, would come to the altar, every one without a moment's delay came. They seemed to understand the language of consecration better than Methodists. God was surely in our midst. It was astonishing how the work broke out, and it went on until nearly all the children prayed for were brought to God. Letters came to happy mothers from New Orleans, from the East, from the West, telling of the salvation of children. On Sunday night I would follow after the preacher, and on Monday morning the young men and women would come to my house to be converted. One morning nine came together. It would not be more than an hour when they would all go away praising God, just as happy as they could be. I meet many of them now on the streets of Cincinnati, and they greet me with a smile, and praise God for the salvation they received so long ago. They are the strong ones of their Church to-day. Glory to God for those times! I would go away from the Church holding my head with both hands. (For years my head has troubled me. It is caused from my deafness.) The devil would tempt me about it; but I would answer, "My head is in the hands of God, and he will take care of me." God would bless me, and rebuke the pain.

I had a very peculiar experience one night. It was bitter cold, and a big fire was burning in my

room. After I returned from Church I prayed, and went to bed about twelve o'clock; but could not go to sleep. The room was quite comfortable, although it was one of the coldest nights we had had. About two o'clock in the morning I commenced to get cold. I tried to get warm; but grew colder and colder, until I said: "What is the matter with me? Am I going to die?" Then it came, just like a voice speaking: "Now you know what my suffering poor are feeling all over this world. Many of them have not even a shelter or a place to stay. Some are lying on the bare floor, with no fire; and hungry, with no food to heat the blood." I commenced to weep. O, it was awful to behold the misery! I cried, "O God, help them!" Then came the thought, "Why not ask God to turn away the cold weather?" And I said: "If thou wilt hear me for this whole world, turn away this cold weather, and have mercy upon thy suffering poor. Thou art the God of the hoary frost; thou canst if thou wilt. All this world is thy great family. Have mercy, O God, for Jesus' sake, and bless thy poor, and turn away the cold!" I felt the burden was gone. I grew warm, and in a great calm—a peaceful rest—I fell asleep. In the morning I looked out, and saw the vapor rising all around, and I said, "It is warmer; the cold weather is gone." And so it came to pass. I praised God. It would not have affected the rich if it had lasted longer; but it was for the sake of his suffering poor.

As I said, the devil met me at every corner. One

Sunday night I dreamed I was on the top of a high ridge, a very long one, with a path running through it. In the center stood a house. It was only a square cabin, with windows and doors on every side. The doors were open and the windows were raised, and a light was shining out. Just then there came a whirlwind, and I tried to get to the house to close the doors and put down the windows. I was afraid it would be blown away. But I had to hold to something on the ground to keep myself from being blown away. The gas was lighted, and I thought it would be blown out by the storm; but I could not reach the house. All at once there was a great calm, and the house was all right—the lights were burning brighter than ever, and I awoke. I knew that I was going to have some awful trial. On Thursday night it came. I had not gone to bed; I was sitting in my room until late in the night. All at once something said to me: "Why do n't you be yourself! If you would, you could make everything bend to you. It is no use for you to think of bearing this any longer. You might as well be yourself, and be done with it!" This was the devil talking; but I did not detect him for the moment. I said, "That is so; I could make everything bend to me," and I sprang to my feet, intending to put it into execution. I went across the room, and just as I reached the door my dream came up before me like a flash: "You are the house and Christ is the light, and the devil and all your enemies and the world can not take Christ out of your heart." I fell

upon my knees. The house was before me, with its burning, shining light. The mighty power of God came upon me, and there in the doorway I praised him with all my heart, and everything *was* brought under my feet. That was the only time I ever gave way to the devil, and it was only for a moment. I gained a wonderful victory, and through this trial I not only had more strength, but I understood the wiles of the devil as never before.

In those dreadful years my husband failed in business. Everything was swept away except the house in which we lived, which was mortgaged. I had put my father's money into this house, and we hoped, after the mortgage was settled, that we would, out of a large fortune, save a home. The blow was heavy upon my husband. While a student at old Woodward College, he had thought that if ever he had five thousand dollars he would be satisfied. He soon forgot that, and when he commenced to make money he went on. He was instant in season and out of season, and soon had a large wholesale house on Walnut and Third Streets. He gave liberally to the Church, and if he had given himself to God he would have become a merchant prince. He was called one of the finest business men in the city. About this time my husband was invited to make a visit to Chicago. He was guardian of the children of a very wealthy man. After the father's death the family moved to Chicago; and it was they who sent for him, urging him to bring his wife with him. He came and told

me of the invitation, and asked me if I could go. But I was afraid they would want me to go to the theater, and I could not do that; but he said he would arrange all that, and that I should go down town and buy everything I needed. I wanted to please him if I could, and I lifted up my heart to God for prayer and guidance. It seemed to me the Lord told me to go. It was very plain to me that I should go, and that the Lord would go with me; so I told him that if I could get ready, I would go. I had broken my breastpin, and I asked him to take it and get it mended. He took it with him; but instead of mending it, he brought home with him three sets of jewelry, and told me to take my choice. It was a very hard trial for me in one sense of the word. As for myself, I had no desire for gold; but I hated to deny him, and I knew how our friends dressed, and he wanted me to look as well as they did. He also brought a beautiful jet pin, with a speck of gold in the center. I put my arms around him, and said: "I am so much obliged to you; but don't you think it too much money to spend just now? Please let me take the little jet pin." So he said, "Very well," and seemed satisfied. On our journey we just escaped an awful accident; but God brought us safely through. At Chicago they met us with their carriage, and we had a great time of feasting. They drove us all over Chicago, and through all the parks. I was not asked to go anywhere where I could not take Jesus with me. We went by lake to Milwaukee. I had had

rheumatism for some time, and when I caught cold I was sick with it. When we were about three hours on the lake, I had a strange sensation come over me as if my flesh were quivering, and I told my husband that I believed the rheumatism would be gone. My mother had told me, when a little girl, that if we would cross a large body of water the sickness would be taken out of our system. At any rate, I have never had rheumatism since that time. We reached Milwaukee in safety; but there came a great storm on the lake, so that we came home by way of the cars. During our stay in Chicago we had a beautiful time, or what the world calls beautiful.

I desired to train my children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. I did not want them to be proud, for I always bore in mind that the devil was cast out of heaven for his pride. From 1880 to 1884 were wonderful years of my life. The awful trials were sometimes so great that I could scarcely walk; but I realized that God was with me, and that he sympathized. Many times I was enabled to go through the house shouting his praises, even in the midst of the fiery furnace. My eldest daughter was now married to Mr. Thomas H. Sheldon, of Athens, Ohio, and in 1880 a grandson was given from God. My second daughter also was married that year to Dr. W. R. Woodward, of Cincinnati. Through all our money troubles God enabled me to send my two youngest daughters to the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware. Then came the final settlement of my

husband's affairs, and the closing out of his business. Later my youngest daughter started, with the prayers of her mother, for Boston to study music, and the crowning joy of the three years of fierce conflict was the complete salvation of my daughter Ida.

My children had all been taught faith in God and the value of prayer. If they knew that mother was praying it seemed to satisfy them. They knew that, no matter how fierce the trial was, God would make everything all right. As they grew older, they became more worldly. If my husband and I had both been religious, there would have been more perfect results; but God remembered the faithfulness of his handmaiden, and took away the reproach forever. The devil must have been afraid in those days, he worked so hard against me. He knew of God's faithfulness from the beginning, and tried in every way to make me untrue, and tempted me with the worldliness of my children. "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." During the great Harrison revival Ida was converted all over, through and through, and two weeks afterward was sanctified gloriously, so that her testimony and her prayers set the people on fire when they heard her. In a short time he called us together, mother and daughter, into the public work. That was what was the matter with the devil. He knew what was coming, and he did all in his power to get me out of the way, or cause something to happen to prevent me from going out into the work. But

the good Lord took care of everything in such a way that it came out all right in every sense of the word. In the midst of one of the trials I had, this promise came, "That which you so much dread is ready to break with blessing upon your head." It came to pass. When the Lord had fully prepared me he sent me forth, and the cloud which I dreaded burst in blessing upon my head—more than eye had seen or ear heard or this poor heart had conceived. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever! Amen!!



IDA VORN HOLZ CALKINS.

Chapter XII.

IDA'S EXPERIENCE.

[At my mother's urgent request, I here insert a few pages concerning God's dealings with myself. To him be all the glory!—Ed.]

THE first conception I had of God was his Omnipresence. The prayers of a faithful mother taught me this. The chief memory of my school-days is the prayer, "Guard her from accident and wicked hands, and bring her safely home." As I would walk to school, I would look up and feel, "Right up there in the sky God is watching me." The first "blessing" I remember was when I was seven years of age. I had been praying for the conversion of my father. Alone in a dark room I prayed for fully two hours. Mother often speaks of how my face shone when I came to her, and said, "He will be saved." One Sabbath day our pastor preached a sermon on "The Perfect Man." I was then thirteen years old. In the quietness of the morning hour of worship, I deliberately walked down the aisle and united with the Church. All through my early child and school life I remember answers to prayer and sweet blessings. Then came college life, and afterward gay society. There had been one or two dis-

appointments, which chilled the child faith, and the wonderful "Presence" was fast vanishing away. Cynicism and pride were springing up, and visions of earthly fame and pleasures were shaping into "castles in the air." Two days before my conversion I argued with my mother in defense of opera and theater. That winter a great revival was held in Cincinnati, beginning on the 1st of January, and closing the 4th of April. The evangelist was Thomas Harrison. The meetings had been in progress for a month before I thought of attending, and then merely from curiosity. The evangelist attracted me. I heard the most thrilling appeals with a proud face. The workers, and they were many, never spoke to me. The only conviction I had was when the Holy Spirit would sound through my soul, "It may be the last opportunity." I would go to Church one night, and to opera the next. The Opera Festival was held in February. Booth was in the city at the same time. Saturday afternoon I heard Booth in "Othello," and in the evening listened to Patti. Sabbath-day was spent in talking over the week's gayeties. On Monday night I went to Church; first to the Young People's meeting, and then to the audience-room, where the vast congregation was assembled. In the pulpit and around the chancel-rail bishops and ministers gathered. The choir-loft above the pulpit was filled with singers. An undertone of joyous expectancy was felt; the very atmosphere seemed laden with the fragrance of heaven. Suddenly, before a song had

been sung, a prayer offered, without a tear I began to laugh; not loudly, but the oil of gladness saturated me, until my very flesh seemed charged with the laughter of the skies. I do not know what was preached that night. I do not remember a song. It was all joy, joy, joy. When the altar was presented, I went and kneeled by a young girl who was weeping very bitterly. I said to her, still smiling, "Nannie, don't cry; trust Jesus." Instantly the light burst upon her, and rainbows glistened out of the tears. My precious mother, when she found that I was truly converted, was nearly prostrated with joy, and was not able to sleep all night.

I went home, and running to my sister, my inseparable companion, waked her from her sleep with, "Jennie, wake up; I'm saved, I'm saved!" Opening her sleepy eyes, she said, "Will you never go to opera again?" Her question seemed to bring back to me something which had happened in another existence. Of a truth, when God pardoned my sins he separated them from me as far as the east is from the west. I answered, "I had not thought of it." From that day to this I have never had time for opera. I have been in training for the choir above, for I am to sing at the coronation of the King. The next morning, waking from my sleep, before I was fully aroused, I had the sensation, "Something good has happened." When I remembered, I praised the Lord.

For two weeks I was thoroughly, genuinely happy. I had no time to sin. The Lord commanded

his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song was with me, and my prayer was unto the God of my life. I was converted on Monday night. On Friday night, two weeks afterward, while talking over the meeting with my mother in our own home, fear suddenly seized me. It was as if some one inside were shouting, "You would better be careful, you may fall." Instantly I said to my mother: "I am so happy. I have never been so happy before; and I am afraid I may be tempted to go back to the world." I did not know then; I understand it now. It was the "old man" taunting me. One of the most cruel phases of inbred sin is FEAR. It stultifies, withers, blasts the buoyant joy of the Christian. The electric current of God's salvation through my soul had been so strong and swift, that the "old man" was shocked into silence. The *fear* which I felt was sin reviving. My mother answered me, "Get sanctification, and that will keep you." I replied, "I will." Thank God for a praying mother! The Friday before I was converted she had prayed and fasted. She shed the tears and made the confessions, and I received the joy. I knew nothing of the doctrine of sanctification; I did not dream what a bugbear it was to many Christians. I simply believed what my mother told me, that "sanctification" would keep me. I went the next night, Saturday, with a smile upon my face, to the altar of prayer. I did not even know that Christians ever wept for the blessing. I called for my mother, who was rather surprised to see me, especially when

I told her I had come for the blessing of sanctification. She sent a good brother to me, who had helped many into the light. He asked me what I wanted. I told him, "Sanctification." I spoke the word naturally and easily. It was to me simply the name of a blessing. He then said, "Have you consecrated everything to Christ?" I answered: "Of course I have; I have come for power to live for him." Then came the question, "Do you believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth you from all sin?" As the Holy Spirit applied the word to my heart, the "darkness" of inbred sin passed over me, and I answered: "I do not understand. I do not know what is the matter; whether it is temptation, or what it is." He said: "Give that to Jesus. If it be a temptation, he will take it away. If it be not, it will be all right; do n't you see?" I said, "Of course." Instantly a burden, which I did not know was there, was taken away; and O, how rested I felt! When I was converted I laughed; but when I was sanctified, I rested in the stillness of perfect peace. The sensation in my soul was as if I had worked hard all day and had not had time to know I was weary, and at night, upon lying down, had felt, "How good it is to rest; I did not know I was so tired." O, the weariness of inbred sin! It was the weight of sin which caused Jesus to say, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will rest you." On going home that night I told my mother that Jesus had given me a pure heart. No one had ever told me of the victory of testimony.

On Monday night at Church, after the services were over, some one said to me: "You look so happy. What is it?" I answered, "Last Saturday night I received the blessing of sanctification." For the first time I realized the "loud profession." A shock went all over me, and I turned away and sat down alone. Then came the Holy Ghost as a rushing, mighty wind into my soul. Ah, my Pentecost! The music of the rushing wind! The intoxicating joy as he came in! It was painful in its intensity. As I muse and write of it the fire burns, and my bones consume; the smiles come, and the tears start. "I am saved, the Lord hath saved me! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!" From that night to the present, the Holy Spirit has been my Comforter, and Jesus has been my abiding Savior. In temptation and sorrow the quiet, sweet peace flows on as a mighty river. When I stood by the white casket which held the sacred clay of that same sister Jennie, and heard the sod falling and the words "dust to dust," then Jesus rebuked the sting of death, and whispered, "Let not your heart be troubled;" and the angels sang, "Think of the grave where they laid Him; think how He liveth again." And I looked up, and knew that she was alive for evermore.

My experience? Though I could speak with the tongue of men and of angels, I could no more tell of the bounding life and fullness of joy than the painter can put on canvas the sparkle in the eye. Though I could write with a John, I would be compelled to

conclude with his words: "And there are many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen."

When I was converted, my mind and nature were very immature. When the Holy Spirit first shined into my heart my whole being seemed to expand. The Trinity had always been a mystery to me. I seldom prayed to Jesus as the Son, or to the Holy Spirit, but to the Lord God. When I was converted, it was God who had spoken peace. I knew nothing of the personality of the Spirit; how he could come within, and cry out, "Abba Father." Some way I knew I had passed from death unto life; but just how, it never dawned upon me to ask. I knew nothing of the doctrines of the Church; but the Father was caring for the "babe in Christ," and the Spirit led quickly to the "fountain opened to the house of David." Two days after my cleansing the Holy Spirit came in, immediately after I had confessed to the inwrought work of entire sanctification. From that moment I knew the Trinity. I could not help knowing the Father and his boundless mercy, for I had seen Jesus. The incoming of the Holy Spirit was so convincing that I could not mistake his gentle ministry, and I began to rejoice in the *knowledge* of the truth. I comprehended more fully my conversion; how Jesus died to atone for my sins, and that by his *life* I had become a child of the King. I understood, having entered the

Holiest by the blood of Jesus, how God's Melchisedec became sanctification unto me. The Spirit soon taught me,

"Trusting, trusting every moment,
Feeling now the blood applied,
Lying at the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Savior's side."

At first, song was my inspiration. "Let me love Thee more and more," "I need Thee," "Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit," were the lullabies for the new-born soul. The leadings of the Spirit in regard to the Word were very precious. The first promise he gave me to feed upon and assimilate was, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." This I fed upon for weeks, and at the advice of an old lady (that same dear "Sister Shorten," of whom my mother speaks so often), it became the watchword of my soul. All the while the Holy Spirit was leading me into the green pastures of his Word. I had a tiny Testament without references. It became my constant companion. The Spirit kept all other books from me. Two weeks after I was wholly sanctified to God, Jesus instantly healed me of a sickness which had troubled me much. It was while my mother was praying. We had not thought of asking for it, until after an hour's communion. The Holy Spirit himself brought it to her mind. I saw Jesus by my side, I felt his touch, and I knew that healing was mine.

There is much unnecessary strife and confusion

concerning Divine healing. The Spirit abiding within a wholly-abandoned and willing soul will of himself appropriate to that soul all that sanctification comprehends; *i. e.*, a quickening throughout "body, soul, and spirit." A Christian need not necessarily be sick to have the quickening in the body. It means Divine health rather than Divine healing.

The next promise which the Spirit wrote upon my heart was, "The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, whom, having not seen, ye love." Soon after this I received a blessing which I call the "sealing," because of the peculiar manifestations of the Spirit upon my soul. Then came the promise, "Joy unspeakable and full of glory," with its blessing. Then came that rarest one in Romans viii, 11: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." It was chosen as an Easter text at the Wednesday prayer-meeting. Ah, how the Spirit of Christ quickened body, soul, and spirit, and how I understood the triumphal journey of Jesus through death, hell, and the grave, and his glorious coming forth from the tomb! Words can never tell the sweetness of the following Easter Sabbath.

The Holy Spirit then brought me into the fifty-

third chapter of Isaiah, where I learned the bitterest lesson of my life, and which proved to be, in a sense, the sweetest blessing. Humility.

The Holy Spirit had never revealed to me my life-work. I remember a Bible-reading I heard at our Young People's meeting, in which suggestions from the Word were given in regard to Christian work. Some could visit, pray, testify, etc. My testimony was: "I do not know what my talent is; but I can pray a little, and visit a little, and testify. By the grace of God I'll do what I can until I find out." One of the first lessons the Holy Spirit taught me was to obey, *in the Lord*, those who had the rule over me, such as my pastor, my Sabbath-school superintendent, my class-leader. When my superintendent said to me, "Teach," I instantly said, "I will do the best I can." When my class-leader said, "Lead the Young People's meeting," I answered, "Pray for me." Through this period of tutoring and testing in the Holy Spirit, there were many calls. One wanted me to go South in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society; an urgent call came from India; another from Florida. Such calls often prove a source of worry in the lives of those who are anointed of God. Often the question has been put, "How can I tell what to do?" The very question implies unrest. We do not have to know. *He knows*. When he is ready he will bring it to pass. Refusing brought me no uneasiness. I know now they were not the calls of God.

In the second year I had a revelation of the personal devil—of his cruel power and of the victory of the Blood. One day, about six weeks before the Holy Spirit placed me in the evangelistic field, I gave a testimony, the words of which astonished me: "For over a year I have been in heaven. I have not time to be happy any longer; I must be about my Master's business."

In an hour afterward came the vision of hell, and with it a weeping and anguish for the souls of men. I had learned obedience, and had not, to my knowledge, in a single instance wounded my Guide and Teacher. He had never once had need of the rod, for there was quick and willing service. It was the love of Christ which constrained me. The Holy Spirit showed me more and more the wondrous beauty of holiness, by revealing the loveliness of Christ, and it came to be in my life "Jesus, Jesus."

It was in September, a year and a half after my conversion, when the Holy Spirit separated unto himself my mother and myself. I had promised my uncle a visit. Mother was sick; but I insisted, "By Saturday we will go." The sickness disappeared, and we went. Mother went to Church Sabbath morning, and saw the superintendent, who said: "We have not had any special meetings. Our pastor is away at Conference; but he will be glad if the Church is blessed. Will you help?" She answered, "Yes, and my daughter is a Christian now; she will help, too." When she told me, I smiled, and said: "That will be fine! I

will do all I can." Only a smile, and a sentence spoken in a single breath; but O, how it "separated, pole wide, future and past!" That night it stormed, so nobody went to Church. The next night the church was crowded. I did not dream that "two ladies will speak" was the attraction. In my unconsciousness I was perfectly easy, and when my mother said, "We must have the Bible read," I said, "What shall it be?" She replied, "Anything." While she prayed, I whispered: "What shall I read, Jesus? What do the people need?" Without the least thought that the people would see me, I arose and opened the Bible to "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they might be saved." Without announcing chapter or verse, I read three verses and talked. There were two happily converted. The meetings continued for two weeks. Over two hundred were saved, and many entered into the life and liberty of perfect cleansing. On the tenth day, having read several times the second chapter of Acts, the Holy Ghost came upon us with such power as to prostrate many. This day the Holy Ghost turned into a fast day. The people did not realize they had not eaten until night had come. I learned then the power of fasting. Each night, while my mother prayed, I would open the Bible, trusting implicitly in the Holy Ghost. The *true study and knowledge* of the Word came to me as I read aloud to the people. I loved my own Bible-readings better than any one who may have been helped, because they were so

wonderfully new to me. The delight grew to be such a passion, that it was joy to stand before the congregation with an open Bible in my hand. This is all the more strange to me, when I remember the shy timidity of other days. I never leaned to my intellectual understanding, and if I came to a verse which the Spirit did not illumine, I passed on. The same chapter was read differently, some new promise being emphasized before each new congregation. The Holy Spirit became my commentator.

After two weeks' meeting we consented to stay two weeks longer, and go to another Church with the pastor, who had returned from the Conference. Crowds came, and there was nothing talked of but the "women preachers." I did not know that they meant ME, for, as yet, I had only called myself a girl; and, then, besides, I did not preach; I only read the Bible. Hallelujah! HE WISELY guided me, showing me the GLORY OF THE WORK. The Holy Spirit, if left unhampered to work his own will, never jars or brings discord. He, knowing perfectly our nature, works according to the peculiar cast of temperament. The "woman" in me, which shrank from publicity, was hidden away in his pavilion from the strife of tongues, until I felt the joy of seeing souls saved from hell, and then I was glad to be even a "woman preacher."

Thus he led me, cutting the shore lines, until I was fully launched upon the ocean of God's purpose. The sweetest part is, that now, when feeding upon the "strong meat," my soul expands to the giant's

strength, or when in the heat of battle I “run through a troop and leap over a wall,” the Holy Spirit is still my Guide. Never before have I felt my need of him as keenly as through the past month, and never has he guided and cherished me more tenderly.

Ah, dear ones, do not chafe, do not worry! Let him work in you as he will, and you will find that, as ye have received Jesus Christ the Lord, so will ye walk in him, rooted and built up in him.

Chapter XIII.

CALL TO EVANGELISTIC WORK.

TWO important visitations came to me from the Lord. About six months before we went into the work I was praying at midnight; I had grown very hungry to see souls saved, and there came a great spirit of agonizing prayer. I had such a desire to go out into the work to get souls saved that I cried, "Lord, if thou wouldst only give me my hearing, and prepare me to go out into thy work!" Then God revealed to me the broad road, with men and women crowding each other to the bottomless pit. I saw the awful woe of people going down to hell, and I was overwhelmed with desire for their salvation. Just then the great Father of Heaven and Earth revealed to me the love of the Father in giving his Son to die for the world. The vision was so great I cried from the depths of my soul, "O my God, baptize all the preachers and all the evangelists and all the workers, and give them power to save all the people they can, and then send me forth and use me in saving those who would be lost!" He said unto me, "Will you go without your hearing?" I said, "Yes, Lord, without anything, if thou wilt *only use me* in saving those who would be lost." And thus he prepared me to dare anything, even the devil's old taunt, "You are only a woman."

There had been a great work accomplished in the temperance-meetings. Many souls had been saved; and the devil, mad, thought to stop it. And so he said, using one of his agents: "We must not mix temperance and salvation. We can have temperance, and the people can go to the Churches to get salvation." Thus the work of getting the people saved in the temperance-meetings was stopped. I said, "If you are not going to get the people saved I will quit the temperance work," for I knew there was no hope but God's salvation for a poor drunkard. Thus was that strong tie broken. This occurred just three months after the vision of the broad road.

I went up to the third story of my house to pray, and to talk to the Lord about it. It was late at night, and I cried with a broken heart: "O my God! what shall I do? The temperance work is stopped, and there is no way to work. The Holiness Association is broken up. I have more time to work for thee than ever before," and I cried to the Lord for help. All at once the great and mighty God revealed himself to me—that he was the Mighty God from all Eternity to all Eternity, the very Eternity Himself. I did not see Jesus Christ, but the one great and mighty Being who was in all and over all. I can not describe what I saw. I was lost, gazing upon Him who inhabits Eternity. It was not like the sun nor the moon; it was not like day nor night; but more like a great cloud; and while I was gazing, it came down to this earth and covered me all over, passing through and

through me. I cried out, "My God, thou hast baptized me—every member of my body—for some purpose of thy glory!" It then lifted, and went up. I have no words to express my feeling. There was something done. I know now God baptized me for his work. God had revealed himself to me. He put his power upon me, that the devil might have no power to overcome my daughter and me, and that no wicked people could harm or insult us. We were under the hollow of his hand. We worked in one place where the preacher would not ride through on horseback in the day-time; but nothing ever harmed us. Glory to his holy name! (I asked the Lord this afternoon, if it was right for me to go on with my writing. Just as I was finishing up about the great vision, it came upon me again in a wonderful manner, until I danced all over the room. O glory! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever!)

In September, 1884, my daughter, Mrs. Dr. Woodward, took charge of my house, and I was free. In looking backward I can see the hand of the Lord, who was guiding us swiftly to his own work. Soon our "call" came. It could scarcely be termed a "call." It appeared that he lifted us up and carried us whithersoever he desired, and began to save the people. My daughter says, "We just stood by and watched the mighty Lord save the people." It surely must have been God, for I had had no training, and I always felt that I had missed forever the one supreme wish of my heart—to be a missionary—because I did not go to

college. Then my daughter, although a student, had never thought of public work. According to the flesh, she was peculiarly unfitted for publicity because of her extreme timidity. Many times has she come home from school physically sick, having engaged in some oral exercise. How lost in wonder have I been, as I have seen her speak with perfect ease to a thousand people! Great is the mystery of godliness! Once a minister said to me—it was when she was first converted—"Take care of her; she will preach some day. She has the face of an orator." When she heard of it, she laughed, and said, "He does not know, does he?" I feel sure that the flesh would have shrunk back could we have looked beyond. The wise and gracious Father, knowing this, and knowing, too, the unswerving loyalty to him and the souls of men, hid everything, until he showed us the GLORY of his work; and then we would have gone to the stake, and suffered torture rather than give up.

(If the ministers of Christ—those who would compass sea and land to gain a "point of order"—if they would cease caviling; if they would not see women as women, but as workmen of God; and look not upon the workers, but the work; the world would soon be taken for God.)

Our going into the work happened on this wise. My brother had made us a visit in the spring, and my daughter had promised she would return it soon. The time came for her to go, and she said to me, "I am going to see my uncle on Saturday." I said: "Ida,

we can not go; we have not the money to spare, and, besides, there is an eruption on my back, and I can not wear my dress." She looked at it, and said, "Why did you not say something about it before?" She called the doctor upstairs to see it. He gave me something to put on it; but it grew worse. She still insisted; so I said that if it was God's will for us to go, he would heal me. By Friday it was all well, and by the going down of the sun everything was settled for us to leave. On Saturday morning we started on our journey, arriving at Myers, Ky., at nine o'clock in the evening. The next morning I went to Sunday-school. The superintendent asked me to address the school, which I did. One thing I remember saying, that they ought to have a revival in the school and the Church. As soon as they were dismissed, the superintendent asked me if we would have a revival meeting or help them. I told him we had come up to rest, but would be willing and glad to help them; that we could not do much, but would do what we could. The meeting was announced for that night, and with it came the biggest rainstorm they had had for weeks, so that nobody could go to the church. The devil said, "Now you won't have any meeting; you will have plenty of time to rest." I answered, "That is what we came for." But the devil did not make anything. The superintendent went to court on Monday, and told everybody that there were two ladies from Cincinnati who were going to commence meeting on that night at Parrish Chapel. Of course,

we knew nothing of this until the word came for us to start to the meeting. Without a word we put on our things and went. The church was crowded, and the entire meeting was placed in our hands. We did not feel the responsibility; but in quiet assurance opened by announcing the hymn:

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.”

After this song I prayed, and two more prayers were offered. I then talked, exhorting them to give themselves to God, and that he would be with us. I told Ida to read the Bible, and she read two verses and told her experience; the whole Church was crying. I invited all the people to the altar who desired God to revive his work, or who wanted salvation. In less than five minutes the altar was crowded, and the people were crying all around. The power of God came down in a wonderful manner, and two were converted. The whole Church was blessed, and the leaders came to me and said, “We must have two meetings a day, at ten o’clock and in the evening.” So we commenced in earnest in the very busiest time of the year—the people were attending to their tobacco and sowing their wheat. We were stopping at

my brother's, which was only a short distance from the Church. I would go down at eight o'clock and pray until ten. The people came right in from their work. They came praying, and God came down in great power to answer in mighty conviction on sinners and backsliders, and in convicting the Church for holiness of heart. The news spread far and wide of the great revival going on at Parrish Church. The church was packed every night, and the power became so great that, although we commenced at ten o'clock, we could not get away before one, and sometimes two o'clock. The people were so convicted that they would not leave the church until they were converted, and then they were coming all the time until we would close the meeting. No matter how early the altar service began, there was a continuous coming forward, and always "one just come to be prayed for." Conviction was bringing the people in from all around. Those who had not been to Church in years were converted, and many found Jesus at home or in the fields. Truly a revival power had taken hold of the people. You may be sure the devil did not keep still. My niece and her husband, who lived with my brother, said that if we did not close the meeting we should leave the house. He did not do much harm; for all the same I staid, and carried the work on with all the faith and power God gave us. And it was a wonderful sight to see the whole community stricken by the mighty power of God. The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Christian Churches shared largely in the

work, who, if they had ever been converted, were revived and then sanctified to God. One Baptist and his wife had a family of unsaved children. We invited the parents to come up and pray for their children, and they came. God commenced to save them. The first night one young man was converted, the next another, and thus they came until the last one of them was saved. The next night they came to the altar again. I went to them, and asked them why they came; for all their children were saved. They answered, "Our children have been converted; we come now to be sanctified." And God sanctified them in a wonderful manner. The next day I said to the man, "I never expected to see you have such a shining face," for he was the homeliest man I ever saw. He said, "I never expected to have such a shining heart." When the Spirit works he makes all things new.

On the tenth day we had a fast. You know the one hundred and twenty waited for nine days, and on the tenth day the Holy Ghost came down upon them where they were sitting, and sat on them as cloven tongues of fire, and they were all sanctified and filled with the Spirit; they went out through the streets of Jerusalem and noised it abroad, and there were three thousand converted. As we were praying on the tenth day, the power fell on us so that we could not stand. Some of the people walked like drunken men. We staid in the church until three o'clock. A blacksmith who was present was so filled with "new wine"

that when he attempted to work he found it impossible. He said, "Come to-morrow; I can not work to-day." By faith we claimed three thousand souls, and it came to pass. In three months' time we held five meetings, and it was stated in all the papers that there had been three thousand souls saved. God alone knows. His record is in the Book of Life.

From this fast-day the power was poured out afresh. The superintendent said he had an engagement to preach in the mountains, and he ought to go. I told him that I had asked God about closing this meeting, and the Lord had spoken to me, and said: "You have asked me for this power, and I have given it to you; if you do not use it you need not come back to me again, for I will not give it to you." I could not close the meeting; and he staid, and God gave him the baptism of fire and the anointing to preach, and has used him in the salvation of many souls. He was wonderfully gifted, and at one county-seat the officials requested that he become their preacher. He was very modest, and felt that he was not prepared for the regular ministry, and only desired local preacher's license. One of the best men of the place, who had been formerly a Campbellite, but had been converted in a Methodist meeting, came to the altar for sanctification. He said he wanted it more than anything. I said to him, "Do you want it now?" and he answered, "Yes, right now." I gave him 1 John i, 7. He read the first part, "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one

with another," and said, "I am there," and continued to read, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Do you believe that?" I asked, and he said, "It is God's Word, and I am bound to believe God's Word." Then I said, "Do you believe it cleanseth you *now*?" He answered, "It is done," and sprang to his feet praising God, and went through the church shouting that he did not think God Almighty could make a man so happy; and he shouted for three days and nights. They say he is still shouting, and that his wife and all his family are wholly sanctified. One son is now a minister.

A young boy, sixteen years old, came from Millersburg College to attend the meeting. On Saturday morning I went to him, and asked him if he was a Christian. He looked me squarely in the eyes, and said, "Yes, I am; but I am not as good as I would like to be." I said, "Are you sanctified?" and he answered, "No; and, to tell the truth, I do not believe in sanctification the way you teach it." I said: "Very well. Do n't you want a blessing from the Lord? You have not all you want?" He answered, "O no, and I will take a blessing from the Lord always." I then said, "Come and consecrate yourself anew to the Lord, and take what he will give you, even if it should be sanctification." He went, and remained kneeling about half an hour. I went to speak to him, when like lightning the sanctifying power fell upon him. He started to rise, and would have fallen, but they caught him. In a moment he was going through the

church, shouting, "I am sanctified soul and body." The next morning he testified, telling every word of our conversation. While he testified it was as shocks from a battery; the whole church, which was packed, was in a blaze of glory. It had a good effect upon the community, as he was a model young man. He was related to several of the ministers of the Southern Methodist Church, and was a nephew of Rev. Jonathan Stamper, and therefore my own nephew. I did not recognize him at first. Soon afterward he went out with Dr. Godbey as an evangelist, and traveled with him for about six years.

Many others became workers for God. It was near Millersburg College, and several of the students, who were studying for the ministry, came and received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. One of these went immediately into the evangelistic field; but later, after a course at Winchester, entered the regular ministry, and has a fine charge to-day.

One of the leading sisters of the Church said to me: "What have you done for us? Many good preachers have been here and preached sanctification, and we refused to receive them. Here it is only five days, and we are all sanctified." I said, "God has done it."

I told my experience, how God sanctified me and kept me, and my daughter read the Bible and told her experience, and we had a testimony-meeting every night. That was the sum and substance of our "method." We simply "worked for Jesus" as though

we had been helping in a revival at Trinity Church. We had no thought of being evangelists; and when, after a few weeks, we heard sounded the praises of the "women preachers," we were astounded. Nevertheless we were not disobedient. God himself had called; the Spirit had prepared us. Invitations began coming in from many places. Without knowing it, and without planning it, we had entered upon what was to be a wide field of Christian service.

Chapter XIV.

OUR PLAN OF WORK.

GOD put us into his work, and he gave us the plan. We could not have accomplished it. There were never two meetings alike; there did not appear to be method, nor were we conscious of set plans; yet it is with supreme wonder I trace the same great truths, presented in almost the same order. That which marked the work was the manner in which the Holy Spirit emphasized the truth. Surely we are all just "sheep gone astray," and while diverse one from another, yet when it comes to the great issues of eternal things, we huddle together, close to the Giver of life.

Our work had always a solid foundation—the second chapter of Acts—and the shaping and molding was after that pattern. We opened a meeting by reading the second chapter of Acts, consecration service following. The old songs, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "There is a fountain filled with blood," and others, had the first place in all the meetings. If the Church was very cold and backslidden, we would not tell them their condition; but would urge them to come and give themselves anew to God. There was no need to talk to them about sanctification, unless they were in a "savable" condition. Let a Church

first get the revival fire, and they will then be ready for the whole work of God. For a few days we would dwell on the love of Jesus and our immortal hope, more precious than gold, reading joyous triumphant chapters, interspersed with chapters, such as Ezekiel ix, telling how God's people wept over sin and unrighteousness. By this time the Church would be quickened and ready for stronger meat. Then the second chapter of Joel was read, and there was a call to fast, not for themselves, but for sinners. The heart thus softened can better understand the crucifixion. On the fast-day Jesus on the cross would be lifted up. The next night the victories of the Lamb were read—usually Revelation v. Sabbath morning there was a call for consecration, Malachi being much used of the Spirit. On Sabbath night, in the full blaze of Calvary, the personal devil was revealed, as found in Revelation xx. On the second Sabbath the Church would be ready for the cleansing, sanctifying blood of Jesus. If the Church entered into the fountain, *sin*, as found in Romans, seventh chapter, was marvelously revealed; and the third week the tall giants (strong men in sin) would surrender to God. In this manner the Spirit brought forth the hidden truth, giving “line upon line, and precept upon precept.”

As we did not work for the praise of men, but for the salvation of souls, we would put the Church to work at once. We called for volunteers to visit from house to house with tracts and invitations, the business men carrying them to the business center. We

called for Mothers' Meetings, where the mothers themselves prayed for unconverted children. We called for requests for prayers. We urged those to fast who were burdened for souls, never excluding the children. The children were gathered in, and the meetings which were most successful were the ones where children's tears and sacrifices were given.

Our fast-day would begin with a rising-sun prayer-meeting, and, if possible, a morning and afternoon service. The day-meetings were devoted to prayer. A circle was formed, and, uniting hands, we pledged ourselves to be true to each other and to the work. This united us together. We have found that the Church, when it comes to practical spiritual life, is in the "kindergarten" stage, and needs often to "touch hands," in order to emphasize the great truth, "They were all with one accord." We have learned, too, that many do not know how to pray. In this circle we would covenant to pray for each other and for the work; that God might visit every member of every family in the town and throughout the community for twenty miles; that the power of God should come upon all the people in great conviction, compelling them to pray until they were converted; that the people should be converted in their homes, upon the street, and in their business places; and that nothing should be talked about but "the great salvation." After boldly proclaiming God's willingness to perform all this, and more, we would call for silent prayer; and then each one would lead in short pe-

titions. Jesus was truly in our midst, and the faith of the people would be strengthened. Also a great freedom would be noticed in the after-meetings, and often the families represented in the circle of prayer would be brought into the fold. We would also have rising-sun prayer-meetings every Sunday morning, and if we did not have "power" enough, we would call for an "all-night" of prayer. Many were converted at these meetings. At one place we had three all-night prayer-meetings, with signal victory. (This was a very delicate work. There had been a Church trial, which had caused an almost fatal division. The Church was reunited, and three hundred souls were saved.) The day-meetings were especially appointed for the Church, for Jesus was sent to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." When the Church is revived by "the revival," the results of the revival will be sinners converted. We would have three children's meetings during the week, and separate meetings every evening for the young men and the young women, while the older people would be praying in the audience-room.

That which has been most miraculously used of God has been the "testimony-meeting." It was strange, in the very first meeting we held, I wanted to get the young converts together to have them pray and testify, that they might be made strong in the Lord, and become good workers. But a difficulty met me—the church had no class-rooms. The Lord said to me: "Have a short prayer-service at the altar

with the young converts, and then have them testify. After the testimonies have the Bible read, and then present the altar again, calling for seekers. Give all a chance to testify, for all have a talent, and it must be improved, or it will be taken away and given to another." Thus I followed God's directions, throwing the testimony-meeting open for all, urging the young converts to testify first, that they might get strong. The exhortation was: "This meeting is for all. Be led by the Spirit; testify, or pray, or sing. Do not take up much time, unless the Lord leads you." The young converts learned to pray short prayers, thanking God for what he had done in saving souls, and asking for great immediate conviction for the saving of souls that night (for we need never do to-morrow what we can do to-day), for the sanctification of the Church, and for the reclaiming of backsliders. There was such united praying that many were converted in this early prayer service. By the time the testimony service had begun, the power would be so great upon the people that there would be ten on the floor at one time. Those who had been in the Church for years would speak and pray in public for the first time. The Church truly became a "working Church." Many times we could not have a Bible-reading, there was such a rush to the altar. From twenty to thirty would be saved in a night. We did not want to have any Bible-reading when God was preaching to the people. He was saving the people in a wonderful manner, and that was all we wanted.

We desired him to show forth his power in his own way.

We did not really do as much as the Church. When sinners heard some one give a glowing experience, they would stand up, and say, "I want that kind of religion; pray for me;" and then would immediately kneel at the altar. Many times it was they themselves who did the preaching. Ah, thank God! the altar was not a form, nor was it a farce; it was the "biggest" place in the church. It was practically the "business office;" a definite place where men settled their accounts with the Judge. It was pre-eminently the most important part of our whole work. It was always open. It was never out of order to interrupt testimony, singing, or sermon. If "altar" were suggested, all other business was laid aside. Many times there has been a rush during a testimony-meeting. The Holy Spirit gave such freedom at this point that men, poor sinners, knew they had a better right to the altar than the preacher had in the pulpit—I write it with all holy reverence for the sacred pulpit and the calling of the ministry. It was the Holy Spirit who impressed it so deeply upon our hearts: that the way must be made straight and without obstruction for the sinner; and the fountain kept open day and night.

As the interest increased the numbers increased, and the power of God swept the people into the kingdom. As we realized the movings of the Spirit, we would give a special meeting to those who had a message from God to deliver to the people. We gave the

people this opportunity, that we might clear our skirts of the blood of souls, and that those who had the message might be led out by the Spirit to obey God. We never sung any one down, nor permitted one to be stopped. Nor were we fearful of having the meeting hurt. We trusted the "queer people" to the Holy Spirit; hence he signally blessed these meetings, and it is our deep conviction that the scores of laborers sent forth from our work received their call because we were not afraid. After the Bible-reading, and during the singing of an invitation hymn, those who desired to retire were given opportunity in such a manner that they felt it no discourtesy to leave. At the same time workers were sent through the congregation. After singing, sometimes three songs, the Church would gather near the altar. Then those who were seeking Jesus were exhorted to answer a few questions with uplifted hands: "Do you all believe Jesus Christ died to save you? Do you forsake all sin? Are you willing to go to your brother and ask forgiveness, and to make restitution if there is need? Now, listen—for this is God's promise, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'" Then we would have silent prayer, in order to get our minds on God. The seekers were also exhorted to pray with their heads up, thus aiding the soul to "see Jesus," by the very attitude of the body. Then followed earnest prayer. As fast as a soul found the light we would sing, "Hallelujah, 't is done, I believe

on the Son." This chorus was greatly blessed. I found there is more power in silent prayer than in anything else. It is not every one who can lead seekers. The best way is just to tell them to pray, and leave them alone with God. He will bring them through.

It was always understood we would stay all night, if need be, to save a soul from hell. There was often a glorious disorder—a harmonious confusion—in our altar service. What is a harmonious confusion? The kind they had on the day of Pentecost, when they were with one accord in one place. There is order and order. Many times have we received anonymous notes on the subject of the "silence of woman," and "let everything be done decently and in order." We have gone into houses and churches where, as far as *stillness* was concerned, it was as perfect as the devil could make it; but the drawn look in the faces gave the lie! And, listening with our spirit, we heard distracting, sickening confusion, so that in consternation we have exclaimed, "My God, how canst thou bring harmony out of this!" The harmonious confusion of which I speak was the crying of one soul and the shouting of another, a gentle murmur through the congregation, and eager whisperings of little children in one corner, in an altar service of their own. Good Lord, deliver us from the beautiful sepulcher, and give us light!

Sometimes, when there seemed to be a "lock" in the meetings, I would gather those who had the

strongest faith, and go to the rear of the church, leaving some one at the altar to hold the people in prayer there. These "war manners" require quick, strategic discernment of the mind of the Spirit. If the workers are obedient, the devil is taken by surprise and routed, and God's name is glorified. These movements require simply the shout of faith, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." The prayer would be made in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. At one place, an ex-member of the Legislature grasped the situation, and remarked, "This is the first time I ever saw the devil geared."

A jubilee-meeting, when spiritually understood, brings freedom to many prisoners of sin. With us it was usually a time of rejoicing over one hundred or more souls saved. The ancient custom was to set prisoners at liberty in jubilee year. God honors the happy faith of jubilee with its double promise, and sinners found it easy to be saved. Literally, they who called on the name of the Lord were saved.

The names and residences of all the seekers would be taken, that faithful ones might visit them. As the meetings drew to a close, the Church would be exhorted to care for the young converts. If the Church has been burdened for them, they belong to the Church, and not to the evangelist. Hence they will be nourished after the evangelist is gone, and there will be heartache if any backslide. The Church would be exhorted to erect family altars; to attend class-meetings and prayer-meetings; to organize a holiness-

meeting; to gather the children in for the Sunday-school; to have a children's meeting; and to support the young people's meeting. The young converts would be pressed to pray and read their Bible. We would tell them to get a pocket Testament, and whenever they had a temptation or trial to look for a promise, and that soon they would know the Bible "by heart," for the Spirit would write the promise there. To be a Bible Christian, one must be a Bible student.

An evangelist should never argue, and should exhort all workers to shun it. We should never be persuaded to stay over the time the Spirit has indicated. We should never mingle socially with the people, but stay much in the closet. We should never go to a Church without the hearty invitation of the pastor, and, if possible, the co-operation of the entire Official Board. We should never forget that the devil hates the altar service, the testimony-meeting, and the doctrine of entire sanctification. We should never for an instant lose sight of the victory of the Cross and the overcoming Blood. We should learn quick obedience to the Spirit's leadings, who will always snatch victory out of defeat.

I have known and heard most of the great evangelists of this generation and the last one. It is my solemn conviction that the only ones who have been much used and blessed of God are those who lean not to their own understanding, but who follow closely the Word of God, and listen for and obey the voice of the Spirit.

What I have learned has not come from books, but has been told me by Him whom all my life I have endeavored to serve. As he gave to David the plan of his temple, so he gave to us the plan of his spiritual temple—our work.

Chapter XV.

OUR WORK FROM 1884 TO 1889.

IT was September 28, 1884, when we commenced our second meeting at Ishmael Chapel, Kentucky. There were sixteen conversions the first night, and a sweeping power before which nothing could stand. As at Parrish Chapel, all denominations took part in the meeting. The children were converted. The people came for miles—walking, in carriages and wagons, on horseback—coming to be saved. The altar was cleared two or three times of a night, and all over the congregation people were being saved. The church was so crowded that the people stood at the windows, and found eternal life there, even while salvation was flowing at the altar. I went to speak to a man standing on the outside. While I was talking to him the Lord sanctified him in a wonderful manner. Sitting by the window on the inside was another man listening, who was sanctified at the same time. We just carried it on in the same way that we did at the first meeting, only we had more power, and it was much easier than at first. The Lord did the work.

God worked and the devil worked. About the fifth day there was a man walking up and down in front of the church with a gun in his hand, cursing. I stepped to the door, and said: "Brother, what is the

matter with you? Come in and get converted." He said: "Get converted! Who sent you here?" I told him the preacher and the Official Board. He said, "You had better get out of here; the sooner, the better for you." I said: "I am not going until I get ready; moreover, that God, against whom you are fighting, could hurl you down to hell with one flash of his power. The devil will get you if you do n't give yourself to the Lord." He dropped his gun by his side, and left. The Church wanted to arrest him; but we told them the Holy Ghost would arrest him. Our horse was driven off that night; but we reached home all right. We did not sleep at first, for God revealed to me danger. We were stopping at a very large house with an aged couple, and there could be no protection, except God. We prayed to him, and he gave us to know that nothing should harm us. We went to sleep then, and had more power than ever. Everybody was on fire, and there was such praying as moved heaven. The people were astonished at the mighty power of God. And what did we do? We just gave the meeting into the hands of the Lord. There was a woman who had been sick for six years, who was brought to the church. She took Christ to cleanse her soul and heal her body. She came next day perfectly well. When we went to the third church, about eighteen miles away, behold, who should meet us but this sick sister, restored to health and praising God!

One man came to the altar, who said that five

years before, when his oldest child was sick and died, I had talked to him about getting salvation. We were sitting out on the porch at the time, and God sent conviction home to his heart, and it had never left him. He said, "Now I have come to your meeting to be saved, and I want you to pray for me." I did, and God saved him. The precious promise, "Sow thy seed," was again brought forcibly to my mind. Thank God, that is one thing that I did! Whenever I had a chance, I always talked for God. There was another man, who said that I had talked to him twenty-five years before, and that it had never left him. I believe he was truly saved at this meeting. It got better to the very last, the people coming ten and fifteen miles. The leading members of other Churches wanted to join the Methodist Church; but I told them they must stay where they were, and get their own Church saved. I desired to proselyte the people from the devil, not from the Churches. There were some from the Christian Church who wanted to unite with Ishmael Chapel. I told them they would better stay in their own Church, and set it on fire. They went to their preacher, and asked him to let them have meetings as other Churches were doing. He said, "No; I preach on Sunday and have sacrament, and that is enough." So they joined the Methodist Church, and one of them is now a singing evangelist. Thus the two meetings wound up with a hallelujah time. There must have been two hundred converted.

We had now been away from home five weeks, and I felt I must return. My daughter said she would remain a week longer, and visit her uncle. While there, they sent for her to help in a church twelve miles away, and she sent word that she would be glad to, if they could influence her mother to come back. The letters came, and the home folks were willing, and at the end of one week I was back again. My nephew drove us out to the church at Saltwell, Ky., where we met with a decidedly cold reception. There had been some misunderstanding with the minister, and the people to whom we were sent said that they did not care anything about the preacher, and did not know anything about the revival. Ida wished to go back; but I said that I had come, and I was going to stay. We went to the church, which was full of people. The preacher was there, and he gave the meeting into our hands, and there were two conversions. He was going to take up a collection, but I insisted it should not be; that all we wanted was a place to stay. I thought we would not get any; but a Baptist lady came to me, and said, "I am not a rich woman; but I can take care of you if you will come with me." We thanked her, and went; and God blessed her for it. She was truly saved, and her husband, her son, her brother, and her father. Later the word came that they were sanctified in a wonderful manner. She told us that many were so angry, they were going to lock the church, and not let us in; but they did not do so, and we held a meeting at ten o'clock the next

morning. God came down in mighty power, and saved the people. One big man was reclaimed, and as soon as the work was done he felt that he wanted sanctification. I explained it to him, and he did what I told him—consecrated himself to God for time and eternity, and God received him. He said, “It is done,” and sprang to his feet, and went through the church praising God with a loud shout. Some old friends, who lived five miles away, had come in their carriage to the meeting, and took us home with them to dinner. After dinner there was a great noise outside, and on inquiry they said it was the man who had been sanctified, and that he had come all the way, stopping at every house, telling the people what the Lord had done for his soul. I thought he would go crazy. That night the church did not hold the people. We carried the meeting on as at other places, and the altar was crowded. The people sought sanctification as eagerly as conversion. The mist seemed taken away, and a spirit of wisdom and understanding was poured out. With simple, childlike faith they took hold of the Word of God. The famine of the Word of God was past, and with healthy appetites they not only received the milk, but the meat. Such confessions, such restitutions, such turning from sin! People who had defrauded, defrauded no more. Enemies became friends; some who lived in open sin, married, and lived holy lives. They did not grieve the Spirit; but were obedient, “and bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking were

put away, and they were kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." Those who had hated us were our warmest friends. We had so many homes offered us before the week closed, that we found ourselves in a more difficult place than when the one humble home was offered us. The preacher was also received kindly for the work's sake.

Two brothers, who had been converted two weeks before, came seeking sanctification, and received it. One is now a grand preacher, and belongs to the Southern Methodist Church. One preacher told me afterwards that he was afraid to ride through that place in daytime; but God was with us in mighty power, and we were not afraid of man or devils. There were enough of them in that place. The people came for thirty miles every night to the meeting, and many a time Ida could not read for the power of God. In the testimony-meeting the people would rush to the altar, sometimes falling before they reached it. We had to have the altar at the door, as well as at the pulpit. The excitement was so intense that I had to stop the people shouting so much. I told them that I believed in shouting as much as any one; but when they were through shouting, to stop. God is a God of order as well as of power, and it made confusion. The people were falling all over the floor. I saw as many as four men at one time like dead men. We just had to let them alone until Christ touched them, when they arose with faces shining like stars, to speak such language as I never heard at any time.

Thank God! Satan was routed, and the word of prophecy was fulfilled in that meeting: "Thus saith the Lord, I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." (2 Kings xix, 28.) The slain of the Lord were many.

One thing I had learned in the old days in Cincinnati, was to understand the burden of souls when it came upon me. At first I inquired of God what it was. Once when the burden was so heavy the Spirit said, "Ask God to take the burden, and put it upon the sinners." When I did, instant relief came, and many souls were saved. I believe this to be the true interpretation of the Word, "When Zion travails, she shall bring forth her children." Thus, when sinners were burdened at the altar, we could understand and sympathize, for we had felt the burden before they had it.

People would send in petitions for us to pray for their friends, and swift answers came, the Spirit bringing them to the church. Here we met a young man whose father had asked us the year before at a camp-meeting to pray for a wayward son, whom he had not seen in a long time; and the Lord gave us the assurance then that he would be converted. Kneeling at the altar in great agony of mind, this same wayward son said: "You do not know how utterly miserable I have been for one year. Suddenly conviction came upon me, and I have had no rest since then." God saved him sweetly, and he became a great worker.

On the first Thursday night of the meeting the altar was full of seekers. All at once I felt the power of the devil on the people. I was trying to get them saved, and I could not speak to do any good; everybody seemed the same way. I thought I must pray, and could not. It seemed to me something struck me in my face, and I could hardly breathe for a moment. With it came the temptation, "Your friends have forsaken you; they are not here, and the crowd is so great, and you have had no experience; there will be a failure." The first thing I did was to say, "Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God the Son, glory be to God the Holy Ghost; we have the victory through the blood of the Lamb." I said it three times, and the devil was gone, and the power rested on the people from God. Every one was lifted up from the altar, and all through the house, and out of doors. They said that on the road home they had a cyclone of power; God converted and sanctified a whole wagon-load of people. The Spirit was poured forth, and they had such dreams and visions as I had never known before. The people were healed at home in a wonderful manner; eight, we heard, were healed marvelously. Young children were converted, and would go home, and bring their parents with them to be saved. One woman came to the altar crying pitiously. I said, "What is the matter?" and she answered: "Shame on me! My children have been here, and are converted, and I am not saved. I will stay here until God forgives me."

It did not make any difference what the devil did, God's power swayed the people. One night a fine-looking man arose in the rear of the church, and said: "Pray for me. I want what this people have; but I can not believe in Jesus Christ." He came to the altar, and, though he was a hard case, we held on to God's promises, and the fourth day he was gloriously saved, and then sanctified. He has made a grand worker. Another man grew very hungry for this happiness, which he could see all round him. This very hunger drew him to the altar. He said he believed in God, but he had turned away the Spirit until his heart was like a stone. He also said that he was not convicted, for he had no emotion. We told him emotion did not save him, although tears blessedly helped a man seeking God; but that it required something deeper than tears—a strong principle. If with honest purpose he turned unto God, he would find the same Savior that others found. How like a little child he was led! With a manly, honest heart, he made the simple prayer to God. We gave him the promise that God forgives when we confess, and told him to rely on it. He did so, but for two days he was utterly without the witness of the Spirit. He acted out his faith and determination to serve God, and testified that he believed God had received him. On the third day, about four o'clock in the morning, he was awakened, to find the living Christ standing and revealing himself unto him. It seemed, in the midst of that noisy, shouting Church, that he enjoyed more

than them all. He was in a little time sanctified to God, and went into the work, holding meetings in his own home and elsewhere. In a few months he took pneumonia, and in three days died, shouting on his dying bed and preaching to the last. It is very difficult to get sinners saved when there are men and women with such unbelief.

One of the finest men of the community, a distiller, was gloriously saved. Another man, who had owned a distillery for twenty-five years, had six sons, five of whom had been converted. The youngest said he would not give up unless his father was saved, for he had never heard him pray. This was too much for the old man, who repented heartily, gave himself up to God, and went out of the business. His last son was converted also. I marveled that the people fell under the power of God. I sometimes would say: "My God! what is this? We do not do anything to bring this power down on the people; yet they are lying all over the house." The answer came, "You have been asking for this power, and I have given it to you." I felt completely lost. Two years ago I went to hear an evangelist whom I did not know. He told me he was one of six men to fall under the power of God at our meeting at Saltwell, and that there he received the Holy Spirit. We were there two weeks and two days, and closed with a jubilee for over four hundred souls. I never shall forget that day. The people came from early morn until twelve o'clock at night, and shouts went up to God all day

long. We ought not to have closed the meeting. If we had held on, I believe that there would have been one thousand souls saved.

We hastened on to the next point, literally tearing ourselves away.

HEADQUARTERS, KENTUCKY.

The first thing to happen when we arrived was to meet one of the official brethren, who came to see us. He was sick, and had the rheumatism so badly that his hands were all drawn out of shape, and he wanted God to sanctify him. I said, "Some people take God for soul and body," and he said, "I will take him to sanctify my soul and heal my body." We had three prayers, and the work was done. He started to work for God, and did much good. He died a short time ago, happy in the Lord. The interest was great at this place. We were there two weeks, and nearly two hundred professed to be saved or sanctified. One woman, who was healed and who had been giving at the rate of five dollars a week for physicians, gave her first money to the Lord, and it brought such an abundant harvest that she still continues in the good cause. One young man who was blessed refused to join the Church, saying that he could live as well out of it as in it. At another meeting later, we met him at the altar in darkness. We asked him if he had united with the Church, and he answered that he had not. I told him that was where he had failed, and he stood up and gave his hand to the preacher, asking that his

name be sent to the Church where he lived. And he did not kneel again, for the Lord saved him through and through as soon as he was obedient. I believe in uniting with some Church as soon as we are converted to God. It is like a fence around us.

At this place we had one marvelous manifestation. In the early morning the promise for the day had been: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The day passed, and evening came, and there seemed a lull in the meeting. The exhortation and reading were given, and no one came forward. We said: "We will dismiss the meeting, as it is nine o'clock; but we are going to stay until the promise of to-day is fulfilled. If any one remains, let him stay to pray. We will have silent prayer." No one left, and a crowd of giggling girls became very still. Silently we kneeled at the altar. My daughter was kneeling just within the altar railing. She says she saw a stream of shining light come down, just as though a window in heaven had been opened. As it came nearer, she lowered her head, and when it touched her, her face was on the carpet. She does not know what happened for a minute; but when she raised her head, the old man who was healed the first night had risen, and was going down the aisle. At the same moment a young girl, who had been laugh-

ing in the early part of the meeting, arose, and running to the old man, threw herself into his arms, crying, "O father, I am lost, I am lost!" With the cry the whole Church seemed to wake up, and was turned into an altar. We never left until one o'clock. There were three ministers present in the pulpit, and every one was prostrate upon the floor. This came after a half hour of silent prayer.

The first two Churches we labored in were Methodist Churches, South, and this one was the Methodist. God graciously united brothers there, who said the war had left only bitterness. We thank God especially for the share we had in helping to wipe out the old feud. God hasten the day when it shall be forever destroyed! We left many warm friends, and went on to our next work at

CARLISLE, KENTUCKY,

county-seat of Nicholas County. It was a town of several thousand inhabitants, with five churches and sixteen saloons. An opera-house had just been built, and the whole town was given up to the pursuit of worldly pleasure. There had been no revival for thirty years, and it seemed audacious that we, only women, should think of holding a revival there. They began by telling us they did not want any shouting, and that we must not preach sanctification. We commenced in the strength of God, for we had no strength of our own. There were not very many people in the church to pray, and the preacher did not want us

very much. I do not think he wanted us at all at first, and he did not have sanctification; but he was a very fine preacher, and a gentleman; he did not go against us, but helped us all he could. Many of the Church had known us from childhood, and had perfect confidence in us; and as we had held four meetings already in this county, the people came out in crowds to help us.

We carried the meeting on for four days very quietly. My daughter did not speak of sanctification until the fifth day, when I said to her, "We will have to preach sanctification whether they receive it or not;" so I prayed it very strong and talked it very strong, and my daughter gave a strong Bible-reading. The power of God came down on the people that night, and we had a shout in the camp, and nine persons ran out of the Church, when an old colored woman who sat in the gallery shouted, "Glory to God!" All the same we kept on, and those who ran out were saved afterward. One, the banker's wife, had honestly been frightened; but thank God for the day when her sweet voice was heard praising God! Conviction was deep, and conversions were strong and lasting, and sanctifications were grand. Lawyers were converted, and the mayor and the entire court-house surrendered. One lawyer said: "I thought I was all right until you came. I was once very wild; but when I was married I joined the Church, and have lived a good life. But I look into your eyes, and I see a peace and contentment which I do not possess." We

answered: "You have only done half. The Bible says, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Now you have forsaken your old life, but have not returned unto the Lord. You have converted your ways; but it takes God to convert your heart." He saw wherein he had failed. When invited to the altar, he said, "Need I go there?" We answered that if he had lost a twenty-dollar gold-piece, he would get down on his knees and search for it; and almost before we had finished speaking he was kneeling at the altar. He did not find the pearl of great price, and the next day in his office he could not work. He laid aside his papers, and, kneeling there alone, found his Savior. That evening he came into the church, and there was no need for him to speak; the very brightness of heaven was resting upon him.

The prejudices of the people, together with unbelief and infidelity, were wiped out, and the liquor-traffic was destroyed. One man, who had been a drunkard for many years—a rich stock merchant, who was highly respected by the people, and whose one fault was liquor—sent for me to come down to the door, as he wanted to speak to me. The crowd was so great I could scarcely get to him. I said, "What do you want?" He answered, "I want you to pray for me; I want to do better." I said, "You are very low, and if you do n't stop you will go to hell." He

answered that he knew it. I told him, "Get down and tell God all about it, confessing your sin, and promise to serve him the best you can, by his help." He was so drunk he could scarcely get down; but he prayed, and I prayed for him. If ever I prayed for any one, I prayed for him. That was the last time he was ever drunk. He signed the pledge, he gave himself wholly to God, he taught a class in the Sunday-school, and asked the blessing at the table. He was only sick about twenty-four hours, and his wife told me that he served God until he died; she believed he was prepared to go, that his life had been so changed.

All denominations shared largely in this meeting. We were much amused sometimes in our testimony-meetings. Members of the Christian Church, who had been converted and sanctified, would stand up, and testify: "I was converted last night. I was not converted in the water. I was converted right there at that altar." One woman testified who was a member of the Christian Church: "I used to get up mad, and stay mad all day, and go to bed mad. If I woke up through the night I was still mad. Now I get up glad, and stay glad all day, and go to sleep praising God;" and her neighbors said she told the truth. One brother, a local preacher and highly respected, had fallen several times under the power of God. One day, after he had been lying on the floor some time, I said to him, "Brother S——, what did you see or what did you feel when you were lying upon the floor?" He said: "I saw the angels. The church was

filled with them, and then I thought the day of judgment had come, and I was helping all the people into the kingdom, working as hard as I could. In helping them I only got in myself. At first I tried to keep from falling, but was overcome." This happened about December 10th, and he died and was buried January 3d. A brother minister was with him before he died, who said he had never seen any one have such a fight with the devil just before he died; nor did he ever see such a triumphant death. Another brother, who had been sanctified for years, lay on the floor for two hours. When he came to, he said he had never had anything like it. He, too, has gone to heaven. A woman came to the meeting, and she, too, fell every day, and was like a dead woman. She came to me and asked my forgiveness for what she had done. She said: "When you commenced holding meetings in this county, I heard how the people shouted and fell on the floor. I was a very wicked woman, and I mocked them, until at last God took hold of me in a powerful manner; and the mocking was turned into real suffering. The agony was so great, that I thought I would die, and then God had mercy on me, and forgave all my sins. O how happy I was! In a few days I read a little tract on sanctification, and then the struggle began in earnest. God let me know what it meant to mock him, by putting it all upon me. I thank his holy name. He had mercy on me. Now everywhere I go I fall under his

power. It is an awful thing to mock God." She was then on her way to New York, to tell what God had done for her.

We could not keep a very good account of the souls; but hundreds professed to be converted. The last night the altar was crowded. The last day of our meeting was court-day, and the men thronged the town. There was just thirty-five cents worth of liquor sold that day. Hallelujah! It was a foretaste of the millennium reign. Shortly after the meeting, a temperance worker went there, and the liquor was voted out of the county. In the evening, the mayor, after his personal testimony, said things which made us very happy. Among other things, he said there had never been such a revival-meeting and such a work done in the Church or town or county. Of course, it was not all smooth sailing, for pentecostal blessings bring pentecostal persecutions. The devil was mad because we were doing his kingdom so much harm; but before the revival closed, the very men who hated us wanted to fight for us. One young man, the son of a minister, was under deep conviction; but did not yield. In a few weeks he died of delirium tremens. This was a great shock to his father and to the entire community, especially when they remembered how near he was to the kingdom. A short time after the meeting closed, a minister, Dr. Savage, an old friend of our family, came to Carlisle, and exclaimed: "What have those women done, when the choicest workers

have been sent here, and accomplished so little? The place is turned upside down." The answer was, "They asked God, and believed him."

We closed with a big jubilee, and when we sat in the train the next morning, and looked at the crowd who came to bid us good-bye, we could say truly with Paul, "Do you mean to break my heart?" The highest joy is given in working for the Church, and the keenest sorrows felt in saying good-bye. We went home from Carlisle for the holidays, only to return again in January. The cry, "Come over and help us," was so urgent, that we could not resist. On January 15, 1885, we began services at

MT. OLIVET, KENTUCKY,

county-seat of Robertson County. It was bitter cold weather, and we had to ride from Maysville in the omnibus through a cold, driving rain and sleet. The next morning everything was frozen hard. We commenced meeting on Sunday in the Methodist Episcopal church, an unfinished building, which could not be heated sufficiently to keep us warm. The minister insisted on our going with him to another appointment in the afternoon, and by the time we had returned and held an evening meeting Ida was sick. The next morning she could not leave her bed, and was threatened with diphtheria. I held the meeting alone, and a Baptist, Dr. Wood, was wholly sanctified to God. After the service we talked over our needs. The church was unfit for a revival service, and would

not hold the people. Dr. Wood told me not to be troubled about my daughter, and that I should go ahead with the meeting. If it had not been for him I could not have continued. He was constantly by Ida's side until she was able to be out again. On Monday night we held a meeting in the court-house. I said, "Lord, what shall I do?" And the answer came, "Tell the people to prepare to meet their God." The Lord helped me, and when I was through I said, "All who have made up their minds to prepare to meet God, let them stand up;" and about sixty responded at once, and came forward for prayers. I do not know how many were saved; but it was a grand meeting. The next day we held the meeting in the Southern Methodist Church, and had a good time. "Now," I said, "why not both Churches unite together and stay here, and not go to the court-house any more?" The Southern Church said at once that they were more than willing, and that they would pay the expenses. I said, "All right, let us go to work and get the people saved." Our own minister was not happy at first about the arrangement; but I told him we would have to let God have his own way, or we could do nothing, and then there would be nothing done. So that was the last of it. By this time Ida was out, and the fire commenced to burn in a wonderful manner. All denominations joined in the work, the two Methodist, the Baptist, and the Christian Churches. The Southern preacher came, and at first he sat still. I just went to him, and said:

"Brother, we are carrying on this meeting in your church, and your people are working grandly. Now take hold, and go to work as never before. It is just as much your meeting as ours." That was enough, and he did a good work. Our own minister was already in the harness.

There was one thing which went against us. We had no regular place to stay; but went from one place to another, and it was as cold as could be. The devil did all he could to stop the work; but we held on, and God helped us and gave us the victory.

"For the lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

There was one preacher, a minister of the Christian Church, who kept a hotel in that place. He asked us to dinner, with eight others. After dinner we went into the parlor, and he said, "I would give the world, if I had it, for this blessing of sanctification." I answered, "Brother, give yourself unreservedly to God, and he will give it to you." He asked us to pray, and we all got down, and his wife was gloriously sanctified. He was the more in earnest now, and did not rest until he, too, received the blessing. After this we had more influence than ever, for it spread all over the town. Three days afterward he came to the testimony-meeting, and sang, "Where is my wandering boy, to-night?" and then gave his experience. By this time the fire was burning brightly, and a Baptist lady, Dr. Wood's mother, said, "If I do not tell my

experience, I would go home condemned." And she told it by going through the church, shouting and praising God. Then the preacher of the Christian Church said, "May I speak again?" And I answered, "Speak on." He came forward, and said, "O my people, members of my Church, I want you all to come at once to this altar and get salvation." He stood there while they came with a rush. It was a melting time, and the Judgment-day alone will reveal what was done that night.

O, it was wonderful to see the people coming! The clerk of the court, the sheriff, the lawyers, the doctors; people of all classes, merchants, mechanics, farmers from the country for miles around; the high, the low, the rich, the poor,—were all alike, all praising God together. A minister, after a year had elapsed, told me that he could put his hand on sixty men in the country—good Christians and substantial men—who were saved at that meeting. I met the deputy sheriff three years ago, and he was still working for God. My daughter attended a camp-meeting three years afterward, and the presiding elder requested all who had been saved at our meeting to stand. More than two hundred arose, and then such a handshaking! A young lawyer, a member of the Baptist Church, was converted, and he consecrated all to God. He sat on the platform with us, and took the number who testified of a night. I told him he might as well surrender, for he would preach; but he only laughed. In a few years he left the law, and is now a Baptist

minister. He is a cousin of the great temperance lecturer, Colonel Bain. The last night of the meeting the presiding elder was present, and said, "Well, Sister Vorn Holz, what are you going to do with all those people at the altar?" I answered, "I am going to get them saved by the grace of God." "What!" he said, "to-night?" "Yes," I answered. By half-past ten they were testifying that God saved them. Now I thought I could go home. Just then some one said, "See, look at the altar!" Four men had opened the door, walked down the aisle, and were kneeling at the altar. They did not pray long, for they soon found peace in the Savior's dying love. It was a grand winding up—twenty-two converted that night. We did not get off the next day until three more were saved. They sent for me to come to their house.

We went from there, and had a glorious victory at

SARDIS, KENTUCKY,

of Mason County. The minister had been to the meeting at Mt. Olivet, and one morning, while listening to a talk on Perfect Love, he determined to seek it. The way to obtain the blessing was made very simple to him. When the question was put, "How many here have already this perfect love?" instantly the Holy Spirit held him to the question, and he thought, "Why not claim it now?" He always testified that somewhere between leaving his seat and standing up he received the blessing. Such quick

obedience and simple faith was honored by God, and we had a sweeping victory, with one hundred converted and one hundred sanctified. I went to persons, and asked them to give themselves to God; and they said they would rather go to hell than to go to that altar. In one-half hour they would be kneeling, crying for mercy. Requests for prayer were answered miraculously. A doctor requested prayer for his wife, who had almost lost her mind. She came to the day-meeting; she would have been truly beautiful, with her fair hair and large blue eyes, had it not been for the grayish pallor upon her cheek. My daughter spoke to her, and she said with such sadness, "You need not pray for me; there is no hope." My daughter answered, "Will you try to believe that God hears me, and I will trust for you?" After much gentleness, she consented to be prayed for. As the prayer went up, a halo of light rested just above her head. My daughter, almost in the middle of a sentence, ceased praying, and exclaimed, "It is done!" The dear lady shook her head sadly; but we thanked God it was done. The next day she came to the meeting with a radiant face. The pallor was gone. The demon, "Melancholia," was rebuked, and she was clothed and in her right mind. The meeting had really just begun, when we were compelled to hasten on to

LITTLE ROCK, KENTUCKY,

of Bourbon County. We had to ride twelve miles across the country in a carriage to Millersburg, where

we staid all night. The next morning six of us took a hack to ride fifteen miles through the open country, with the weather so cold it could not snow. I thought we would freeze. I commenced to pray for God to warm us, when it came to me to pray for God to make the atmosphere warmer, which I did with all the faith I had. Pretty soon it commenced to snow, and then it *was* warmer. We got there at last, and my daughter was so stiff she could scarcely walk. The preacher was with us, and two young ladies from Millersburg College. It was a cold church, and a hard place. There was a Christian Church of four hundred members, and another of the same denomination not far away, of two hundred members. The Methodist Church had sixty. There was neither Sabbath-school nor class-meeting. The rest of the people were infidels, and they boasted they would break up the meeting and run us off. Some of the best preachers had been there, and had never had a conversion, not even daring to present the altar. The members of the Christian Church fought us with Satanic power. They mocked and scoffed, and would come early and take the front seats to keep our people from them; but we prayed, and my daughter gave some strong Bible-readings, and the power fell. God shook them over hell, until they trembled and confessed, and begged pardon for the way in which they had acted. Many of them were saved, and many of them joined the Methodist Church. A young man came nine miles to the meeting every night. We did

all we could to get him saved, and everybody seemed anxious for him; but we could do nothing for him. He died unsaved in three days after the meetings closed. It is a fearful thing to resist the Spirit of God. Two young women, who laughed every day for two weeks, also went out into eternity before we commenced our next meeting. The young woman who came with us from the college was the daughter of a Methodist preacher. He had brought his family to Millersburg to educate them. This young woman laughed continually for three or four days. We could do nothing with her. We talked to her privately, and she said she could not help it, and I believed it. She came to the altar at last; but she was as one possessed of the devil. O how we prayed for her! I said to Jesus, "When thou wast here on earth thou didst cast ten thousand demons out of the poor Gadarene," and as I was praying God took hold of her, and she fell on the floor with one scream, and lay there as if she were dead. When she came to herself, she prayed for forgiveness of sin, which she received. It was a wonderful conversion—a brand snatched from the burnings. She went home and told the great news, and then went on the train eighteen miles to tell her sister. While lying on her death-bed some years after, she exhorted every one to meet her in heaven.

There was an old man at this place, who was convicted from the Lord's Prayer. He had been rich, but was poor now; and he said his partner was to

blame. After the meeting one morning, he came up with trembling hands, and said: "I am an old man, and I have been honorable, and I do not want to end my days in disgrace. There is a man whom I hate, and I am afraid of myself, I hate him so. I can not say the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive me, as I forgive.'" We prayed for him and with him, and after two days' struggle, he said, "Our Father who art in heaven." O, if nothing else had been accomplished, that beautiful sight—an old man of sixty years like a little child, praying, "Our Father"—more than paid us! In nine months we went back for a second meeting, and the first one to greet us was this dear old man, who said, "I can still say the Lord's Prayer." During this second meeting the door opened one day, and a tall man came and kneeled at the altar. In a few minutes the old man, who was also at the altar, arose, and, going to the stranger, put his arm about him. It was his enemy, whom God saved. The infidels had boasted of running us off; but one night when I went down for one of them—a doctor—he ran out of the church, and as the door closed behind him, his coat was caught, and almost threw him down. It was the means of his conviction, and he became our warmest friend, inviting us the next time we came to the town to make his house our home.

There were forty who joined the Church, and sixty were converted and many sanctified. They organized a Sabbath-school, class-meeting, and a Young People's Meeting. The devil was completely con-

quered, and a great victory gained for God. There was a man who had been stolen by the Indians when he was six years old, who had followed us for five meetings. He said he was very wicked; but when he surrendered God saved him, and, though he never knew his own father, he was made a child of the King. One other man came five hundred miles to the meeting, and was more than paid. Thus the meeting wound up with a grand hallelujah. In the early part of the meeting there had been such mockery that my very heart was sore; but God, our Christ, turned the mocking into praise, and poured his balm upon my wounded spirit. Glory, glory be to God and the Lamb forever. Amen!

Our friend with whom we stopped when we had held the great meeting at Saltwell, sent his carriage for us, bidding us come and stay a few days with them to rest. On Sunday my daughter Ida went to Carlisle to sacrament; but I had determined to remain at home. As I was sitting by a big log fire—one of the old-fashioned kind—I thought to myself, “What a beautiful rest I will have to-day!” The husband was gone to Church, and the young man, who by the way was the one to carry conviction for a year, was getting ready to go to Church, too. Something said to me, “Yes, you will rest to-day; but if you would go to Church somebody might be saved who will be lost forever.” I went immediately, and told the young man I would go with him, if he was willing. He said he was more than willing; that he had wanted to ask

me to go with him before, but he hated to, because he thought I was so tired out, working for seven months. I went with him, and as we entered the church the congregation rose to their feet, and commenced singing. When they had finished, I asked the leader of the meeting if he would send a message down to Saltwell Church, to tell them I would be there to help in the afternoon. I wanted the invitation to be given out at the eleven o'clock service. They had gotten up a discussion about the doctrine of entire sanctification; whether it was received as an instantaneous work, or by growth; and it was generating strife and a fighting spirit. A brother volunteered to carry the message, and the meeting proceeded. They wanted me to take the meeting, and I said, "All who want to be sanctified stand up," and four stood up. Then I asked those who wanted to be converted to stand up, and eleven arose, when I invited them to the altar. Most of them were satisfied, receiving their heart's desire. The old revival power was still burning; in fact, the people were all on fire. We ate some lunch, and then went down to Saltwell, arriving a little early. I went across the way to the Baptist lady's, where we had staid during the great meeting four months before. The whole family had been saved since our leaving Saltwell. Her father, who was a doctor, was gloriously sanctified. We went over to the meeting, and I commenced by explaining to them the two blessings, justification by faith, and sanctification by faith. The stumbling-block was

taken out of the way. Our distillery man, when he heard that I was going to be there, got up out of a sick bed, put his arm in a sling—he had the rheumatism—and came to the meeting. When he testified, he said that God had forgiven all his sins, and he believed he would sanctify him. I spoke a word to him, asking if he wanted God to sanctify him now, and he answered, “Now.” Instantly it was done, and he threw away his sling, and began shouting the high praises of God. Another man, who had also been a liquor merchant, and had been converted in our first work, took God to heal his body and sanctify his soul. He said that God had not only the power to convert the soul, but to sanctify and heal the body, for that he had converted, sanctified, and healed him. There was a big shout. We had the altar service then, and had four converted and some sanctified that night. So that was the way I rested that awful cold day. It was cold driving twelve miles in a carriage; but it was a hallelujah day to my soul. I just feasted on the good things of God. If ever my soul bathed in seas of heavenly love, it was that day. My soul was all on fire; my body had no time to get cold. My whole being was on fire for the salvation of souls. I gave it all up—the lovely house and beautiful fire—for the salvation of souls; but, thank God, it pays to give all up to do the will of God. It was perfectly glorious what God did that day through the least of his children—so much more glory he gets to himself. God got all the glory, and I all the happiness, of that day’s

work. O, glory hallelujah to God and the Lamb! On March 10, 1885, we commenced meeting at

GERMANTOWN, KENTUCKY,

situated upon the dividing-line between Bracken and Mason Counties, and about fifteen miles from Sardis. The messenger had already gone before, and the whole community for twenty miles was stirred in such a manner, that they were all aglow for the meeting to begin.

Both Methodist Churches, North and South, united together, and both Methodist preachers enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. At that time there was continual fighting going on between the denominations North and South. The war spirit was not gone, and the Campbellite, or Christian, Church was getting the people very fast. But we ran the meeting on love, and by that, which "never fails," won the people back to God. All the Churches became more united than they had ever been since the war. The Baptist and Presbyterian Churches came in for their share of the baptism of power. Over three hundred were converted, and over one hundred and fifty professed sanctification. How many were reclaimed I do not know. The revival took in all classes. It was like unto the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost fell upon them, and they were all amazed and marveled, saying one to another, "Are not all these which speak Galileans, and how hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were

born?" Seventeen different languages were spoken that day of Pentecost. It was the mighty power of God which Joel promised should come in the last days. It was that same power then, and we received it, too. As it fell upon the people, the news spread far and wide. The people were converted on the streets and at the workshops. One Sunday night eight persons were converted at their homes, and some of these had never been at our meeting. This frequently happened. It proved that the meeting was not man-made, but God-given. The same manifestations were seen as at other meetings. Our first jubilee was over two hundred souls. The meeting had been going on for a week, when I announced that we would have a jubilee on the following Tuesday for two hundred souls. There were not that number at the time; but before Tuesday came there were over two hundred. We commenced at ten o'clock, and the meetings lasted until after ten o'clock at night. Souls were convicted, converted, sanctified, and reclaimed all day long. The crowds were so great they could not get standing-room, and many had to go away. There was a difficult case brought to this meeting—a backslider. The Southern preacher said he had been coming to the altar for twenty-one years, seeking to be reclaimed. On the last Sunday he came, and his friends said if we could not get him through he was lost. We went to the utmost of our strength, which brought soul-sweat. It seemed to me many times that it was done, and then he would sink back into darkness. It

was getting desperate. It came to me that if I did not get him on his feet he would never be saved. We made one more strong prayer of faith, claiming him for God, then arose, and said, "The Lord says to you, 'Arise!'" He wanted to go back; but I took him by the hand, and said again, "God says, 'Arise!'" With this he sprang to his feet, and if he did n't praise God with a loud shout—a miracle wrought in our midst! There was joy with the angels, and joy on the earth with his friends. He was a prominent man; but the devil had him bound fast. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the devil had to flee. At the close of one of the services one night, three men came up to the altar, and I inquired what they came for. They said that their friends had been converted, and had told them that if they would come to that altar they would be converted, too. I told them to confess to God that they were sinners, and he would save them. After a few words of instruction, they prayed, and they soon were happy on their way home. They were truly saved. These men had been convicted through a friend, and had never been to the meeting before. One brother from the Baptist Church said, that if we would go and work in his Church, he would give us a great deal of money. We were not working for money, but for the salvation of the souls of men, and we could only go as God directed.

The power increased to the last, when we had a jubilee for nearly five hundred souls. We commenced

with our rising-sun prayer-meeting, and God met us in the early morning. All day long the crowds came. I went out, just after five in the evening, to get some refreshments, and when I came back it was almost impossible to get into the church. We had a grand testimony-meeting and an altar service. There was such a crowd I did not know what to do. The altar was full of seekers; but we had no power to help them. A young man was inside the altar, and I said to him, "Talk to the mourners." He answered that he was not converted himself. I said: "Why are you inside the altar? Get down and give yourself to God;" but he answered that he was not ready. I said, "Then leave this altar quick." He did, and I looked round, and the pulpit was full of laughing girls and boys. One young woman was standing on the Bible to see the crowd. I said, "Every one of you get down on your knees, and pray to God to forgive your sins." They had crept in like silly children, not dreaming that two quiet women in the work of God were no longer women, but workmen of the Omnipotent God—a very threshing instrument having teeth in the hands of the Almighty. The devil in those giddy girls and boys was rebuked, and I will venture to say that they have never attempted any such blasphemous thing since. Their eyes were opened, and they learned it was not "fun" to watch souls pass from death unto life. Some repented, and were converted; but all with shame of face hid away. The beautiful power of God flowed on, and the precious, seeking souls were satisfied. It

was a happy meeting, and calls came from all parts to come and help, if only for three days—just to start up the work. The work spread and deepened after we left, and cottage prayer-meetings were organized; sometimes as many as a dozen being saved at these meetings. O what a work was done in the two months; perhaps as great as in the first three months; but the great and mighty God only knows! The people said, “It is marvelous in our eyes.” You may be sure the devil did not keep still; but we kept our eyes on Christ, and gave the devil plenty of shots; for we had a storehouse of red-hot ammunition, to which we could go and draw out by faith a full supply for our every need. The arrows could slay him on the right hand and on the left, and we were never at a loss. Our Captain was leading us on to certain victory. We gloried in the fight. O, hallelujah to God! O thou wonderful Man of war! O thou gentle, tender Shepherd! Following is a newspaper clipping concerning the Germantown meeting:

“THE EVANGELISTS.

“THEIR GOOD WORK AT GERMANTOWN.

“A wave of salvation has rolled over Germantown and the surrounding country. On Thursday, February 9th, Rev. C. J. Howes, of Covington, began a series of sermons at the Methodist Episcopal Church at that place, of which Rev. E. C. Pollard is the pastor. The subject was, ‘Sanctification.’ Members of the different Churches became interested, and the pas-

tor of the Methodist Episcopal Church and many of his members entered into the experience. On the 11th of March Mrs. Vorn Holz and daughter came from Cincinnati. They are members of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Joyce pastor. Upon their arrival at Germantown the pastor gave them charge of the services, and they continued nearly three weeks, day and night, not a sermon being preached. Miss Ida, the daughter, brings the powers of a thoroughly-educated mind, together with the advantages gained from a life in the city, with its access to the society of the learned and talented, all to the feet of her Master. Her bright, happy face, all aglow with Divine love as she stood up at the services to read the Bible to the people, won the entire audience, while the prayers and strong appeals of the mother carried a conviction that could not be shaken off."

We returned home the last of March, and learned that two young sisters from

RIVERSIDE, OHIO,

had been for us to go down and hold meeting in their house, which we did. In January they had a birthday party, and the older sister said, "Would it not be nice to have a prayer-meeting at our house every Wednesday night?" It created much enthusiasm, and accordingly a prayer-meeting was announced for the following Wednesday. This they kept up until we went down to help them. There were only a few Methodists, and they had no church. One of the

sisters had gathered quite a little crowd of children, whom she taught every Sunday afternoon in her home. They had a very wide hall, which opened into two rooms. This place, when arranged, seated a good many people. We conducted the meeting as usual, and nine were converted that first night. We had a most precious time in this primitive Methodist way, meeting every afternoon and evening. Brother and Sister P—— were with us. They had moved down there, and had not yet transferred their membership from the city. They did a good work for the Lord. On Saturday I went to the city to see Dr. Joyce, and told him how many had been converted, but that they had no Methodist church; and asked him to come down and preach for them, and baptize a good many of them. He came, and thirty-five gave their names for Church membership. We carried the meeting on with great success. Dr. Joyce spoke to Dr. Hypes, presiding elder of the Cincinnati District, who came and organized a Church of sixty-nine Methodist people. All had been converted in this consecrated house except a half dozen. They organized a Sunday-school of eighty children, and held class-meeting and prayer-meeting every Wednesday. They kept the Church up in this house for six years, when the new church was built. One of the sisters gave her diamonds for the new church. A year afterward we gave them another meeting of two weeks, when there were a goodly number saved. Those two girls were the means of that Church being organized, and were

faithful in every sense of the word. May God bless and prosper them, and save them at last in heaven, for Jesus' sake! Amen!

We went home to have a perfect fight with the devil. We prayed nearly all night; but it seemed to me the devil would devour us, he fought us so. We had had such a wonderful time, and thousands of souls had been saved in the last seven months, and why God permitted the devil to come to us in such a way I could not understand; but I know now. God had a plan in it all. It was to prepare us for another fight. The devil had lost so much ground, and his ranks had been so broken into, that he gnashed his teeth upon us. In a few days the presiding elder and the pastor of one of the Maysville Churches came for us to go to hold a meeting in

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We had refused the pastor, for we felt we could not do a good work there; but we could not resist the call of the good presiding elder. One of the wickedest men of the city was converted to God, and became an evangelist, which was a good work of itself. There were thirty-seven converted, and quite a good number were sanctified, and the others Churches were greatly blessed. One old man, eighty-two years old, was saved, and went home to heaven shortly afterward. The leading members of the Church were greatly baptized a few days before the meeting closed, and they said that if they had received it at the begin-

ning of the work, it would have been a greater revival. On the last Sunday, just before the school closed, the daughter of the superintendent was converted. He rejoiced very much, and said the meetings had just commenced. We had to close. It was a pretty hard place; but not too hard for our God, if Achan had only been put out. However, there was great good done. After we were gone, they wrote that there was a much greater work accomplished than they had thought. We counted it the smallest work; but we were faithful. We worked very hard, and there will be people who will rise up at the judgment, and thank God that we ever came to Maysville. We gave it all to the Lord, for we had done the very best we could. Amen! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever!

We sent word to Germantown that we would stop over, and give them a night's service, and when we reached the church it was packed to overflowing, and the streets lined with people as far as we could see. We had a grand hallelujah time, with four conversions and a ringing testimony-meeting. Three months had passed since we had left, and everybody wanted to give their experience. I don't think one had gone back. We always impressed it upon the people to get their Testaments, and the pastor of Germantown had sent for a great lot of them, which the young converts had bought. The mothers told me that their children had gone through their Testaments. When they came home from school, instead of going to

play, they would get their Testaments and read them. They said, "O what a change there is in our homes! The children are so good! In the 'Happy Hours' they learned to be good." At this place there had been three children's meetings a week, and my daughter had the children lead. This was how they had learned to read the Bible. She had two hundred children at a time, and she never rested, and she saw many of them converted. They enjoyed their meetings as much as the big people did theirs. They prayed for their parents to be converted, and many were saved in answer to their prayers. Children are a great help to carry the work on. Our faith was strengthened and increased, to see how much the young converts had grown and how strong they were. The pastor, Brother Pollard, a faithful pastor, and loyal, true co-worker with the evangelist, went with us to

BROOKVILLE, KENTUCKY,

where we began services on June 11, 1885, in the strength of the mighty God. We were received with glad hearts. They had been waiting for us quite a time. There were living in this town an ex-Congressman, five lawyers, and many other officials, as it was a county-seat. Some of these had opposed women's work, and before they sent for us they searched the Bible to see if they could find in it where the women were authorized to work for God. We had written them that unless the pastor and Official Board would work with us, we would not go. At the close of three

months' study of the Word, they said that it was a settled fact that the women were authorized to work for God. Then came a written petition, signed by the preacher and leading men, asking us to come and take charge of their church, and hold a meeting.

Here we entered upon one of the two greatest meetings of our lives. (At Madisonville, Ohio, the same strong, solid power was manifested.) From the very first God was pleased with the attitude of the people. They had had a strong conviction that it was wrong for a woman to speak in public. When they discovered God's command, they welcomed heartily God's workers. There was no narrow prejudice against sanctification or altar or methods of work. They indorsed every work, by instantly obeying all calls. They were a people after God's own heart—substantial, generous, healthy-brained people—whom God could bless and use. It was easy for the weak ones to seek God, when they heard their strong leaders praying at the altar, and a difficult thing for sinners to escape when doctors and lawyers stood pleading with them to flee the wrath to come. It began with a steady movement, which increased as the days went by. Brother May, of our first work, was with us, and rendered such efficient aid that they desired to keep him. Another brother, who was sanctified at Saltwell, and who became a minister, was full of zeal and fire. Seeing the willingness of the people, it inspired us to pray mightily to God, and to ask for large things. It was here that we desired to see at least

fifty souls kneel at the altar at one time. Our faith took hold of the horns of the altar, and we laughed at impossibilities, and cried it must be done. We were the more encouraged to pray boldly, because of what God had revealed to me concerning this work. He always gave me tokens before the meeting began. One night, while praying, I had seen hundreds of people in the streets and roads coming towards the church, so that I could readily believe the official member who told us that on the last Sunday there were three thousand people who never made any attempt to get out of their carriages, as they could not get near the church.

We prayed to God to visit every family and every member for twenty miles around; and, thank God, our faith claimed the victory! We had our first jubilee over two hundred souls, which was a wonderful day. The power settled like a thick cloud on the whole town and the whole country, sweeping everything before it. A man and his wife came one night seventeen miles to get converted. He was sick, and his wife was afraid he would die unconverted. By half-past nine they were both converted, and were happy on their way home. One man came in his carriage for us to go and hold a meeting in his town; but the Lord showed me that in a few nights there would be from fifty to one hundred conversions. And on the next Tuesday it came. We had a short prayer-service at the altar, then a fire-baptized testimony-meeting. As the people began to testify, the fire

began to fall, and conviction seized the hearts of sinners. We had no Bible-reading, but a rush to the altar. They scarcely fell upon their knees until they were on their feet praising God. It was not long before the whole church was an altar. The people who could not get in at the door came in at the window, reminding us of Isaiah's prophecy, "Who are these that fly as the doves to their windows?" There was no prayer offered; there seemed to be no need for it. The promise, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," was literally fulfilled. We kept count of the number of conversions up to fifty; but the power was so great we let go of everything, and flew from one to another to get everybody saved. Although we had no sermon, yet when anybody wanted to testify, there was somebody to hear it. Testimonies were in order through the entire evening. A visiting clergyman, a bright, clever, young man, stood behind the pulpit, and gazed upon the scene. Everybody was in a good humor, and everybody was satisfied with everything. Judge Fields, with whom we stopped, told us afterward that the only remark the young minister made was the words quaintly spoken, "Well! this beats the devil." Yes, hallelujah, it did beat the devil! When we get to bright Glory, and Miriam tells of the victories of Jehovah, of wicked old Pharaoh and the Red Sea, we will smile; for when she is finished, we will take up the story of Moses and the Lamb, and tell of

Brookville and how our Christ triumphed over Satan. I sit and laugh now at the remembrance of the happy confusion of that night. It kept the angels busy, and heaven's corridors rang again and yet again, when fresh bulletins told of new-born souls. We looked here, and we said when we saw the happy face, "Lo! Christ is here," only to glance yonder when we heard the shout of praise; for surely he brought the shout. Ah, how he did walk up and down in our midst that blessed night! How can we praise him? He knoweth that we love him!

Judge Fields, with others, went to the minister, and told him it would be impossible to close such a meeting, and so it continued through five weeks. There was much that was sad which happened; but thank God for the sorrows which have a bright tomorrow! One of the sons of the congressman—a young man of sterling principle—was too ill to come to the meetings. We went to see him several times, and he received into his heart Christ to be his Companion, Savior, Friend. Shortly after he went with him through the valley of death. God especially left his peace in the home where we were entertained. Judge Fields soon after the beginning of the meeting was greatly burdened, because he could not tell when and how he was converted. He knew he was changed from the old life, but had never been born of the Spirit. Thank God for the happy day when he could say, "I am the Lord's, a child of the King!" His dear

wife was greatly blessed. We insert the following newspaper clippings:

Brookville Democrat: "The revival at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, conducted by Mrs. Vorn Holz and daughter, Miss Ida, is still in progress, and is a grand success. A very large number have been converted, and several professed sanctification. Mrs. Vorn Holz has been assisted by the Revs. B. F. Gosling and George B. Poage, of this place; Rev. George Poe, of New Concord; Revs. Power and Pollard, of Germantown; Rev. Ebright, of Mt. Olivet; Rev. W. G. Bradford, of Shelbyville; Mr. Ed. Mann, of Carlisle; and Mr. May, of Parks Hill."

Maysville Bulletin: "There have been 150 conversions. Mrs. Vorn Holz and daughter are winning the hearts of all classes. All Churches are reaping benefits from the revival. Such a religious awakening has never before visited Brookville."

"A jubilee-meeting will soon be held over the conversion of two hundred people. The three hundred converts of Germantown are intending to attend the jubilee. The work continues."

We kept count up to five hundred, and then stopped. God knows how many will join the heavenly throng from Brookville. One man told me afterward that four churches had been built from that meeting. After five weeks of joyful service, we went on our way with a benediction of a thousand grateful hearts.

We stopped to attend the dedication service of a

church, and after a few days' waiting at home with the "little sister, Jennie," who had come from Boston, we all three started for Ruggles Camp-ground, Kentucky, and after two weeks went to the Bethel Grove Camp-meeting, on the Kentucky Central Railroad. There was some good done; but not enough for the many preachers who were in attendance. Mr. Harrison—the Boy Preacher—was there; but the ministers did not work with him. There was not that union of spirit which brings pentecostal power. I felt never to go to another camp-meeting. Many Methodists never pretended to get out of their carriages, nor to hear the preaching. O how my heart melts within me to see the backsliding of God's people, and the lightness and desecration of the Sabbath-day! The people who were there never heard anything about the great salvation and the long eternity they will have to spend in heaven with God, or in hell with the devil. O it was awful! I do not want to—nay, I dare not—go to a meeting to help, unless I can have the chance to warn men and women of their danger of being lost in hell, if they do not give themselves to God. I think the Methodists would better quit running camp-meetings unless they desire the salvation of souls. They will have to give an account to God in the judgment of the Great Day. So we came away home, for there were many things to settle there.

We staid at home two weeks, praying day and night, and waiting on the Lord for guidance, not

knowing whether we would continue in the work. But God made it plain for us, and we went to

MT. PLEASANT, KENTUCKY,

of Harrison County. The two Methodist Churches united, and although we had a big fight with the devil, we had a glorious victory, not only over the devil, but the world and cold-hearted professors. Over two hundred professed to be converted or sanctified. A college graduate, whose father was very wealthy, living in Cynthiana, came out with a lot of men in carriages. They had whisky, and their pockets were full of cards and cigars. They declared they would break up the meeting; so they took one corner of the church, and commenced drinking and playing cards. I did not know anything about it until I went down, as I always do, through the church. My daughter had read the Bible, and we had had a grand meeting, with twelve already at the altar. As I went down I saw this bold wickedness, and went to the preacher, and asked what we were going to do. He said that he did not know. I told him that something must be done, for we could not run our meeting with such disorder. He hesitated, as it was a dangerous neighborhood, with a bad reputation. I went to my daughter and told her, and she said, "Get the best pray-ers we have in the church, and go to the door. Have a prayer-meeting there, and I will carry on the altar service." We went down with a dozen people who knew God, and how to get hold of the horns of

the altar; and if ever people prayed, they prayed that night. Just as I got down by the door one of the men slipped out. I sprang to the door as quick as thought, and turned my back against it, and said, "You will stay here while we pray." The Holy Ghost himself made intercession. By the time we were through praying, the whole Church was shouting and praising God. I shook hands with all those men, and when I came to the ringleader, I said, "God bless you, and save your soul in heaven at last." Three days after that prayer-meeting the ringleader was converted. He was nearly killed that same day. He said nothing touched him the first night until I shook hands with him, and said, "God bless you."

By this time the heavens were opened, and the drops were falling, and we had had several good showers; but now the rains commenced to come in torrents, and the people for many miles around felt the electric shocks from heaven. It brought them up to the meeting, not to misbehave, but to give their wicked hearts to God.

A certain man, while guarding a prisoner some time before this, had killed him accidentally, and had gone crazy over it. He had been taken to the asylum; but afterwards they pronounced him cured, and he returned home. He was not rational, but was thought harmless. He came to the meetings once in a while, and was always very quiet. One morning, however—a rainy, dismal day—when but a few were out, he opened the door, and came into the church, followed

by two men. He had his umbrella, waving it, and it had turned wrong side out. From his pockets were seen pistols, and he had the look of a maniac. He walked up to my daughter, who was reading, and said in a strange, choked voice, that he wanted the book. She, with perfect calmness, smiled, and, pointing to a seat, said, "Let me finish." Three times he attempted to rise: but was quieted by the steady glance of her eye. Then she said, "Let us pray," and in perfect stillness I prayed that God might cast the demon out of the poor man. He cried out once with that same hollow voice, and after a while allowed the men, who had been following him all morning, to lead him out. If ever Jesus was in the midst of his disciples he was there that morning.

The last day of the meeting was a great day. Those who had been seeking and groping in the dark were quickened into blessed light. One man, who, the people said, was too wicked to be saved, was converted that night. I met him a year after, and he was happy in God. The preacher said he would close early, and have no night service, that we might escape the crowd; but when I realized it was through fear, I said, "I will ask the Lord about it." When he returned, I told him I would close the meeting as usual, for the Lord had shown me that he would take care of us. When we thought all the people had bidden us good-bye, the door opened, and a rough-looking man filed down the aisle, to the astonishment of every one. He walked on toward the altar, followed by a

score of men, and came to us and shook hands, saying good-bye. Many of them trembled, and many had tears in their eyes. Ah! God has said, "The lion shall lie down with the lamb." The work went on, and one of the preachers four months afterward told me that there had been a thousand souls saved.

* We returned home the latter part of November, and had a good time with the Lord. When I was home in Cincinnati, it seemed to me the devil was around me, so that I could not pray for quite a time. I could feel his presence in my room, and then I could not have the faith I ought to have. I would pray and pray, so long, before I would have the true spirit of prayer. After I had been tormented this way, I discovered the secret. It began by my asking God to show me the devil; how he could come into my room, and keep me from praying. I desired that if it were his will, I might see the devil. The first time I prayed this, I felt in an instant the devil was gone, and such a blessing came from God. This is the secret: I believe the devil was afraid that God would let me see him. Another thing I discovered, that God permits it to be; for when he purposes to reveal something to us, if we did not have these fights with the devil, we would not linger to understand God's purpose. One night, when the devil was bolder than usual—it seemed as if I could lay my hands on him, I felt it so forcibly—I said, "O God, my Heavenly Father, let me see the devil right now." But he was gone in an instant, and such a blessing from God came upon me,

that I just wanted to fly and tell all the world he was mighty to save. Then the Lord showed me the state of the Churches—the pride, the coldness, the love of the world, the unbelief, the hatred to holiness, and the feasting in his house, and the bazaars in his Church. Carnality had crept in, and he showed me that his great heart was grieved at his people. At one other time the Churches were brought up before me. My two eldest daughters had gone with their father to a Masonic banquet, which always ended with dancing. One of our Methodist preachers had said that our idea of dancing was according to our training! They asked their father if they could dance, and he said that they knew what their mother thought about dancing; as for him, he did not see any harm in it, only that it made one tired. While they were gone I could not pray. I could not do anything all night long but cry mightily to God for help; it was not praying, it was crying. The Lord showed me his people had gone away from him. Little by little these things had been brought into the Church, until the true Church was gone. I saw it before me—the Church and the world locking arms together, and going down in a whirlpool together. That was thirty years ago, and I have lived to see it come to pass. In many places there is scarcely any religion, with only a few names who have not defiled their garments. I hope the holiness movement will set the world all ablaze. O how I want to live at the feet of Jesus! It is one thing to get holiness; it is another thing to

live it. Every moment, Lord, I need the merits of thy blood! My constant cry is to be like Jesus.

“O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.”

Ah! how did I praise God, that now, as I mourned for the Church, he had given me my precious child to mourn with me, and he had used us in the salvation of souls and the sanctification of believers! I could but fall in the dust, and cry, “Unworthy.” I was lost for words wherewith to express the thanks of my heart to my Heavenly Father. I said: “Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise and bless his holy name. I give thee all the thanks of my heart.” But that was not enough, for my soul seemed bursting to express my praise. I said, “I join with the angels around the throne, praising God and the Lamb forever and forever;” and that did not satisfy. I said, “Glory, glory!” and I kept it up, “Glory, glory!” and I could not stop until I got my pen, and wrote, “Glory, glory, glory!”

In December, 1885, we returned to

LITTLE ROCK, KENTUCKY,

where we had had such a fight with the devil. Instead of sneers, tender smiles greeted us. It cheered us

greatly to find so many bright soldiers for Jesus. God gave us new souls and a happy time, and we went from there to

NEPTON, KENTUCKY.

We took a crowd with us who had been saved. It was a small college town, and there were four different denominations to contend with, and no brotherly love. The Churches in Kentucky have done more to pull each other apart, than to help each other. They are bitter against women working for God, and are down on sanctification; especially were all those things found in this community. But we commenced our meeting trusting God, and the preacher was a good man, who, although he did not profess sanctification, stood by us, and did what he could to help the work. One night I asked everybody to kneel in the church. The Presbyterian minister's wife had never been known to kneel, and many others continued sitting in their seats. When they did not respond to my request, the pastor took hold of it, and never stopped until everybody was kneeling. When the last one was down, some one fell over and cried for mercy. We started out on the line of love, and God was with us in mighty power. The crowds were so great that we had to lock the door; scores went away angry because they could not get into the church. The work went on just the same. We had a fight, but God gave us patience and a persevering spirit. The worst feature we had to contend with was their hatred

against women preachers; but the president of the college soon met that with a strong Bible-reading on women working. A special friend came to help us for a few days, just while the fight was on against sanctification. I asked him something about the way we preached it, and he said that he had watched us in all our work, and it only took a good general to manage a grand battle and gain a great victory; that he had never found any fault with us, but he thought that if we were not quite so strong on sanctification we would have more influence. I told Ida what he said, and she cried as if it would break her heart. On Sunday night the president of Millersburg College was there, and we asked him to preach on the doctrine. He was a scholarly man, and he preached a magnificent sermon. After this I arose, and said, "I want to know who are sanctified." Quite a number stood up. "Now all who want to be sanctified, please stand," and eighteen stood up, when I said, "Come to the altar," and they came. After this the altar was thrown open for sinners, who came in large numbers, as if God would take away the reproach from holiness, in bringing sinners under a sermon on sanctification. We had a glorious time, and from that night the work went on, Churches uniting together. They appeared to be like one family. Several went out as evangelists and preachers from this meeting. There were one hundred and twenty-five professed conversion, and seventy-five professed sanctification, and many backsliders were reclaimed. The preacher did not

profess the blessing; but we worked with him in another place, where he was wholly sanctified, and he is a strong preacher for the blessing. I did not think the preacher was satisfied with the work, because there were not two or three hundred converted; but three months after he wrote us a letter, that the work was much greater than he had thought; for he said that he had been visiting through the country, and he was astonished at the number of people who were saved during the meeting. I told him at the time that there was a great work done. It will only be seen at the great Judgment-day. We had a glorious watch-night service—an old-fashioned time—and a grand winding-up, with calls from all parts to go and help them. We closed January 20, 1886, and praised God for the wonderful victory over the world, the Churches, and the devil. Hallelujah forever and forever!

We went home, and had the privilege of hearing Rev. Sam Jones. It was a great time in Cincinnati. He did a good work, and ought to have staid there for at least a year. Thousands went to hear him, and thousands went away, the crowd was so dense. In February, 1886, we went to

LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY.

We had never seen the minister, nor been in that community. It was a rich country and a dead Church. They were opposed to holiness, and were not very strong for temperance, as they kept a saloon-

keeper in the Church. His family all belonged, and he was a good-paying man, so they kept him in. But they were a kind, good people, with a great consideration for us. We had a fight with the devil about the liquor. Some of the members said that if he was turned out and lost, some one would be responsible for his salvation. At the same time at least twenty young men stood for prayers, and were saying, "We go into that saloon, and that man sells us liquor. Do you think we will come into the Church with such a man as that?" I just told the preacher there must be something done about it. He came up to the altar to consecrate with the rest of us. I spoke, and asked him if he was saved, and he said, "Yes." Then I asked him if he was sanctified, and he said, "Yes." I said, "You keep a saloon?" He said, "Yes." I said: "My brother, the Bible says, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.' You can not possibly be a Christian and sell liquor to your neighbors, for that is sending their souls to hell." I told the preacher that he must go out, or we would go home; and after prayer the Official Board gave him three days to consider, and then he withdrew. There were about sixty professed conversion, and several professed to be sanctified, and quite a number joined the Church; the minister also professed the blessing of sanctification. So we closed the meeting, feeling we had done all we could do. I believe there was a great deal of good done. We left it all with the Lord, and returned home.

Our next meeting was held at the Taylor Street Methodist Church, South,

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY,

where we had a glorious time. Nearly two hundred professed sanctification, and as many conversion; among them steamboat and railway men, drunkards, and all classes of people. The work is still going on in a glorious manner, and souls are being saved. Many workers went out all over the city, holding meetings, visiting the sick, and getting people saved. Miss Lizzie Wilson, with the solid foundation of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, entered definitely into the experience of entire sanctification, and received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. She united with the Methodist Church, and soon afterward offered herself to the mission field, and was accepted. She was sent to Mexico, and is now doing a good work for the Lord. Three years afterward we were called back to hold meetings in the same Church. One night Brother McGinnis requested prayer for her and her work. For a little while more than one hundred voices were heard earnestly pleading. A few days afterward a letter came from Miss Wilson to Brother McGinnis, telling of a remarkable occurrence. At their regular evening service they were singing their last hymn before dismissing, when the people began to cry. It continued until they were compelled to pray, and eighty-four souls were converted before they left the place. This happened just at the hour

when we prayed. O how near are the ends of the earth, and how our lives constantly touch, and how sweetly near we are to each other at the mercy-seat! What a hallelujah time we had when the letter was read! A steamboat man was saved at the same meeting. His wife invited us to tea, and her husband had not yet come home. We had sat down at the table, and as I was asking the blessing the power of God came so upon us we could not eat. We were praising him just as the husband came in. I arose from the table and took his hand, and never let go until he was down on the floor praying to God. He was wonderfully saved. He was an exceedingly high-tempered man; so much so, that everybody was afraid of him, even the captain. The next day, while on his trip—he was the steward—one of the waiters let a tray of dishes fall, and they were all broken. Every one, captain and all, looked to see what would happen. At any other time he would have knocked the man down; but he just said, “You did not mean to do that; you will not do so again.” There was a complete victory now for Christ. He left the river, and went West, and became a very good Christian. That is what God can do, and what he does do when he has a chance. He can make us new all over, and when he saves a man he is saved all over.

The minister, Brother Vaught, indorsed every word and method of work, and not only stood royally by us, but worked hard, visiting and exhorting the people. Brother McGinnis gave invaluable assistance,

and inspired our faith constantly. He was a Joshua during all the meetings. He took all the names of the seekers with their addresses, and arranged for each one of them to be visited. He had a large Bible class well taught, and they gave much assistance in the altar work. We closed with a grand jubilee; there was great good done, and everybody was satisfied. Many from Cincinnati were saved and sanctified. To God be all the glory for ever and ever! We went home and attended the Salvation Army, and had a blessed time while we rested. The last night three drunkards were saved. I can not stay at home, not a night, if I can get souls saved. In June we went to

EAST MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY,

to hold meetings in a Southern Church. The minister whom we assisted at La Grange was called to dedicate it, and he requested us to accompany him and hold revival meetings. His account of it is given below, taken from the "Way of Life:"

"MY DEAR BROTHER DODGE,—I have just returned from Maysville, Ky., whither I had been called to dedicate a beautiful Gothic brick church-edifice, and engage in revival work. During the sixteen days of my stay in this delightful little city of ten or twelve thousand souls, we witnessed thirty-eight clear, ringing conversions, and some twenty professions of entire sanctification. The meeting continues, with bright prospects of yet greater results.

"Sister M. L. Vorn Holz, one of Kentucky's

grandest women, and her accomplished, consecrated daughter, Miss Ida, were with us, brimful of faith and work, urging forward, in every proper way, the great work. I dare say, they are doing more to leaven Kentucky with the blessings of holiness than any other dozen individuals in the State. I doubt not that one thousand persons have been brought, in the past year, into the blessed experience of entire sanctification through the earnest labors of these holy women. Heaven knows Kentucky (where spiritual religion has been shadowed for a half-century) needs holiness! The great Sun, in the fullness of his splendor, is coming out gloriously! Yours in Jesus,

"La Grange, Ky., July 3d. J. W. MITCHELL."

About the 6th of July we opened up an engagement against Satan at

MT. CARMEL, KENTUCKY.

This was an old Church, which I visited when I was a young girl. At that time it was very strong; but it had gone down, and had only a few members. Here we met many who were converted at our first meetings. They had held out faithful, and were strong Christians. It was truly wonderful how they had grown. Only twenty-two months had passed, and those who had scoffed at sanctification were now holding holiness-meetings. All through the country they had been awfully persecuted, many of the preachers leading; but they had thrived under it; and O how we praised God that he had ever sent us to Kentucky

to work for him! It is widening and spreading all over the State, and is stretching out into other States. We do not know how many were converted and sanctified; but there was great good done and the community stirred. Ah! to think that forty years ago the leading Church in Kentucky was the Methodist. The Methodist altar was gone—the devil had cheated them; but, thank God! it is being brought back, and all of the denominations are coming and getting baptized with fire. Glory to God! We praise him for what he is doing; and may the work go on until the grand old State is all in a blaze of holiness! Amen and amen!

It was now nearly August, and we went home, to wait for the coming of my daughter Jennie, when we prepared to visit my oldest daughter, who lived at Fairplay, Colorado, a mining town, situated near the summer snows of the Rocky Mountains. We went to rest, as we had been working constantly for two years, and we had a good time. Colorado is a wonderful country—the mountains go right up into the clouds; many times we walked above them, as they rested down about us. We saw a mountain lion and wolves, or coyotes. All through the mountains there are miles of perfectly level park-lands, making beautiful ranches, upon which were seen thousands of sheep and cattle. These natural parks are covered with the most nutritious grass; and everywhere out of the rocks, by the side of sparkling cascades, down the deep cañons, could be seen the most brilliant

foliage, rare flowers, and dainty wild roses. I have gone out and gathered wild strawberries. It was a perfect place for rest and quiet. The nights were so cool that we had to sleep with blankets. My son-in-law, Mr. Sheldon, and my daughter gave us a royal welcome; and the president of the bank, of which Mr. Sheldon was the cashier, was exceedingly kind, taking us to Denver and putting us on the train for our journey home. I staid four weeks, and then my daughter Jennie and I came home, Ida staying two months longer.

When she returned, we went to

MONTGOMERY, OHIO,

to help Brother Tufts, and where we had a fight with the devil, but gained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. Eighty professed conversion, and some of the hardest men in the place were saved; they had not been to the Church for years. We had very much to contend with; but God was with us, and we won very many warm friends to Jesus. Dr. Hartzell, now bishop, lived not far away, and his family attended the services, sharing in its blessings. He was pleased when on a flying visit from his Southern work, to speak in high terms of the thoroughness of the work, and to thank us for our interest in his children. The ninth chapter of Daniel was read on one fast-day in the afternoon, and one of his sons, a mere child, prayed in the evening with a very agony of spirit, "O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do," until

the strongest men wept. The real fruit of the faithful labor was seen at another place. There were some influential ones who refused God's offer, and he passed them by, and we went in bitterness of spirit; but, thank God! we gathered the fruit at Madisonville. We closed, and went on to

BETHEL, OHIO.

We praise God for the many souls, and for Brother Tufts, who stood by us constantly. He had his horse and buggy, and I went with him and visited all his members and many people for whom he had been burdened. There was much good done by it. Glory be to God! They were a very good people, and came nicely to the work. We were on the tenth day, and quite a number had been converted. A local preacher—a good man—seemed to work with us, until the young converts were urged to consecrate, that they might receive the blessing of sanctification. That stirred up the “old man” in the local preacher, and he grew very angry. He said he would lock up the church, and not let us in; but he did not, and I told them all that I would not leave the church until we had the victory over the devil. So we went to work as never before. The preacher stood by us, and God gave the victory. Nearly all the young converts were sanctified, and the people came in as never before; the “old man” quieted down when he saw the power of God. The preacher received wonderful blessings of revival power. He went from there to a

new charge, and had one hundred and fifty conversions. We closed with a hallelujah shout, and went home. Soon after, we started for

POINT PLEASANT, WEST VIRGINIA,

to help in the Southern Church. We ought to have gone by way of the river; but it was frozen over, and we were compelled to take the train. We were directed to purchase tickets to Point Pleasant, Ohio, and then cross the river to West Virginia. We hoped to reach our destination by 1.30, and did not prepare any lunch. After purchasing our tickets, we had a very small bit of change. When we reached Point Pleasant, Ohio, we found we had come forty miles too far. We did not know anybody, and we were without money enough to buy return tickets. We went in search of the Methodist preacher; but he had gone to a funeral, and we were compelled to return to the station. The ticket agent was very attentive, and became interested. When he found out our dilemma, he gave us return tickets at his own expense, and put us in care of the conductor. My daughter insisted upon leaving her handsome gold pen as security. We were now nearly famished. We went on, and, after reaching the little station, found there was no train until morning, except a freight. Through the kindness of the conductor and the agent at this place, we were enabled to ride across the river on the freight, which was due at eight o'clock. While waiting for the train, the ticket agent directed us to his boarding-

house, where we found something to eat. When we asked for the bill, we were told that they would not charge anything. We thanked them in Jesus' name, and went back to the station. A man came in just from the mountains, where he had attended a wedding, and where, in a fight, three men had been killed. I said: "How thankful to God you ought to be that you were not killed, and that you are not now in hell! You would better get down on your knees and confess your sins to God, that he may forgive you." I talked to him until he kneeled. I asked the telegraph operator, the only one present, if I might pray, and he gave his consent, and God gloriously saved the man. The telegraph operator came to our meeting, and was powerfully converted to God. How mysterious, and yet how natural, are the workings of Providence! He was calling that young man, and he permitted us to make a mistake in order to reach him. The train came, and we rode across the river into a dark station and waiting-room. Before we got off, the conductor said that it was a very dangerous place for women to be alone. We told him that we could not help it, and that if he would get us a carriage we would be very thankful. He said there would be none at that hour; but the only thing he could do was to go with us to the hotel. We thanked him for his trouble, and invited him to the meetings. He said he had not been to Church in twenty years; but that he believed his mother was in heaven. We had stopped for a minute in the dark waiting-room, and some men

were swearing, who afterwards sent an apology. All these incidents made us many friends among the railroad men. On our way to the hotel we met the minister, who took us directly to his house. We sent the money back to the ticket agent, who returned the pen, and a very precious letter of good cheer. This was in January, 1887. We found a very hard place. The two Methodist Churches did nothing but fight each other, and the two Presbyterian Churches and the Episcopal Church were not much better. Beside this it was a great railroad center and river point, being at the junction of the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, and women were afraid to walk through the streets after dark. There were but two men in the Southern Church, and it was said they could not agree. Not one woman could pray aloud, save the minister's wife. The town was filled with river men, who were waiting for the thaw. (God had planned to thaw some of the cold hearts of those river men, hence had made them prisoners.) We held meetings in the boats. There were sixteen young men and women converted, and we set them to praying, my daughter praying with the young women, and I with the young men. We were working all the time to get the Churches awakened. We appointed a union love-feast, to be held in the Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon. Some of the Southern Church refused to go at first; but the Spirit worked, and by this means we got the Church together. God met with us in mighty power, and three souls were saved during our

love-feast. When they found we were going away, the Churches came to us, and said they would work if we would only stay, and begged us to return and hold a five-weeks' meeting, one week in each Church. The last day was a glorious day. God saved the leading man of the town, who was not even a Church-goer, and who immediately started to build a new church there. We had a grand jubilee, and went on our way rejoicing. They tore down the old church, and built a new one; and we received a letter that three of the young men were going to preach the gospel, one of whom was the telegraph operator.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

We received an urgent call to come to

MADISONVILLE, OHIO.

It is a beautiful little town, about an hour's ride from Cincinnati—many of its leading citizens doing business in the city, coming to and fro morning and evening. There are several railroad officials who have their homes there. Everything was beautiful; but there was not much religion. They had a good church, and good preaching on Sunday. That was

enough, with their Sabbath-school; and when they had an official meeting in regard to the contemplated revival, there were only three present; and as for sanctification, they had no use for that. Dear Brother Dubois, my old friend of Christie Chapel, who told me to profess sanctification, and Brother Dorman, and another brother of Quaker parentage, who believed in women preachers, were the only ones desiring the meeting. The preacher told us it was all right, and to go ahead. We commenced March 4, 1887; it was on Wednesday night. I soon felt that I could not do any good. I made up my mind to go home on Saturday. I felt the people were very proud, and that as I was so plain, I could do no good; but the children began to come to the altar, and were sweetly blessed, and some truly saved. There were about two hundred of them, and before the meeting closed every one professed to be saved. The meeting went on until Sunday night, only the children coming in. Some of the members said that if that was the kind of revival we were going to have, they would not give much for it. There was excellent singing, led by Captain P——, one of the truest-hearted men it has been my privilege to meet, who puts his whole soul into everything he undertakes. On Sunday night I said, "We want to sing the doxology, and praise God for the good singing we have had." They sang it very well; but I said, "Sing it again; you can do better than that," and they sang it three times, every time better. Then I said, "Sing it once more," and the congre-

gation rose to their feet, and made the church ring. As in the olden times, when "the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, . . . that then the house was filled with a cloud, . . . so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God," so even now the presence of Christ filled the church, and the people were filled with enthusiasm. Thus the battle was turned against the hosts of sin.

My daughter was taken sick, and could not leave her bed for three days, and the preacher gave the meeting into my hands. It was the same minister, Brother Lease, whom I had helped at Wilmington. I told him that I wished him to preach a short sermon, and I would take charge of the altar service. On Monday he preached about fifteen minutes, and I followed. I said: "Those who have the blessing of sanctification stand up, and those who desire the blessing come to the altar. Let those who have it come inside." Then I invited all who desired anything from the Lord to come, and I told those who had enough religion to stay away. Everybody in the church came forward, and the victory was won over the devil that afternoon. A goodly number had a definite experience given them, and altogether it was a grand meeting. On Tuesday and Wednesday it was the same. Mrs. E—— went to see Ida, and told her not to hurry out of bed; that her mother was carrying the meeting on splendidly. The officials now held a private meet-

ing, and Captain P—— said that he had not wanted any evangelist to come; but he believed that the workers were going to do them good, and that he for one proposed to stand by them. Before the meeting closed, every one had expressed a determination to push the meeting. And they were faithful, every one of them; not with kid gloves, but with their whole soul, body, mind, and strength. Many of the leading men left their offices early to attend the day service. One had a call to New York in the fourth week, and was greatly burdened for the salvation of his daughter; he begged us to remain over another week, saying he would return in three days. On the last Sunday this beloved child came to Jesus, and was saved. Within the year she was married, and died—salvation came just in time. As the fair girl—cultured, traveled, most tenderly reared—kneeled at the altar, she said, looking up to a friend, “O, it is hard to kick against the pricks.” Words seemed so cold with the sound of the father’s deep moans and the mother’s low crying. There were many thrilling incidents. It was good to behold men of learning wait and watch by the side of poor souls until midnight, even when they had to be off early in the morning. Many had fought sanctification, and had requested Conference not to send a “holiness” preacher; but they listened eagerly to the doctrine, and saw it to be their reasonable service, and honestly yielded their bodies a living sacrifice. There was not a dissenting voice; all were for God and the salvation of Madisonville. All hearts

were united now; those who rode in their carriages, and those who trudged by the roadside. There was no fault-finding nor harsh criticism; but rather a provoking one another to love and good works, and we all rejoiced together. O, it was a hallelujah time! The dear young people of the Episcopal Church were as much at home at the altar as the Methodists; and on the last night of the meeting the wife of an Episcopal clergyman sat inside the altar, asking for the Bible-reading, which could not be given because of the testimony-meeting and soul-saving. They learned not to despise small things, for the little children became trusted, efficient workers in the congregation and in their homes. One little girl went every night to a man, who at last had to surrender. There was a man who came to the altar to get relief. He had been born a Roman Catholic, and had lived among Protestants; but he did not know what he was, nor what he believed; he only knew that he had a load of trouble upon him, which had kept him awake two nights, and which he felt must be taken off, or he would die. It was an interesting case, and we could not talk to him as to others. One of the Official Board, principal of a Cincinnati high school, watched closely as we "prayed him through." That was what they said we did. Many thought this the most remarkable case. It was simply a man possessed with a demon, which Jesus cast out. He became an intelligent Christian. We do not know what became of him later; but we thank God that through this case the

devil-rebuking power was acknowledged to be needed in these modern times, even as when Jesus walked upon the earth.

The young people had made elaborate preparations for the last ball of the season. The young women were converted to God, and were in a dilemma. At last they wrote "regrets," stating the true reason, "We can not dance." This made the young men wretchedly mad; but drew them to the church, to see what strange things had influenced the girls. One by one they surrendered, and the last week laughed and jested about "the lost ball." These same young men, two months afterward, voted the liquor—there were five saloons—out of the town. And these gay, dancing-loving young people, filled with the intoxicating pleasures from God's right hand, held the Sunday evening services from that time until the following Conference in September. The preacher never preached a single sermon. Souls were added continually. One old man, who was acknowledged by all to be the most profane man of the community, and who boasted of it himself, yielded to God. He came to the meeting one night, and said, "I know I am converted. This morning I was just through milking my cow, when she kicked over the bucket of milk. Before I knew it, I said, 'God bless you,' and I know I am converted." Of course every one laughed; but it was the laughter akin to tears, that an old man of sixty years should have just then learned the lesson which he ought to have known when he was six—

conquering self. Definite teaching on holiness and the gift of the Holy Ghost was faithfully given. The third Sabbath our loved Bishop Walden preached in the morning, from the text, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God." It was a grand sermon; but he did not touch definitely on sanctification. This was noticed, as the minds of the people were opened. It was a burden to us, as we thought the work to be in a critical condition, and a word from the bishop of the Church would give great force to the work, so we prayed about it, and that night, in a splendid exhortation, the bishop said, "I forgot this morning in my sermon to tell what kind of children we should be; of course we must be holy children." On the next night a wave of cleansing passed through the Church. I can not explain it, except it was like a cloudburst, and one after another said, "The cleansing wave has reached me." A class-leader, probably the most highly-respected man in the Church for his consistent life, but who had never been able to see the blessing of sanctification as a distinct work of grace, said: "If there is such a blessing, I believe in calling it sanctification—holiness, the Bible names." Thank God! two days after the meeting closed he received "it," and with it the Holy Spirit.

One Presbyterian elder, standing by the pulpit on the closing night, said: "I have never seen anything like it. What a meeting you will have in heaven!" We tread softly as we speak of the closing

scenes. The two brethren, Brothers Dubois and Dorman, had been quietly let alone because of their profession of holiness. They, who had been good-naturedly called "David and Jonathan," but whose faithful prayers and strong cryings through the years of spiritual famine were being so abundantly answered, could do nothing but stand back, look on, and laugh. On the last day of the meeting, after the morning Bible-reading, when all hearts seemed bursting, so rich and loud was the melody within, the people gathered to shake hands. The first one to clasp our hand was the grand old veteran who had first guided my steps in the way of holiness. With tears streaming down his face, he said: "I have never seen it on this wise. Now I can depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord." As the people came it was to Father Dubois they turned, and it was he who received the word of thanks. One beautiful lady took the withered hand in both of hers, and said, with tears, "All this is in answer to your faithful prayers." Ah, for Daniels and Joels in our Churches to-day! If with patience they would wait on the Lord, there would come in due season an abundant harvest. In a few months the aged saint joined the innumerable company, to sing forever to Him who has loved us and redeemed us to God by his own precious blood. God grant that the dear Church which he loved, together with the Lord's hand-maidens, may unite in one eternal doxology!

We began meeting at old Christie Chapel,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

in March, where dear Brother Dubois had had so many good holiness-meetings. The fire had gone down, and religion was at low ebb. The night before the meeting began we prayed until two o'clock in the morning. We had been reading the second and third chapters of Ezekiel, and my daughter said that she felt as if God had put bands of steel about her heart, that she might have physical strength to tell the truth. We had an immense crowd, which made it all the more difficult, with so much pride and love of the world, love of bazaars and feastings in the Church; but God was with us, and gave us one hundred and forty conversions and sanctifications. The Church itself did not reap as much benefit as outsiders. There were about eight hundred members enrolled, and from about twenty-five to fifty attended the prayer-meetings. My daughter preached against the socials in the church and theater-going, which was not relished by the young people. At a private meeting with the Official Board, it was agreed to have no more feastings and money-making in the church. This made the devil very mad, and he gnashed his teeth on us. One night the people from Madisonville chartered a private car and came to the meeting, when we had a joyous time.

We came away, feeling that we were free from the

blood of souls, and left it all with God. We learned there the true meaning of the word of our Savior, "But the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little; that they might go and fall backward, and be broken and snared and taken." Sometimes evangelists are sent only for the glory of God—that is, when the judgment of the just Judge is spoken at the Great Day, men will acknowledge they are without excuse, for the warning was sent to them, and they heeded it not.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were lost in hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Our next meeting was at

CAMP WASHINGTON, OHIO.

The minister, Rev. W. N. Brewster, now of China, a grand young preacher, stood by us all the time, and we had a good work done. It was a small Church, but a generous, good people, with whom God could work. One remarkable feature of the work was the band of thirty boys, from ten to fifteen years of age. They held meetings by themselves in a private home which was offered them, and would come to the church fiery evangelists. My daughter was completely broken down, so that we soon closed the meeting, and she went to Colorado for rest.

The following is taken directly from the diary :

"June 23, 1887.—Ida is gone, and I am fasting. I believe in fasting from evening to evening; but I have not the strength now, for we have worked for the last nine months day and night. Jesus, when he was on the earth, went out in the mountains and prayed all night, especially when he was going to perform some great miracle or do some mighty work. I notice that he was out all night praying before he fed the great multitudes. In all our work we were led to fast and have all-night prayer-meetings. I have consecrated myself anew to serve Thee better than ever. I feel I need more faith to win souls for God, for without God we can do nothing. Time is short and eternity is long, and souls are going to hell by the wholesale. If I do anything for God, I must do it quickly. I want to get all into the kingdom I can. John Knox prayed, "Give me Scotland, or I die;" Martin Luther said he would go to the city of Worms if all the devils in hell were there. O for a faith that laughs at impossibilities, and cries it must be done! Millions of people are unsaved in this world, and somebody must pray for the salvation of the world. I have received a glorious baptism to-day from my God. O how I thank him for his love to me, so unworthy of the least of his blessings, and yet he gives me so much rich grace! I just want to stay there. I do not want to leave its sweetness, and yet I am still holding on for a full baptism of pentecostal fire, which, when I go out again, shall win souls for

him by the thousands. God help me not to let go until I get it! "If ye abide in me and my word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." I believe this promise is given expressly for the salvation of souls. It is God's word, and that is enough. This is the tenth day I have been waiting, and I believe when we go out and I need it, God will give it to me. I have been passing through the furnace; he keeps me sweetly, and I have been trusting God for complete victory. We have just sold our lot, and when a big house is put up, it will not be so light. I do not love darkness; but I ought not to say so, for God made darkness, and that is enough. I have much to bear. God help me to bear it with patience! My prayer is, that he may save my husband and children and grandchildren to the fourth generation. God has promised the children of the righteous.

"July 7th.—This morning I arose at four o'clock. I have some hard trials, and I am going to trust God for soul and body. It is the will of God, even our sanctification, that we should be sanctified throughout soul, body, and spirit. I said to the Lord, 'I come to thee to sanctify my body as well as my soul.' My whole desire is to live to the glory of God."

During June and July I gained much faith. Ida was in Colorado, and Jennie came home from Boston. She staid with me until Ida came home. She was a great blessing to me. When I would pray she would say, "Now believe you have that for which you have prayed." We went to the Bethel Grove Camp-meet-

ing, and I believe God used me in doing good there. Then we came home and went to Epworth Heights Camp-meeting, and God blessed us very much. We came home, and my precious Jennie went with me to Trinity and St. Paul, and seemed to enjoy it just as much as I did. When we went to St. Paul we took a front seat on account of my hearing. When Dr. Joyce (he was made bishop the following year) came in, he looked about and then found a chair and set it on the inside of the altar. He then came down where I was sitting, and spoke to me, "Come up here; I have a chair for you, and I want you to hear me preach to-day." I thanked him, and yet I hated to go up there before all the people; but my "always pastor" had bidden me come, and I went. His sermon was on holiness. Among other things he said that he had watched certain women in their evangelistic work, and had inquired himself of the ministers with whom they labored about the secret of their success, and he had found it to be holiness. This sermon, with the precious words of commendation and encouragement, was a benediction to me. At the night service I testified, and he called on me to pray, and again spoke of my life and work. My husband and Jennie were sitting by my side, and I thanked God from the depths of my heart.

I first met Dr. Joyce during Mr. Harrison's revival. It was during these meetings that God poured out his Spirit on Cincinnati in answer to faithful prayers. I went every night, helping at the altar.

He said, "You are welcome to do just what God wants you to do." I was never afraid of him after that; and when he was sent to Trinity Church he was my truest friend and pastor. He earnestly desired that we should pray for him. I remember once at the Epworth Heights Camp-meeting when he preached on Sunday my soul was getting big for the salvation of the world, and when he began to preach I fell upon my knees, and prayed in silence that God might anoint him to do what I could not—to send him forth around the world. The following year he was made bishop, and he has since been doing what no other bishop has ever done. He does not know how I have prayed for him. It is just what we all ought to do. If every Christian man and woman would pray every day for all the preachers and workers, we would not have the opposition to holiness which we have.

Just before we went again into the work, Ida and I were praying. I said, "If God accepts all we have done, he will answer by his Spirit." And this came to me, "Who is God?" I answered, "He is from all Eternity to all Eternity. He is the very Eternity himself. He has all knowledge, all wisdom, all strength, all holiness, all love, all justice, all mercy, all power in heaven and in earth and under the earth. He is over all and in all, and is everywhere present, at the same time beholding the evil and the good. He has power over all sin and over the power of the devil; has all worlds, knoweth the stars all by name, is God of the hoary frost; he rides upon the wings of the wind, he

calms the boisterous sea, he sways the empires of the world, he rules the armies of heaven, he reigns amongst the children of men, and none can say unto the Lord Jehovah, Why doest thou so?" With this came the reanointing, such as I had had in the beginning of the work. I had thought in the olden days, that surely I had it all; but it is better farther on. Thus in this baptism I was better able to serve the Infinite One.

We commenced meeting at

HARRISON, OHIO,

in October, 1887. It was a good Church, with about two hundred members; but the town was very hardened. There was a Universalist Church, which had a most deadening effect upon morals and spiritual life. Indeed, it seemed to be a cesspool of hell. One strong man who is a Universalist can contaminate a whole community. It is a damning doctrine. We trusted in God, and a company of us went two and two from house to house. It had a great influence, and inspired fainting hearts to labor, and the Church was greatly blessed. Many of the wickedest men in the town were at the altar, and professed to be saved. We were invited out to dinner one day, and as I was very tired I was resting. While lying on the couch the thought came, "This lady has been very kind to you and labored for your dinner, and now you are resting, and she wants the blessing of sanctification." At once I prayed for her. It was not long before she

had entered into "rest of soul," and I was rested in body. We left this morning and the precious souls with the dear Lord, praising him for the work. One precious soul is worth a lifetime living for. We also praised God for his faithful servant, Brother Wones, and his wife.

We immediately began services at St. John's Church,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

There was a debt of three thousand dollars, which had burdened it and deadened the faith of the Church. There were a few live Christians, a sanctified preacher, and a kind people. Some of the members worked with us nicely, and the preacher was faithful, giving his life to the work. I often think of the days of abstinence, when often we did without an evening meal, preferring to stay and pray; and of how Brother Hartley would join us, as we silently kneeled at the different pews, until prayer had gone up from every spot. I have wondered how some of the fault-finders will appear when the hidden is brought to light. One evening a young man, attracted by the announcement of "women evangelists," came in. He was on his way down town, where he usually spent his evenings. He staid to pray—for the Spirit arrested him—and was converted. His wife, a Catholic, also was converted. On the third night he sought sanctification, and it was touching, as we told him what to pray. His salvation paid us for the labor. He is a burning, shining light.

The Church desired to prepare him for the ministry. Another entire family was saved, and the husband just the other day testified that the St. John's meeting was not a failure when it saved him from a drunkard's life unto eternal life. Other Churches were greatly blessed, and it was a good meeting upon the whole. Only the Great Day will tell the good that was done. There would have been much more accomplished, if the Christmas Festival had not taken the minds of the people away from salvation. We did what we could, and left it all with God, and went on our way rejoicing.

Ah, the desecration of the Church of God by the theater-going, dancing-loving Church members! What a reckoning by and by! O for a baptism of love for the suffering women of heathen lands! O for the American women to lay off their jewels and extravagance of dress and living, that they may go to the rescue of these fallen sisters in heathen darkness! He has prepared the American people to send the gospel to all the heathen nations of the world, by giving us the gospel in a free land. Our forefathers fought and bled for freedom's cause, and this Government was founded on the Word of God. If this were a heathen land, the women would be in ignorance; it is through the blessed Christ that the women have had such advantages. The heathen nations are flocking to America by the thousands, and there is no time to be lost. If the Church were sanctified to God, it would not take long for the world to be converted.

He showed me the wonderful work that could be done if the Church would do its duty. I fasted and prayed long; but could see nothing but the sheep of his pasture—a mighty flock, but unclean; tags of unwashed wool hanging all around the legs, not one clean—an awful sight to behold. The love of the world, pride, evil speaking, envyings, malice, had crept in, and had driven Christ out, and they were as sheep without a shepherd.

In January, 1888, we held a meeting at Pendleton Church,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

to assist our former pastor, Dr. Bushong. The presiding elder of the Cincinnati District advised us not to go, as there had been a quarrel and a Church trial. The entire Church was divided, and they were very sore; and he did not think we could do any good. Dr. Bushong had been to see us several times, and he said he believed God wanted us to go, and that God would give us the victory. After much prayer we went, trusting God. It was not the first Church we had been in where there was trouble. Part sat on one side of the church, and the rest on the other. We prayed constantly the Lord's Prayer, and the Lord used it as a two-edged sword; the Spirit also guided in the selection of readings. Precious souls were in a critical condition, and we prayed that God would not only give us skilled fingers, but such a delicate touch that we could handle these sensitive, delicate hearts,

and bring them to health. Thus we labored, walking softly before the Lord. We had four fast-days, and many of the children, into whose homes the poison had entered, joined us. We had three all-night prayer-meetings. By the second Sunday the devil not only took a back seat, but was driven out of the Church. Brother Bushong had proposed a love-feast, and on Sunday afternoon the Church was crowded. The power of love was melting hearts. All at once, Brother Bushong stood up, and said, "If I have wronged anybody in this church since I have been your pastor, I beg your forgiveness; and not only that, but I get down on my knees before you;" and he kneeled, and continued, "Now if you forgive me and feel right toward me, stand to your feet." And every soul stood up. Then he said, "Sit down; now if you all forgive each other of all the wrongs since this trouble has been going on, stand to your feet." Everybody arose. Then he prayed: "O God, this day we bury the past. Let the hand be paralyzed who digs it up, and the tongue be palsied who even speaks of it again." What crying, what sobs, what shouting! Such shaking of hands! They all started towards their pastor, and sinners—strong men who had come from special invitation—stood with tears rolling down their cheeks. We could not find the dividing line in the Church.

When the baptism fell upon these sinners, they came in by scores. Dear Brother W. I. Fee and his

sainted wife were with us often. One night we had an awful fight with the devil. We had a short prayer service, and then a testimony-meeting. While it was in progress, I said, "God wants us to pray. Everybody who ever prayed get down now where you are, and pray for the power of God to come upon us. We will have silent prayer." The house was crowded, and infidels and mockers stood around the door. As we fell on our knees, the devil said: "You are making a fool of yourself. You have had no Bible-reading nor anything, and it is n't time for prayer. There are infidels and mockers here, and they will not understand. O how foolish you are!" He spoke as loudly as if somebody were talking. It was an awful power, which nearly took away my strength; and my daughter was tempted in the same manner. If ever I looked to God for help it was then. It must have been half an hour, during which time one woman made a short prayer; everything was as still as death. I looked to God, and the heavens were opened, and God was sitting on his throne. I cried, "My God, thou hast never forsaken me!" and he answered me back, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; but I will be with thee unto the end;" and renewed strength came with the word. I turned to Ida, and whispered, "God says he will not leave us; he will be with us to the end," and she commenced to praise the Lord. I turned to Brother Bushong, and said, "God wants you to pray." He prayed. It seemed as if heaven and earth met to-

gether. When he was through, I told him that God wanted him to invite the people to the altar. He was all on fire, and there was a rush to the altar, and it was crowded in a few minutes. I do not know how many were saved. I only know that everything was swept before God's power, and the devil was completely discomfited. He had come to me in such a sensible manner, for it looked so very foolish to have a meeting carried on in such a way; but God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

We had a grand time, and went on to

LIBERTY, INDIANA,

where we lifted the flag of our King—holiness to the Lord. There was great opposition to women's work; but we hid behind the Cross, and the work prospered. We had two all-night prayer-meetings. At the first one over fifty staid. Just before we closed the meeting the young men asked for a night of prayer, and we staid until twelve o'clock. God has not lost the records, and we are content. From there we went to Butler, Ky., during the month of May, and in June opened up at

PAINTSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

This Church had for its pastor Brother J. Fields, the man of the United Brethren Church, who, at Mt. Olivet, received the Holy Spirit, and entered the

Methodist ministry. The following is taken from the Paintsville paper :

"A WONDERFUL REVIVAL.

"The revival services which began at the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, on the 10th inst., continue, with increasing interest, and everybody in town and in the surrounding country seems so deeply absorbed in the meeting that you can scarcely hear anything else talked of on the streets, in the stores, workshops, hotels, or anywhere. Although the weather has been extremely warm, and the heat in a crowded house is almost unbearable, this does not seem in the least to check or lessen the surging throng that crowd into the church every afternoon and evening to hear the story of the Cross as it falls from the lips of these two ladies. Mrs. Vorn Holz usually opens the service, which is interspersed with singing and prayer. She seems to be perfectly at home at all times, and knows just how to conduct the meeting so as to keep up the interest, and is an excellent exhorter. Miss Ida conducts what she terms Bible-readings; but what we would call the most powerful and interesting sermons that it has ever been our pleasure to listen to. We are wholly unable to give even a faint description of the manner in which this young lady delivers her addresses upon the religion of Christ, and we will not attempt it. To get an idea of her wonderful power and eloquence you must hear

her, and no one can listen to her without feeling greatly benefited, even though he may not agree with her on points of doctrine and mode of worship. It is truly a wonderful meeting, and all who have not heard these ladies should not let this opportunity slip.

“Up to Wednesday night there had been one hundred and fifteen conversions, and thirty-eight sanctifications.”

In July we started for Mt. Tabor, New Jersey, to attend the National Holiness Camp-meeting. From there we passed on to Boston to meet my daughter Jennie, and together we spent the month of August at Niagara Falls, Canada. We labored at Wesley Park Camp-meeting. This summer of 1888—the last one spent on this earth with our darling Jennie—is given in detail in the next chapter.

In October of 1888 we held a victorious meeting at

SALYERSVILLE, KENTUCKY,

a county-seat. It was a very rough place, and there had never been any kind of election that somebody was not killed. We were there during election times, and we kept the church open all day. We prayed for the men and the election, for the country and its officials. The church all day had been filled with strangers, coming and going. There was a strange quietness, which was noticeable. Late in the afternoon two women had a fight at the edge of town;

but not a single man had quarreled. Everybody was talking of how God answered our prayers, which was emphasized by the women's quarrel, the Holy Spirit using it to convict men of sin. O, it was a hallelujah time!

The Presbyterians had just dedicated their new church, and had with them a prominent minister. Of course we preached sanctification, which always stirs the devil, and the announcement was made that there would be preaching in the Presbyterian church by Dr. H——; subject, "Sanctification." The boast was made that it would only take one hour to show up the error that was being preached in the Methodist church. The night came, and we gathered in the Methodist church. Before eight o'clock the court-house had been engaged, and our congregation passed over there. There were just an even dozen at the Presbyterian church. All glory to Jesus!

An old backslider—a lawyer, and cousin to our presiding elder—was reclaimed, and received the Holy Ghost, and went immediately to preaching. That year he won many souls, the first meeting winning forty, to God. His son was also saved, and began preaching; but was soon called to his long home. One tall man came crying, "I want some of that old-fashioned religion." Thank God! 't is the old-time religion, which

"Makes happy soul and body,
Makes us love everybody,"

and 't is good enough for me. We insert the following clipping:

“THE REVIVAL AT SALYERSVILLE.

“Having just returned from Salyersville, we ask space in your paper for this bit of news, as we feel it will be interesting to the people of our town to know how the good Lord is blessing the people of our neighboring town, Salyersville. I, with several others, attended the services, now being held by Sisters Vorn Holz, last Saturday and Sunday, and I must say it was a most wonderful meeting, and the most sublime demonstration of God's power I ever witnessed in all my life, especially at the Sunday night's service. It was enough to break down infidelity. I can't describe it. Strong men (sinners) broke down, and yielded to this Divine Power like reeds before a storm. Although the altar was filled with penitents, they were raised to their feet shouting God's praise; wives embraced converted husbands, parents converted children. Tears of joy flowed everywhere, and the praise of God rang through the church from many who had never praised God before. Twenty-five conversions were the fruits of this wonderful meeting, making fifty-two in all since the meeting commenced, up to Monday noon. God is doing a wonderful work in our mountains through the instrumentality of these good women. May God prosper them!

“The Church is being greatly revived and built

up, and Brother Fields, the pastor, rejoices that his field of labor is being blessed so abundantly; and may his labors be crowned with the love and support of his people, as we feel it will be! May the good work continue!

J. K. D."

We left a happy people to go to Paintsville again, where we spent a pleasant time. There had been a change of ministry; but the same Holy Spirit presided over the meeting.

In January of 1889 we began meetings at

MILFORD, OHIO.

The minister, Rev. J. L. Glascock, was a sanctified man, with his whole soul in the work. It was at this meeting he received the full baptism of the Spirit, which burned in his bones until he went out of the regular pastorate, and became the flaming evangelist which he is to-day. God has been using him marvelously up and down the land. We had a most unique meeting with the Official Board. One of the trustees, who had given the lot to the Church and much money, was deeply interested in the meetings, and much concerned that the evangelists should be cared for. He was exceedingly kind-hearted. He said in the official meeting, "I am not a member of the Church nor a Christian; but I will do all I can to help these sisters in this work." O how God loved that man, and to think that all these years he had been robbing God, and living for the world! We said: "We

thank our kind friend; but he can not help us. He is the biggest burden we have." It shocked him, and he inquired how that could be. We told him that he was one of the prominent men of the community, and a trustee of the Church, and that he did not profess to be a Christian; and as long as he held that position he must be a stumbling-block. Thank God, he yielded himself up, and became as a little child! He united with the Church, and became a great worker in the Sunday-school.

From Milford we went to York Street Church,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The pastor, Brother Lease, had been sent from Madisonville to this charge, and we had a very gracious meeting. It was while we were holding this meeting the great temptation came to my precious Jennie, in regard to the opera. All the time the shadow of a coming sorrow was over us; but God gained many souls, using the struggle about the opera to convict of worldly pleasure. Already her spirit was being severed from earthly things, to enter in upon a new work of "ministering spirits." (Hebrews i, 14.) The struggle must have been spiritual, because it bore fruit even before she had gained complete victory.

From York Street Church we went to Batavia. The work was opening up finely, when I was called to Boston to the bedside of my dying child.

Chapter XVI.

"JENNY."

F AIRPLAY, COLORADO, JUNE 20, 1889.—O my God, what I have passed through the last three months only thou knowest! No language can tell; only thou my God hast taken care of me. I thank and praise thy holy name. Last March we were in the midst of a glorious revival at Batavia, when a telegram came that my precious Jennie was dangerously ill. We took the first train home, and my husband and I started that night, Saturday, March 30th, for Boston. It was a blustering night, and a long, long Sunday, snowing and storming all day. We reached Boston at twelve o'clock Sunday night. My precious child was alive; but we could not see her until the next morning. She was suffering from appendicitis, and the doctors had said that there was but one chance of her life—a surgical operation—and after four days of painful suffering, her friends took her to the hospital. The one chance failed, for on April 9th she died. The great sorrow of my heart was that I could not stay by her; but she was too weak to be moved. If I had known she would die, I would have taken her to my room, for then I could have watched her myself. All her friends said it was the best that could be done, and the best surgeons of Boston

were in attendance. She knew me, and wanted me to take her away, and asked where "Ide" was. She said that she loved Jesus, and I believe he took her to himself. That is enough; for it will be only a short time until we all go. If we are all saved in heaven at last, that is enough; and God has promised to save the children of the righteous even unto the fourth generation. I know I am unworthy; but I have kept the commandments the very best I could. I have observed his statutes and done his will the very best I could, according to my knowledge and understanding. The good Lord only knows; but he gave me strength to bear it all, and he was with me. He has promised that if I will do these things, he will give me my heart's desire, which is the salvation of my children. He has taken my precious darling baby home. It has been a hard stroke; but God has been with me every moment, although I would have to get down on my knees many times in a day and claim the promise. Then God would bless me, and take away the sorrow. Sometimes it seemed the devil would conquer; but God always helped me. I had sometimes to repeat, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin;" then the tempter would leave me. I am still trusting his promises, and feel he will be with me to the end. He says he will be with me in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not leave me nor forsake me, and that his grace will be sufficient for me; and I believe his promises with all my heart. All things will work

together for our good and God's glory; for all things God does is right.

Jennie, my precious, darling child, you were like a sunbeam in the house—so kind and so good to all; so unselfish and always kind in your judgment. I do not remember of her speaking unkindly of any one. She was so tiny we called her "little sister." When she sang at the churches they stood her on a table or box; and years afterward, when she sang in Boston Music Hall, they requested her to stand on a box, that she might be seen. She wore children's size gloves and shoes. When she was home the last time, she said, "Dearest mother, how can I leave you?" O if I had known it was the last time, I would not have let her go; but they kept writing for her to come, and I could not see what else could be done. She yielded herself entirely to God at Niagara Falls six months before she died. When we returned home that summer—for she came with us to Cincinnati—she said: "Mother, it more than pays you for going to Niagara Falls—my blessing in getting acquainted with Jesus; for now I know Jesus and love him, and that is enough for you. You know I sing in a Church where they do n't believe in Jesus Christ; but now I KNOW him, and that is sufficient." She used to tell me that I did not know how many good friends she had in Boston. I did not realize what she said until I went to see her on her dying bed, when I was astonished to see the kindness of the people toward her.

Although she went a stranger to study music, yet the very best people of Boston not only received her, but truly loved her, and became greatly interested in her career.

She sang in Lowell, then in a Congregational Church in Boston (with which Church she afterward united), after which she sang in First Parish Church (Unitarian), Cambridge; at which Church she was singing when she died. The month of August was her vacation, which she spent with us. The summer of 1886, when we went to Colorado, was crowded every minute with pleasure and happiness. It was the last time her sister, Mrs. Sheldon, saw her. The summer of 1888, her last summer, is the most precious memory of my life. My daughter Ida and myself had planned to attend the National Holiness Camp-meeting at Mt. Tabor, New Jersey, in July, and meet Jennie in August. We had chosen the Chesapeake & Ohio route, which took us over the old historic ground of the Southland—Virginia, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, and around by sea to New York—and I was glad when I saw her pleasure on our return trip. While at Mt. Tabor, Mr. Daniels, of Wesley Park, Niagara Falls, Canada, desired us to assist in a camp-meeting. We telegraphed to Jennie to meet us at the station in Boston, and received the answer, "Hurrah!—Jane." We met her there, and returned to New York, going to Niagara by way of Buffalo, and returning by way of the Hudson. She was interested in the meetings, using her voice for

God, standing with us upon the street, singing for Jesus. There was a peculiar set of people there, who had been side-tracked, and who were constantly talking about "impressions and leadings." They did not like "the blood of Jesus" nor "the Cross," and were "beguiling unstable souls." She became deeply concerned about these, and prayed very earnestly for God to rebuke them, and not let them do any harm. She seemed transfigured when surrounded by the beauties of nature. I can not tell all her rapture. She was like a bird. Often I held my breath as she stepped into the most dangerous places—standing on slippery rocks with the water all about her.

The following letters, written by herself, will give a glimpse of the bright, fearless nature and loving heart so tender and true. Thank God for the innate faith, which was quickened by the Spirit in her later life!

206 DARTMOUTH ST., BOSTON,
February 28, 1884.

MY DEAR DARLING MOTHER,—How jolly glad I was to get your letter! . . . Now I want you to keep on praying for me, if you will—which I know you do—that I may be good, and that everything will come right; that I shall get a position; and O, lots of things. . . . These people are the nicest people in Boston, really. . . . Well, what do you think? Haven't I lots of *nice friends*? And now, what do you think of a young woman who can earn sixty dollars in one week—how? By singing six songs one night, and four another. Now,

how is that? . . . Don't forget me, especially in your prayers, and now good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

JANE.

P. S.—Dear Belle! That puts me in mind of her, that “Jane.”

December, 1885.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I must just write now, and say how much our own dear Father in heaven has blessed me, and you must be praying for me and to him. O, do believe in him, for he is so good and so kind; and to-morrow I must tell you all about dear Mary and about my lessons. And now, good-night, dear mother, and bless dear Jesus with me, for when I am so blue and homesick he is so dear; he is just like a father, only so much better. And now, good-night.

P. S.—I sang at the musicale last night, and then Miss Mary and I sat up so late and talked, that I could not write any more. But, dearest mother, what should I do when I am alone and homesick, if I did not have Jesus to go to? Why, it seems as though he is right there, and I can talk to him. And now I must tell you. Friday I went to Boston, and saw Mary; she had just gotten back Thursday, and they are going to see Gericke and Mr. Lang about a teacher for me, and this week I am to begin. O how happy I am! And the symphony concert! And Miss Juch sang. O how she sang! How grand it, would be if I could become as great! I like her better than any one.

Thanksgiving night I prayed myself to sleep. I was so homesick all day. Baby! I pray every night, and He

does help me and bless me. The minister of our Church is very anxious to have me join; but I do n't think I will. He talks so much like you, Ide. . . . But I can not tell you my trouble, because you have so many yourself. And now I must study. Do n't forget that every time you pray I feel that Jesus blesses me, and every time I pray he blesses me. Dear Jesus! He will take care of me. . . . Do n't worry about me, and always send up one of your dear prayers to our own dear Father for me. And now, good-night. Your loving daughter,

JENNIE.

LOWELL, May 8, 1886.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Do not worry about me; do not; there is no need of it. I am doing so well, and have so much to be thankful for. Dear Jesus, who takes such good care of all of us, does not forget me here. Indeed, I do get blue and downhearted sometimes; it is n't all plain and fair sailing; but now I am quite well, and you can write to me; and we all are without great sorrow that so many have; for which we ought to bless Him all the time. . . . I want to keep well and strong, and trust him more and more, and love and thank him for all he does for me. I am sorry to hear that father is ill. Be sure and write to me everything; and how lovely it would be for us to be together! If we could all go to Europe, and Ide and I could study—O, what a dream! . . . Good-bye, dear mother; and always pray for me as you ever have done, that I may be good and thankful.

Ever your loving daughter,

JENNIE.

October 9, 1886.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—You do not know how very glad I was to get your last letter. . . . And when you prayed for me so much, I know He heard, because I have been blessed wonderfully. Sunday night I sang, "What shall the harvest be?" and the people all cried, so they say. . . . You must have prayed for me last night, Wednesday, for I received the most wonderful blessing. Please do not forget me ever in your prayers. You have been praying, I know; for I felt it. . . . Now, write me soon again. You need not fear. I know He will keep me, only don't forget.

Always your loving daughter.

JENNIE.

CAMBRIDGE, December 16, 1887.

DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTER,—I am so glad to get your letters. I am *so* lonesome. O, how glad if I could come, and have some lovely, lovely times with you! I am so lonesome. I have been practicing very hard, and this afternoon went in to hear Mr. Brooks. It was beautiful. Everything is going so well for me. I have my trials, and O so lonesome for you sometimes; but you have more. I wish I could do something; but you know how I feel; and then, too, you have so much that others have not, and everything might be so much worse. . . . Thank you so much for your prayers for me. I need them always. Pray, too, that I may give myself up entirely as you have done to Him, and for Him. I had a wonderful blessing Tuesday night; you must have been praying for me. I was at the time. And now I am tired, and must go to bed. I wish I could see you. I

want to very much. But, never mind. I am a baby and homesick; only pray that I may be just what you would have me, and as I would always long to be. You must not worry about me. It is wonderful that I have been kept so long—and it is all on your account—do n't you know that it is to you that we owe all the good that ever comes to us? So why should you worry?

With all my love and thoughts,

YOUR LITTLE JENNY.

November, 1887.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Thank you so much for your nice letter. I have been doing so much since I saw you. I sang Tuesday night in Lebanon, and saw lots of people I knew in the audience. They applauded so for the Jewel Song from Faust, I sang for encore, "Way down on the Suanee River;" and they all cried, and I did too, nearly, and—well, it was a big success. . . . But the best of all is coming. I am to sing for Mr. Lang at Music Hall in the Schumann's Faust for the Cecilia Club. I am so glad; it is fine. Saturday night I had to travel all night, and I was so scared at first; but I prayed, and the same feeling came over me that I had once before—that some One above me was in some way carrying me along. . . . But some way I had the hand of Him, and I was guided home safely. It was vivid, and I felt it every time I woke up, and would just go right to sleep again. And now, dear mother, pray more for me. I am sorry that I can not write more; but I have such "stacks" to do. With a long kiss and love,

JENNY.

100 MT. AUBURN ST., CAMBRIDGE,

October 29, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER,—Your letter came this morning, and I was glad to get it. . . . Yesterday Mr. Brooks preached a beautiful sermon—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"—which he divided into four parts, to make it more plain. First, the duty of cheerfulness, which he insisted was a duty, as God is joy—even through our trials he still remains the source of all happiness. Second, Integrity—Truth—no, no concealment; living free and open lives, letting the sunlight of God flood our souls, as we let in the sunshine to our windows; insisting always on sunshine—no darkness. As God is light, so they who live in the light see God. Third, Intelligence—searching for all truths in all places, in all ways, and by all means; but *never* alone, always with Him, as things are sometimes dangerous for us to know alone; with Him it only adds new beauties to the road, which is all light. And fourth, Fellowship one with another, never holding ourselves aloof, but ready always to be friends, and help each other; as He with us, thus having fellowship with Him. As Christ is the way, so we can not but see the light through him. It was grand; and, of course, I can not tell you half, only it does help me so much. . . . No, I can not take any of the money which you dear ones are offering. I am sorely pressed; but I am not going to worry, for He will make the way. So don't worry, dearest mother; I won't give up, and I won't take anything from you until I have to; . . . and, Ide dear, I do pray; and thank you so much for your dear, dear thoughts and prayers; and don't kill yourself; you must not. I

do n't want you to; it is n't right. God wants more of you; and if you do n't be careful, you can't give anything. Good-bye. Please pray with faith that things will be right for me and all of us. I am practicing hard.

Your loving daughter and sister, JANE.

December 9, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I know you are very busy; but I know, too, that you never forget me, for everything is going beautifully. I sang Thursday in Music Hall for the Cecilia. . . . I think of you, dear mother, so much, and wish we could be together. O pray that I may surely meet you! Pray for me always, dear mother. How I long to see you! And do pray that I shall be able to sing in Oratorio; that is what I want above all things. And if I retain my health and grow a little stronger, there is nothing to prevent me. For a while I could not sleep; but the last two nights I prayed, and it felt just as when I traveled away from you, and the other night when I was frightened on the train, that same calm, peaceful, restful feeling came, as though there was some one looking over me, and whom I could trust. Now, do write to me soon. I have been so busy I could not write sooner.

Always your own loving little JENNY.

December 19, 1888.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Last Friday night I saw you so plain. I LIVE near you, and God our Father is so wonderful and so dear to us, that he makes us feel each other's spirits when we can't be with one another. I long to be near you, and to see you and to have you pray with me. It is n't ourselves when we cross one another,

when we are together and things do n't go smoothly; it is what we feel to one another when we are away which is our real selves. . . . But I am not worrying, for he says for me to be patient and wait; and I am cheerful, and I am waiting. . . . I wish I could be home for Christmas. Always lovingly, JENNY.

(Christmas Letter.)

December 31, 1888.

DEAREST MOTHER AND IDE,—It is too bad; thank you so much for helping me, but you never should have done it. . . . And I can't send you anything, and I could n't to any one. It is perfectly horrid not to be able to! Mrs. H——, the old lady with whom I live, gave me such a pretty book, "The Lily and the Cross." Just as sweet as it could be. All my little girls gave me something [her Sunday-school class]. Constance gave me a lovely pair of bedroom slippers, which she worked herself. But I can tell you it was hard Christmas morning—I simply kneeled down and had a CRY; but, after all, it was not a bad Christmas, although if I could have been with you I should have been happy. I do n't worry only at those times. It's awfully hard to be away from you, awfully hard; but I do n't see how we could better it any, only in that I should be with you. . . . I am just started here; but, O dear, one does n't know what to do. Well, every day we are *living*, and it does not do any good to worry; all one can do is to try and do what one is given to do. . . . And, Ide, as for *you*—*He* has your reward. You are His, and His alone. O what happiness! Nothing more wonderful to come to you, Ide. Just compare yourself with some others! The

marvelous light which has come to you! Jesus' life in you! The end is attained, and all that is after is only the throwing away of the old chrysalis, and then—for the GLORIOUSNESS of being with Him when you are one of his chosen. O Ide, believe me, you are doubly blessed; for now your life must be beautiful, as well as in what is to come! Sometimes I have thought how I wished you could have more of this life; and then, I know there is nothing more to come into it; for is it not full now? When a thing is full, there is no room for aught else. Now I must stop. I do not envy you, only that I am so HAPPY FOR YOU, and wish and wish my life may become as full. Good-bye. I wish I could see you both. Write to me soon. And again I thank you so much for the money. You pray for me, I know. I feel that you do.

Your loving daughter and sister,

JENNY.

A few months before her last illness, she received a most flattering offer to sing in opera. It caused me some uneasiness; but God took my child to himself before temptation became too alluring.

February 13, 1889.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am so sorry that you have been worried about this thing. I never intended to accept the offer which came to me (mind you, I did not go to it), unless we could feel happy about it; and as I say, always one of you could be with me. Fancy what good we could do with six thousand a year. Of course, you must see the greatness of such an offer. Our lives can be pure, no matter where we are. We are bound to live in the world, and the more power we have of doing good,

the happier we will be, no matter in what position we are. I do not want to go alone; if you or Ide could be with me, or both, how much more good we all could do! How do you know that this is not the greatest chance that any of us will have? . . . We must put our feelings aside for a moment, and look at it and think what good may come of it. If you only knew how I have worried, and now it comes like a Godsend. You know here the people think it is wonderful; but, as I say, if you are going to worry, I would not do it for the world. . . . I think it is right; and what good you could do in New York, and Ide could write and study and work when she chose; and we would be in New York most all the time. Please, dear mother, think of it; by my singing I might bring many people out of ignorance; and if you were with me, how grand it would be! Great, good women have been on the stage. . . . Please try and think for the future for me. Well, I can't say more; only I am trying all in my power to do right. Now do n't worry; I never would hurt you in any way. I can not afford to study, and that is what I want. . . . But, anyway, you think of it and talk it over between yourselves. I would have no time for frivolity, for it would be all hard work; but it would pay. Please pray for me.

Always your obedient daughter,

JENNY.

February 23, 1889.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Thank you so much for your dear letter. It has made me feel so much better, although I have been suffering with regular influenza. Mrs. P— went to see about the substantial part of the opera offer; or, in other words, went to find out if the people were

thoroughly responsible, and she finds that it is a good thing. Miss C—— thinks it is a wonderful offer; but I have n't decided to accept; but if I do, I'm going to make you come and take care of me. But, never mind; whatever I do, do n't be afraid that I shall do anything to disgrace you. . . . I want to see you very much. They have been very kind to me since I have been ill. . . . And now I must stop. Just think what happiness for you and Ide and me to live together! O if it could be true, how happy we would be! Well, good-bye. Do n't you worry. He will help us. I am trusting entirely to Him.

Always your loving daughter, JENNY.
Jane, as Belle used to say.

This letter is written to Mrs. P——, of Boston, without date:

Sunday Night.

DEAR MRS. P——,—I want to write you again, and tell you about the concert and about this afternoon. Of course, you will know how much I enjoyed Friday. . . . After the concert, as I went home, I could n't help thinking God had given me one thing which he intended me to use for him. The thought came to me over and over again—it first occurred to me at the concert—and that I must give up all for it; that that was his purpose. But we must let everything bend to that. That that is the secret every one of us is to find out for himself, what the purpose of our life is for, and then go ahead. This afternoon as Sarah [her Sunday-school scholar] came for me to go to Trinity [Episcopal] I was

full of it, and I was telling her how hard it was to keep from letting our true aim be swallowed up in all the little details and things of this world, which were continually pulling us down and away from our best desire, and bothering our work. And almost word for word we had it over in the sermon this afternoon. How,—and this is the way he put it (the sermon started about the man who was asked by Jesus to come to the supper, and who must be excused),—each true life fulfilled to its uttermost is but the manifestation of some thought of the Creator, as was the Christ the manifestation of His life. Was n't it beautiful and wonderful? And then he said how we all were first interested in this, and then that and this new fashion and that new craze, and—but it was so grand, and it just put things into better shape for me, and now it is going to come easier to put it into practice; for I am seeing into it more and more, and getting at what He wants me to do. His will, not mine, be done. I hope I have n't bothered you with this long letter; but I thought you would be glad to know about it.

Gratefully and affectionately,

JENNY VORN HOLZ.

100 MT. AUBURN STREET,

October 2, 1888.

DEAR MRS. P——,—I am writing you just a little letter, to tell you how much I am enjoying sitting in your seat at church. . . . I hope you have been well this summer; I want to see you very, very much, and have thought of you so much. We—that is my mother, sister, and I—have been at Niagara Falls nearly all summer, where we were all so fascinated that we could not get

away. I think mamma enjoyed it as much as I did, and that is saying a good deal. The Falls themselves are like a great symphony, or rather the whole thing—cascades, whirlpool, and islands—like a symphonic poem, more glorious and wonderful as you become familiar with it. And the impression it makes on one is so deep, that now, on thinking of it, the feeling of awe returns, and is as fresh as when I gazed on it for the first time. It says, "And His voice shall be as the sound of many waters." That is what comes to you; and then the voice of the cascades and the little brooks running in and out through the islands is so soft and beautiful, as the "still small voice" which comes to us; and so it seems just now, as I write, the difference between the Christ and the Father; the one so terrible and wonderful, the other so soft and gentle and pleading. Please forgive me for writing you such an "epic;" but I could not help it. How I wish that all could see it the way we did this summer! It has been so much to me. Hoping that you and your dear ones have been as happy as I,

Always gratefully and affectionately,

JENNY VORN HOLZ.

The following are letters of condolence:

15 BERKELEY ST., CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR MISS VORN HOLZ,—Your dear letter was very welcome, I assure you; for it is so lovely to hear about our dear friend, and to hear it through the sister of whom she so often spoke. . . . It seems as if that year of 1888, and the first part of 1889, we loved "her" so, and then suddenly "she" was snatched from us. . . .

Our dear Miss Vorn Holz—for so she was to us, as we did not know you then—was the most fascinating person I ever saw. When I first heard her sing I was very much impressed with that voice, the sweetest of all; and for nearly a year all four of us [one of her four Sunday-school pupils] were wild to know her, for her face was so pretty and lovely. My journal is composed almost entirely of tales about “her,” and now I love to read it. We used to tell her all our little troubles, and we were always sure to get sympathy as well as advice. . . . I hear that voice again. I so often tell Sarah I would give so much to hear her sing now. . . . With much love to you and your mother, I am, Sincerely yours, W.

LOWELL, MASS., *April 29, 1889.*

MY DEAR MRS. VORN HOLZ,—I thank you for your kind letter telling of Jenny’s funeral. I know it is almost useless to attempt to say a word of comfort to you in your great sorrow; but I can at least send you my love and sympathy. Sad it was that her young life—so brave, so full of beauty and promise—should have ended thus early; but, young as she was, there doubtless were times she grew weary of the struggle, and her courage faltered. She herself has often told me as much. She was truly ambitious, and so nobly and faithfully has she lived, I am sure she is at rest now, and enjoying that heavenly peace we are taught to expect if we lead a pure life. Jenny came to us a stranger; but her genial, pleasant ways soon won her friends everywhere, and endeared her to all hearts. Far away from her home she took up her work among us; so young and childish-looking, but so self-

reliant as to win the respect and love of all who knew her. I shall always remember Jenny with love and affection, and if the little I did for her made her life more pleasant and comfortable, then I am more than repaid by the thought she loved me. . . . With many kind remembrances. Sincerely yours, MRS. —

CAMBRIDGE, *May 6th.*

MY DEAR MISS VORN HOLZ,—Miss — has sent me your address, and I want to write you a few words, to tell you how we have felt for you in your great sorrow. Your sister was, I think, one of the loveliest girls I ever met, and I can not realize that she has been taken from us all. It was all so sudden, it must have been particularly hard for you. . . . It seemed so very hard that we could do nothing to show how much we cared for and admired your sister. . . . You have probably heard that they had a memorial service in the church, and on Easter morning Mr. — spoke again of your sister. I wish I had known her better. . . . I think, as a lady who had known her in Lowell told mamma, the more one knew her the more one loved her. . . .

I am sincerely yours, —.

CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR MISS VORN HOLZ,—Thank you for writing to me. I love to think about the child, and was always wishing that Mr. — could influence her strongly enough to return to the shelter of her home. She seemed so tiny and frail a thing to be battling with life. Indeed, her very frailty was her strongest safeguard. She was so sweet, so

lovely; and how like an angel she looked when she sang! I shall never forget her. My heart ached to see her suffer. The dear child! It is such a comfort to me that she recognized me. The nurse told me that she probably would not. This was on my first visit to the hospital on the 31st of March, Sunday morning. When I came into the room, she said—not moving her head nor unclosing her eyes, which were half shut—“O, Mrs. —, O, Mrs. —, O, Mrs. —! I have had such a terrible time. How delicious, how beautiful, how kind!” this last to the rose which I put on her little breast. All this in a low, murmuring tone. Such a change had passed over her since I had seen her only a week before, when she came to go with us to Mrs. —’s reception, that it was scarcely possible to believe that she was the same child. I knew in my heart of hearts that she would not live then. . . . Remember that we consider it a privilege to have known so sweet a child. Mr. — joins me in kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Vorn Holz.

Always your sincere friend,

—.

The following, written to Jennie, is from the same friend:

DEAR CHILD,—I hope you are not suffering so much to-day. Here is a rose from the Cecilia concert. It is one of many beautiful ones that were placed on Mr. —’s desk. The Stabat Mater was so beautiful it could not have gone better. I thought you would like to know. Mr. — sends his sincerest regrets that you are ill, and hopes that you will soon be yourself again.

Sincerely yours,

—.

GUELPH, CAN., May 13, 1889.

DEAR MISS VORN HOLZ,—My heart has been so full since your letter came, that even now I can scarcely trust myself to answer it. O, I was delighted to learn that your dear sister showed her love for Christ so remarkably in refusing such a tempting offer. Her conduct on that occasion will exert an influence over my own life. Dear, sweet, beautiful girl, how could any one but love her? . . . Ah me! I well remember her rendering of "Jesus, Lover of my soul," as you will recollect that more than once I asked her to warble it over, with the hope that I might catch it; for she sang it to a tune I delighted to hear. . . . In my Bible-class, which is attended by about one hundred and fifty, I last Sunday taught the lesson of the self-sacrifice of Mary when she anointed her Master's feet. I emphasized that verse especially, and in doing so told the incident which I look upon as a most wonderful act for the Master's honor. Dear Jenny's act came to me like the sweet odor that pervaded the whole house when Mary broke the box. Its perfume will be ever around me, and I thank God I met that dear childlike woman on the banks of the Niagara in the summer of 1888. She has left us; but she will never be forgotten by me, and often this act of self-sacrifice will be told by me as a memorial of her love for her Master. My heart was full as I expounded the first nine verses of Mark xix; and I have heard since that the class were carried away as I led them along the path that leads up to God. Dear Jenny shines now in the light of God. His likeness stamps her brow. She has passed through the valley of death, and reigns in glory. She has reached the joys of heaven; she has

learned the song they sing. She is safe in the happy home. . . . Dear Miss Vorn Holz, you have my heartfelt sympathy. Remember me to your dear mother, and know that we all have risen to a higher altitude by Jenny's death. Sincerely yours, —.

NEW YORK, *May 10th.*

MY DEAR LOVED FRIENDS,—I received your letter yesterday, and so great was my joy when I saw it was from Cincinnati, that I could hardly wait to read it. When alone, I opened it and began to read, still with such gladness, until I caught the words that Jenny had left us. I cried, "O my Heavenly Father, comfort them that mourn!" Dear, sweet Jenny, God knows just the love I had for her—too beautiful for this wicked world, fitted for that world of love and song. I often wonder how such perfection as she was is so soon taken from us, and the wicked left. But God wants them. Perhaps he called Jenny to sing some notes of praise in the great redemption song, that none could sing but her. Yes, I remember the night she read that chapter in St. John. How beautiful it seemed to us all, and then she sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Her whole soul seemed to catch the fire as she stood in front of Mr. —, telling him to believe those things that were written in God's Word. Then turning to you, with face aglow, she said: "Ide, tell the people all that Jesus is to them; you have n't told them half." Then with her hands clasped upon her heart, "O, I am so afraid I shall lose what I have found!" Take comfort with the blessed assurance that she is happy with the angels; and you, dear mother, know the time is only short, and then your sweet, lovely Jenny

will come to greet you at the gate in heaven. With love
and sympathy, believe me, Your friend, —.

MR. VORN HOLZ:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you the great grief which I have felt in the death of your daughter, and my profound sympathy with you and your wife in your sad and sudden loss. She had made so many friends in my parish, and given so much pleasure to us all by her singing, that her death came to us as a great personal bereavement and loss, which can not be replaced. As the pastor of the parish, I wish to assure you, for myself and for many of my parishioners, of the great regard in which we held her. Very truly yours, —.

NIAGARA FALLS, SOUTH, *May 22, 1889.*

DEAR SISTER AND MOTHER VORN HOLZ,—I can not tell how glad I was to hear from you, and more especially so, as I had simply heard that dear little Jenny had passed away. She, as well as yourself and mother, made a host of friends here. I am thankful to say that I did take a deep interest in the salvation of dear little Jenny. That interest was deepened by her own appreciation of any help that I could render, and also by her spirit of gratitude toward me, which found expression so often in her own words: "O, I am so thankful to you, Mr. —, for taking so much interest in me. You have helped me so much." O, what a joy comes to us when we are helping those who not only need our assistance, but really want it. I for one could not think other than she has gone home to Jesus. . . . I remain,
Yours very truly, —.

NIAGARA FALLS CENTER, ONT.

MY DEAR MISS IDA,—Your letter was received, and it was needless to say that I was glad to hear from you again. . . . O, Miss Ida, to think it was through her I was led to this fuller, more complete experience of Christian life! I long to thank her. How well I remember that afternoon at the camp-ground! The Bible-reading was over, and the congregation was asked to gather round the front. I went forward a seat or two, and as I looked toward your sister, who was already standing by the altar, she looked straight at me, and smiling, beckoned me to come and kneel by her. I hesitated a moment; but finally went. Mr. ——— was talking to her most of the time, and the conversation seemed to be just what I needed. When I arose from my knees I did not feel any change in my heart. Your mother said, "Let us have a few testimonies," and as I was standing nearest to her, she called on me first to speak. I said, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth me from all sin," and then the change came; it was peace, peace, such as I had never known before. Do you wonder, when I think of that afternoon, I am thankful for that smile and little invitation? You mention the afternoon that she received the blessing of sanctification. I was by her side at the time, and saw her face radiant as with the glory of heaven. The next morning she came to meeting, and the radiance was still glowing in her countenance; her testimony was, "I am still believing." With you I echo the words, "Beautiful, brave child!" So bright and happy, and always a cheering word for every one whom she met. In my Bible is the small wild flower that she put in there to press for me. It is not much;

and yet it is all, save a twig of willow she decorated herself with the night of the moonlight, that I have as keepsakes. Yours affectionately, —.

VILLA, NEWPORT, R. I.

MY DEAR MISS VORN HOLZ,—I have been meaning to write to you every day since our dear little Jenny passed beyond our mortal ken into the freedom of the life eternal; if I have not done so, it has not been for lack of thought, as I am sure you know; but simply for lack of time. But to-day I am impelled to tell you what is in my heart for you, especially because of a letter my brother has just written me, describing the success of a young Miss E——, whom Jenny knew, and of whom we often spoke together. He speaks with much feeling of the contrast of this worldly success, and of the thought of the voice now hushed for us, which was so present with him as he looked and listened. Many will say, "How sad!" but my mother said at once, "I would far rather in my mind's eye see our little Jenny as we saw her last, than see her flushed with success on the stage amid the plaudits of the crowd." And I thought how blessed to be beyond the reach of the applause of men, and singing before the very throne! No care or temptation there; no more danger, no more fear—only life! Life unhindered, life ever increasing in the light of eternity! I thank God for little Jenny. You, my dear sister in Christ, know what it is to love and to have our beloved pass into heaven, and yet remain with us on earth—helping us to live to him. I can not speak to you as I should to one who is not cognizant of these wondrous things; we understand each other, do we not? And when God comes

so very near, as he does in great joy or great sorrow, he gives blessings so great, that it always seems to me he can not send them, but brings them himself to his children. There can be no darkness, for the darkness is light before him. How you have proved this in your sorrow I know, as I have—Jenny knew it by sympathy, dear child—if not by experience. We can thank God he has taken her to gain all experience, close to him just on the threshold of womanhood. We may say of her what Mr. Brooks said on Easter-day of the death of the little baby, "She put out her hand to grasp the world, and grasped eternity instead." We can say, "God knows best." . . . The sweet memory of your dear one abides with me. Some day I should love to see you, and speak with you of her. Her aspirations were so high, so true, she so desired to live the highest life; so grasped eagerly at every spiritual thought and deed. I can see the light in her eyes again to-day, as we talked, as we so often did. What poor words these are! But I loved Jenny. You are all in my thoughts and prayers ever. I am always, in Christ's fellowship.

Yours, —.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—Some will think it strange that these most holy memories should be made public; but after the first selfish struggle, I found there is nothing too sacred that God may not use in winning souls unto himself. She was my lovely little sister. The last summer I spent with her is rich in memories. She used to have me read to her; and when I would attempt to close the Bible, she would

plead for "more about Jesus." The night she started for Boston we were in the waiting-room, as the train had not been made up. It appeared to be quite a long time, and she went to see about it. She came to the door, and, beckoning, called, "My train is pulling out!" We followed her, and she, like a fawn, ran the entire distance of the station yards. She caught the railing and swung into the coach, and I threw her bag after her. And there she stood, with her white face looking at me; and I called, "Go in, Jenny, you will fall!" That was my last good-bye. In January, 1889, she began writing about the opera—God knows of her struggle. The last letter I wrote her was covered with my tears; and I told her I could not advise her what to do; that it was too important a thing for me to decide; that only God could guide, and that I was praying for her every minute. The answer came to that; only a short note, and her last: "Dear Ide: Do n't trouble about the little operatic scheme; I have given it all up. I can trust my Heavenly Father; one step is enough for me. Lovingly, Jen." The next step was into heaven; for in two weeks she passed out of this world. I was not with her; but God permitted me to catch a glimpse as she passed through the pearly gates. Heaven seemed to be full of expectancy, and the white-robed throng had hushed their song, as if waiting. But she seemed disappointed, as if loath to leave this earth. Then I prayed: "O God, make her happy. Satisfy her, even though she

had not attained to her earthly ambitions." I had no sorrow for myself; all I thought was that she should be glad.

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Then they brought her home in the little white casket. I had no tears to shed, for I was not sad; and after the house was quiet, I was alone, resting; I could not sleep. I did not ask nor think to see her, when just before me she stood, singing the song I used to love, "Sing praises, be joyful, thy Jesus is near." She appeared simply radiant, and all I could say was, "Thank God! she is happy." . . . And I am content. . . .

The letter which came to me afterward from her dear mother-friend in Boston, explained her last short note. She wrote: "We sat together listening to Mr. Brooks as he preached, and all the while I was praying that some word would be spoken to help her. We sang the closing hymn, 'Lead, kindly light,' and she turned her lovely eyes to mine, as her beautiful voice rose in praise,—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Chapter XVII.

OUR WORK CONTINUED—FROM 1889 TO 1894.

AFTER our return from Colorado, we began work again at

WALKER CHAPEL, HAMILTON COUNTY, OHIO,

in November, 1889. The Lord was with us, and although the elements seemed arrayed against us, the work went on. They had a faithful pastor, Rev. H. Hershey, who had opened up the way for us, and much good was done. A crowd of people came to our meeting, and several were converted. They lived some distance from the church, and they desired us to go over some afternoon, and have a meeting with them. We went, and on the way over I said to the brother who was driving me, "Your horse looks pretty wild; but if you are perfectly acquainted with your horse, there can be no danger." We reached the place safely, and had a wonderful meeting, with eight bright conversions. We started home, and I saw the devil was in that horse. We had to cross a long bridge, and just on the other side the horse scared at a black log, and backed down the embankment. The shaft of the carriage broke; but the horse stood perfectly still until I got out, when they cut him loose. They helped me into another carriage,

and we went on. I had seen it coming, and had said: "My God, I am gone, except thou help me. Take charge of the horse," and he did. When I got into the other carriage, the brother asked me how it happened; but I begged him not to talk to me. I felt that my arm was either broken, or it was put out of place. I knew it would have to be set soon, and it would take hours before I could get a physician. I prayed: "Dear Lord, my arm is broken, and it will have to be set, and thou wilt have to set it. Thou hast the power; I desire it, O Lord!" There was an intense pain, and then it felt better. When the doctor came he examined my arm, and said: "It is broken at the wrist, and is the kind which is most difficult to set; but it is set perfectly. All I need to do is to bind it." I said, "God did it." I was also considerably bruised, with two ligaments of the ribs torn. The people were very kind, and sent for me to come to the church. On the second day, with my arm in a sling, I went to church, and there were forty more souls saved. We closed with a hallelujah time. When I returned home, my son-in-law took me to the best surgeon in Cincinnati, who said it was the finest bit of surgery he had seen in a long time. He also said he would not guarantee a perfect cure at my age, and I would have to wear a sling for at least six months. But when God cures there are no ill-effects. In a few weeks my arm was out of the sling, and I can use it as readily as I ever did.

We went from Walker to another appointment

on the same charge, Union Chapel, ten miles away. We had a meeting of two weeks, and there was a great deal of good done. I have no account of the meeting; but there were souls saved and believers sanctified. I remember one young man who came every night to the meeting, and I begged him to give himself to God. I told him something might happen, and he would never be saved. He was deeply convicted; but he did not yield. He was from one of the best families in that community. We closed the meeting, and in less than two weeks he was in Hamilton County jail. If he had given himself to God, he could have been rescued from his great sorrow. We came home for only a few days, and commenced our second meeting at Newport, Ky., where we had a fine meeting and many remarkable answers to prayer. We were there four weeks, and gave faithful service—fasting, praying all night for preacher and people. The great God alone knoweth our labor; and when he cometh, he will bring his reward with him. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!

In June, 1890, we labored at

HIGHLANDS, KENTUCKY,

near Fort Thomas. The minister was converted at Parrish Chapel years before, when I was on a visit to Kentucky. He is now one of the editors of the

Pentecostal Herald. We had a precious season and some fruit. God gave a disciple's "peace" to the home where we were so perfectly entertained. We continued in the Church (South), and then held meetings for the hundreds of laborers working on the Government buildings at Fort Thomas in an improvised tent, where God came in wondrous power.

There were many changes after this. In the early fall my eldest daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, came home to spend the winter. In January, 1891, my little granddaughter, Katherine, was born in the old home on Eighth Street. In May, Mrs. Sheldon and her children returned to Colorado, and we went to hold meetings in

GLOUCESTER, OHIO,

a coal-mining town, where we had much opposition. We thanked God for the letter which our dear pastor, Dr. Joyce, had given us. The devil was reporting that we were not recognized as competent evangelists. I had seen so much loose, false teaching among some workers, that I felt we needed to take with us letters of recommendation to protect us. We did not desire license to preach; but we did desire the protection of our Church if we were worthy of it. And so, I say, we praised God for the letter. We did not stay long, for Ida was very ill; beside they were needing me at home.

Because of the erection of an electric power-house near by, we were forced to sell our house—the pre-

cious place of prayer—after which we went to Epworth Heights, having rented a cottage there. We went to Kentucky in July for a week, and were then called to labor at Belfast, Ohio, in a camp-meeting. There God again opened the windows of heaven in copious showers, while earth seemed to yield honeyed dews. We went from there to Shiloh, Ohio, where we were permitted to speak for our dear Master. All praise to his holy name!

They that have labored for it shall eat it and drink it together in the courts of his holiness. In September, 1891, Ida was so ill that she did not recover for months. As soon as she could be moved, we went to Kentucky, where she staid until she was strong again. We came home, and in January, 1892, we began work at Riverside, where we were among old friends. From this place we went on to

MECHANICSBURG, OHIO.

They were a strong, kind people, who were very good to us, and worked side by side with us. Only a few professed holiness, and many, not understanding it, opposed the blessing. There was not the love in the Church that there should have been, and many of its members had not been converted. The faithful, true-hearted ones believed the lack of spirituality in the Church was due to the influence of the Universalist Church in that town. There were many infidels and Swedenborgians, too. Most of the unconverted Church were saved, and the backsliders were re-

claimed, and many were sanctified. Members who had been in the Church twenty-five years, and who had never been converted, were gloriously saved. The same revival influence which swept whole families in, and converted people at their homes, was manifest. Drunkards found a home here, for there were already in the Church those who had been redeemed. One member of the Official Board was an ex-convict, whom God had saved, and he was among the most highly-respected citizens. The manner in which this man had been received by the best people in the town speaks in loudest praise of their true, solid worth. The lofty strength was felt, and poor drunkards were drawn in. The minister, Brother Cheney, afterward told me that there were six strong Christians saved from the saloon and hell. Many of them were men of high principle, and voted as they prayed.

From here we went to

BATAVIA, OHIO.

It was the same Church where we were laboring when we were summoned to Boston when Jennie died. There had been much good done in the six days of our first visit, and much seed sown, which was now harvested. One young man, who was considered the best dancer in the town, had carried a stinging arrow in his soul during all this time. When the meeting opened he was out the first night. The private secretary of the senator-elect, a young man of much influ-

ence, was converted kneeling at his seat in the rear of the church. He immediately sought this young man; but there was such opposition to the altar that it required more courage than he had to brave public opinion. It appeared impossible to get the young people out. On the fourth night we staid, after the evening service was dismissed, with a few of the young men; the minister and his wife and some faithful members lingered with us. There were half a dozen young men who staid, seeking Christ. We prayed and labored, and sang and prayed, until the atmosphere was charged with heavenly fragrance, and the devil was driven back. The young men, who seemed in despair, thinking there was no hope for them, began to pray aloud, and soon all of them were converted, except the young man of whom I speak. The struggle became intense, so much so, that we did not dare speak to him, but only pray silently with him. About two o'clock we started singing—O so softly!—"I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest." The very moment it was started, there was a change in him. He appeared to be listening. When we had finished, he said, "Sing on." Then he said, "Sing, 'The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole.'" and he began to sing with us. He raised himself, and looked upward, and stretching his arms out, he sang on until we were all hushed; for his face had a touch of heaven upon it. In six months he went to Colorado, on account of his health, only to return to die. In the very last dying moments he sent the message,

"Tell Miss Ida I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest." Ah, thank God for the victory of the Lamb in that place! Satan had spread himself like a green bay tree; but Christ triumphed. There were many tall "cedars of Lebanon" which were brought over, to be built into the spiritual temple of our King. The following are clippings taken from the *Clermont Courier* and *Clermont Sun*:

SOUL-SAVERS.

Faithful Work of Two Zealous Women, The Minister, and a Host of Citizens, Assisted by Willing Workers from Neighboring Towns of the County. The Work of Mrs. Vorn Holz and Daughter of Everlasting Benefit to the Church and the Community.

"The protracted-meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church is still going on with glorious results. Meetings have been continued until one and two o'clock some nights in the past week. The zeal and power of these wonderful workers is marvelous. Many of the most promising young men and women of the town have enlisted in the good cause, are happy in their new experience, and are working earnestly for the salvation of others. Several men are giving promise of thorough reformation from rum-habit and sound conversion to Christianity. The grace of sanctification is better understood, and has been sought and accepted by many of the members. It is made so simple, so sweet, and so desirable, that it is strange and singular that all believers do not accept it. Nearly fifty persons have united with the Church, and

accepted Christ as their 'all in all.' The moral atmosphere of Batavia is wonderfully purified."—*Courier*.

THE GOOD WORK STILL GOING ON.

"The revival services in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in charge of Mrs. Vorn Holz and daughter, Miss Ida, have been in progress over two weeks, and the interest has been gradually increasing all the time. The state of the Church and the amount of opposition outside the Church have been such that nothing but the strongest faith, the most persistent labor, with the Divine blessing and help of God, could possibly overcome. Among other things the circus has been here this week, with its glittering follies and gaudy show—so alluring to the young—but there are enough steady people, young and old, to secure a good congregation day and night. Last Friday was observed as a day of 'fasting and prayer and humiliation before God, that sinners might be converted from the error of their way, and that the Church might be wholly consecrated and sanctified to God.' Sabbath-day was full of labor: Prayer service at 6.30 A. M., Sunday-school at nine, Bible-reading at 10.30, general class-meeting at two P. M., children's meeting at 6.30, prayer-meeting at seven, and Bible-reading at 7.30, with altar services at four of the gatherings. At 10.30, Miss Ida read and commented on the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The services were the most impressive and devout that we have ever been permitted to listen to, and the response at the close showed that the congre-

gation was in full sympathy with the speaker and the subject. Miss Ida exhorted the people 'to lay aside pride, and be clothed with humility. Humility is Love in her bridal robe. Pattern after Christ, who was meek and lowly, and learn from him.'"—*Sun.*

We went from Batavia to

CALIFORNIA, KENTUCKY,

to help Brother Kendall. We had first met him at Saltwell, and he was well acquainted with our work. We had perfect liberty, and found loving favor with the people. Precious souls were saved.

From this place we returned home, and in May started for

OMAHA

to attend the

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

There was a big spread, a large assembly of men, and enthusiasm which was intense at times, great laughter and clapping of hands; but there is nothing to me like the salvation of souls. We heard big preaching; but we enjoyed Dr. Keen's pentecostal meetings, held at four in the afternoon, more than anything else. There was great excitement in voting about the women, and the quick, clever Dr. Buckley gained his point. While this was going on, the women were fasting and weeping over perishing souls. The Lord showed me that he loved woman; for he had made man, male and female, with no distinction; and that he had condescended to come into this world through

a woman, to redeem us from under the curse of the law. When Jesus was dying upon the cross, he said, "Behold thy mother!" The women were last at the cross and first at the sepulcher, and women received the comission to preach the gospel first from the angels, "Go and tell his disciples he is risen," and from Jesus himself, who met them, saying: "All hail! Go tell my brethren that I go into Galilee, and there shall they see me." When Jesus met them in Galilee, he upbraided them for their unbelief. The disciples were at the sepulcher, too; why did he not manifest himself to them first? If Christ had not risen from the dead, his life and death would have been a failure. The resurrection of Christ is the victory. In the grandest sermon that was ever preached by mortals, God used a woman's tongue. Woman had her commission given to her from the highest court; not General Conference, nor bishops, nor men, nor devils can stop her who has the hearing ear, and recognizes the call of God, "Go, tell Christ is risen." Women are studying to be doctors, and are going to heathen lands, and are entering places where men are not allowed. For ages women have borne the stigma that "woman brought sin into the world;" and now they tell us to stand aside, and let the men do the work. The men have been at it for six thousand years, and there are more unsaved people on the earth to-day than ever before. Suppose the men let the women have a chance, and compare results. The women are first in carrying on the work of the devil—the opera,

the theater, and the ball-room can do nothing without them. Shall not the daughters of Zion work for the Master? O, may God hasten his coming by his mighty power!

During my stay at Omaha I was inspired to yield myself more fully unto God, that he might control my thoughts, my love, my faith; nay, rather, I desired my thoughts and love to be exchanged for his own love and faith. I did not want anything of myself; I wanted to know nothing among men save Christ Jesus and him crucified. I have been waiting for Pentecost—the very same fire of the Lord.

We left Omaha the last of May, and had the pleasure of traveling with Dr. William McDonald and Brother McLaughlin, who were on their way to Ogden, Utah, to conduct the National Holiness Camp-meeting at that place. Our hearts were again filled with awe as we crossed the Rocky Mountains; only to be pained and saddened as we entered the Eden land of Utah, and saw the trail of the serpent. All through the sunny land miserable little hovels and larger houses bore the marks of sin. Some had two, three, four—some as many as seven doors—a door for each wife. It made our blood hot as we gazed upon the degradation. While traveling, I was greatly burdened and began to pray, for the Lord had revealed to me there was danger. Just before we reached Ogden the train was stopped and delayed, and the porter told us, if it had not been for a tramp who stopped the train, there would have been an acci-

dent from a broken rail. I do not believe in "impressions," so called; but when we live close to God his Spirit teacheth us how to pray. We stopped with a family who were not Christians, but who had been delivered from Mormonism. They were well-to-do, living in a very handsome house, with all modern improvements, and we were treated with true hospitality. Everywhere was seen the blight that the Mormon religion had brought upon the people. It was horrible. Little children—whole wagon-loads of fifteen and twenty—were driven into town on the day of the celebration of Brigham Young's birthday; and we were told that they belonged to one man, although the law had compelled him to *claim* but one wife. The faces of the children had a brutish look; not the innocent child-face of Christianity. The camp-meeting was held in the pavilion until Wednesday, which was the birthday anniversary of Brigham Young, and this place was to be used for their annual celebration. We had to give it up, and Brother McDonald said, "We will now sing the doxology, and vacate for the devil." This caused great indignation in the town; but his words were literally true, for the devil held high carnival in the pavilion. We went over to the Methodist church, and that night the electric-lights were turned out, just in the midst of our meeting; but we sang, "There is sunshine in my soul," until the lamps were brought, when we continued with unabated interest. The meeting closed very joyfully, and we went on to Salt Lake City, where we visited the great Mormon

temple, begun in 1843. We saw the angel image on the very top of the temple, and which became to us as the "image of the beast," when we heard the Mormon guide tell of how this angel appeared to Brigham Young, to give him the laws of the Mormon Church. We saw the great inland salt sea, and many other wonderful works of God; nor did we forget to visit the fort. On Monday night we left for Fairplay, over the Rio Grande Railway, which passes through the most magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

We spent a very quiet summer with my daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, and returned in August for Belfast Camp-meeting, where we had enjoyed such a happy time the preceding year. We did not work again until November, when we went again to help Brother Charles Hartley on the Belfast District. We went first to

LOUISVILLE, OHIO,

a country Church, where there were a few strong witnesses for God. We commenced meeting in the strength of the Lord. I did not know there was any trouble in the Church; but there was great dissatisfaction among some of the young people. At our morning prayer service I discovered that there was something wrong. I went from one to another, urging them to pray. Some of them could not; but I told them if they desired God to bless them, and give a revival, everybody must work for it. We never stopped until each one prayed. By this time the oil

began to flow, and "amens" were heard all over the house. The ice was broken; and by the time the night meeting was over, the stream was clear of ice; and by noon the next day we were floating free. Brother Hartley came; then it was hallelujah! The work moved right on, and on Thursday night my daughter came, and then the blaze was started! God continued to send down the melting power, and stony hearts became as wax. Then God gave us the sweeping power; all fault-finding and hard feeling was swept away. Isaiah said that the refuge of lies should be swept away, and God gave us that "sweeping power." Then came the forgiving power; to forgive and love each other. Ah, how the conviction came! When God works, sooner or later the devil has to leave. At our six o'clock meeting the young people would come five miles to get saved, and with shining faces would join in the young converts' testimony-meeting. Mothers came with babes in their arms. They would sleep peaceably, while their mothers prayed as the women of old. No matter how they prayed, the babies never waked up. With the much shouting and disturbance they slept on. I said, when I saw it, that those mothers were teaching their children not to "get nervous." It was a wonderful meeting, and those who were not clear in the blessing came out shining, and I was very loath to leave. It had just commenced; and if it had continued, there would have been four hundred souls saved; for it had started out on that line. They were a people with whom God

could work—a good, honest community; and God loves honesty and truth, I believe, more than anything else. Brother Hartley wanted us to work with him at three other points, and help him where new church-buildings were needed, and we went with him to the Belfast church. But I have been convinced that it was a wrong move, for Louisville was the storm-center. I told him God had given us the power, and we had better use it; that we would go to Belfast and cry to God for power, and not get it; and it turned out just as I said. We closed our meeting with the shouts and hallelujahs of a host of God's blood-washed throng; and we praised God for the privilege of working with such a happy people and preacher, with whom we have always worked harmoniously. The people were so kind and good to us, and begged us to stay longer. It was perfectly wonderful what God did in such a short time. It will be only known in the judgment of the Great Day, and to God be all the glory. Amen! And the angels said, Amen! We opened our meeting at

BELFAST, OHIO,

in December. The presiding elder told me not to leave until we had raised money enough to build a church; for they had started two or three times, and had failed. We commenced the meeting, trusting God to help us. It was a hard place to work in, though with some very good people. Among a few there was a strong, well-planned resistance to holi-

ness, which was not completely broken down. There was also a very sinful man in the Church, whom the Spirit exposed, and who withdrew. When this was done, there seemed to be more movement in the meeting. There was not the love there should be, but a coldness, which kept back the revival, and which took all the prayers and fastings of our soul to bring down the melting power. It was also Christmas-time, with all its distractions. There were a good many converted and sanctified. We did all we could, and commenced to work for the church. The money was donated; but it was not satisfactory; it seemed to be done grudgingly. One who should have doubled his subscription lost, before the year was out, twice the amount of which he robbed God. The church was built shortly after. We had many precious friends there, and closed with a happy time. To God be all the glory!

In January, 1893, we went to

CENTERVILLE, OHIO,

to aid Brother Gaddis, a very fine man and a good worker. His wife was a faithful co-worker, a granddaughter of Carlisle Babbitt, the minister of old Bethel Circuit, who had charge of the camp-meeting where I was converted. The members of the Church were strong characters—a fine people—but somewhat indifferent about religion, but who stood by us to the very last. I always go down every night to speak to the people. As I went through this church for the

first time, I spoke to a man; and the look he gave me was as if he said, "You will not get me." I answered the look, "We will get you sure before this meeting closes." He appeared to be a man of influence, and when I inquired about him, I found him to be a prominent man of that community; they had tried for years to get him. His skepticism was well known, and when the news of his salvation went out it had great influence. Another man was awfully convicted through the Bible-reading on the twentieth chapter of Revelation. Sometimes, when my daughter reads this chapter on "The Judgment-day," the people turn pale. It made him very angry, and he was determined he would not surrender, and left town. He came back, and came to the meeting. We told him that if he did not give up, and yield himself to God, he would go to hell. He said that if hell was any worse than the hell which he had had in his breast the last few weeks, he did not want to go there, and he did not intend to. Thank God! he was gloriously saved. There was another man, who was so despondent he had started to hang himself. The minister learned of it, and brought him to the meeting. I did not know about him then; but I saw that he was in a pitiable condition. He said he was lost. I said to him: "You have a watch in your pocket; it is your companion; you have a wife and children; if you should die this morning, you would leave all behind. Suppose you die now; give up your wife and children and all you have." I waited, and said, "Now, let go."

He seemed to be lost to everything for a few moments, as though he were gone. All at once he came back to life, and, springing to his feet, he said, "It is done!" and his face just shone. O, he was so happy! They told me about him after it was all over. I thought I should die on Saturday night, I was taken suddenly so very ill, and I gave everything to the Lord. The next day I went to Church, although I was so ill that the people were shocked, and said I looked ten years older. Ida was wonderfully blessed in her Bible-reading, and then I talked a little, and God baptized me. O, we just had a great time! They had sent for the doctor, but I did not need one; Christ was my doctor. All that we accomplished will be read out at the Judgment-day. To God be praise forever!

We went over to

BELLBROOK, OHIO,

to assist Brother Gaddis in a few days' meeting. Here we had a spiritual struggle in heavenly places. God gave us wisdom and patience, and we came out victorious, with a few precious souls saved. While here we received a telegram to come to the bed of my beloved brother James. We hastened on, and were in time to hear him say he was ready and glad to go.

In June, 1893, we went to Manitou, Colorado, to visit my daughter, who had taken a cottage for the summer. My other married daughter, Mrs. Woodward, and her son, went also. It was here that my

dear son-in-law, Mr. Sheldon, was born of the Spirit. He was a good man, and thoroughly moral and upright; he was a member of the Episcopal Church, but had never known the change of heart. My daughter had often said she needed his quiet, gentle touch in rearing the children. One evening, after the prayer-meeting, we were sitting alone, and I asked him if he really knew that his sins were forgiven. He said he had never had anything of which I spoke. We prayed together; and while he prayed I had the assurance that God received him. There was not much emotion; only a bright, sweet smile, which spoke of inward peace. I called his wife, who rejoiced, and said, "I knew it would come." How good God is to me! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. He knew how soon our loved son would meet his tragic death, and he gave us this precious knowledge to comfort us in the days to come. We left Manitou in September, my daughter moving to Denver because of its educational advantages for her children. It was during the time of strikes and money panic, and Denver was full of hungry men. There had been an atrocious murder committed, and a mob-hanging; and I felt we were going among cut-throats. We left the children at the hotel, in charge of my daughter Ida, and we started out to "view the land." Thank God! even as Joshua's two spies saw the "scarlet thread," so we came to the Christian's mark—three street meetings, all preaching of the crimson tide that cleanseth. Be-

fore we left that city, we discovered that there was much land to possess. And by the grace of God we fought many battles, and helped to plant holiness. We soon found Haymarket Mission, and Dean Peck, its leader; who came to me, asking me who I was, where I came from, and what I had done! I told him of our work, and he asked me to come down the next night, and bring my daughter with me, and added, "Tell her to read the Bible for us." We went, and she read the Bible. As soon as the meeting closed, he came to us, and asked us if we would help him in the Mission; he also wanted to know what we "charged." We told him we never asked anything but traveling expenses and entertainment. We began our first meeting at

DENVER, COLORADO,

in Haymarket Mission. Brother Peck had had the blessing of sanctification; but at this time did not enjoy it. We continued the meeting that week, and on Saturday night I said, "If we were stopping near the Mission, we would have the rising-sun prayer-meeting on Sunday morning." Brother Peck said that if I did there would be nobody out. He turned to the congregation, and said, "If Sister Vorn Holz has a prayer-meeting, how many will come?" and about fifty arose. Then he made the announcement, "We will have a prayer-meeting to-morrow morning at six o'clock, and I will go and bring them in my carriage." The Lord's blessing rested so richly upon

it, that Dean Peck said: "It is a good thing. If it's good for Sunday, it must be good for Monday. We will have another one on Tuesday morning, and still another on Friday morning; and if you want to have a fast-day, we will." So I was perfectly satisfied, feeling that he was with us in every sense of the word; and that God would be with us, and give us a good time. His wife was an enthusiastic helper in the mission work. We did not have power enough to get those gamblers converted; and as they would not come to the altar, we proposed to Dean Peck to take the altar to them. He said, "What did you say?" and when I explained to them our plan, he readily consented, and it had the desired effect. They fell upon their knees, and cried for mercy. We also had an all-night prayer-meeting, which was owned of God. The meeting grew in interest, and God gave us favor in the sight of the people. One said that the air seemed charged with the Word of Life, and many pronounced it a strong meeting. We met dear saints of God there; the faithful few who had not defiled their garments. It was also there that my daughter met the one who afterward became her husband, Rev. Harvey Reeves Calkins, of Chicago, a member of the Rock River Conference, but at that time associated with Dean Peck at the Haymarket Mission. We labored for two weeks, and then went to what is known as "The Tabernacle," a mission conducted under the auspices of the Congregational Church. Here we had an exciting time; much good was done, and many

precious souls were saved. At the end of two weeks there was a union love-feast of the Haymarket and the Tabernacle, which resulted in much good. It was at this time that the Colorado Holiness Association was organized at the Haymarket Mission.

From the Tabernacle we went to the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church, and there the power of God was manifest; a touch of the old Kentucky fire. One man received his Pentecost. He prayed all night, and started out at five in the morning to tell his friends what great things God had done for him. He prepared himself for the work, and has been preaching ever since. In my visitations in this community, I found at least forty Methodist families who had left their letters in the East. The sin of Colorado is *forgetting God*. The Church was quickened, and many received the full baptism. From Fifth Avenue we went to Morrison Memorial Chapel, of the Methodist Church, South. Religion was at a very low ebb here; but God was with us in blessing. We had a long distance to go every night, and the weather was so intensely cold we did not continue long; but we were there long enough for the people to hear the warning voice. The minister, who was very delicate, has since died, leaving his young wife, who was a bride at that time—a young woman who left her English home for the Colorado mountains. One woman, who was converted and filled with the Spirit, has been a worker in the missions ever since. From this place we went to Haymarket Mission again, where we had a short

season. We helped Mrs. Peck in her rescue work, which is the most heart-rending, discouraging work of all. The good Lord hasten His coming!

We returned home to Cincinnati in March, 1894, after having been in Colorado nine months. We had been home but a few days when my only sister, who was very ill, sent for me. We thought she would die; but God spared her a little longer, and she is still living, eighty-four years of age. As we were in the neighborhood, we went to Parrish Chapel, and there we had a happy reunion with the dear ones of our first work. We met the young man whose father had shouted three days and nights, and heard him preach a splendid sermon. Hallelujah! "Ye have not chosen me; but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." There was to be a Holiness Convention, about five miles from there, at

MOOREFIELD, KENTUCKY,

and they sent for us. We closed our meeting, and went, and had a good time. Quite a number of preachers were there, and a good many were saved, although there was much opposition to holiness. At the close of the Convention they invited us to remain over, and continue the meeting; and so we did. The work, already started, was established. We worked there for eight days. There was a meeting at our old home Church, and they kept sending for us to help them. The preacher was the same one with whom

we had labored at Neptune, and the evangelist, Brother Sawyer, was the same president of that college, and the singing evangelist was one of the number who had left the "Christian" Church during our revival at Ishmael Chapel. We decided to close the meeting, and went to

BETHEL, KENTUCKY.

Nearly all the old folks whom I used to know were dead; but their children were living, and it was a fight who should have us, until the preacher said we must go where he said. The first place was to the son of one of the oldest families. His wife I had known in my early days; but she had never been converted. Her people were Presbyterians, but extremely worldly. A large crowd went with us, and after dinner the husband said we must talk to his wife about her soul. She told me that when I had met her at Moorefield, and had spoken to her about being saved, she had nearly fallen down, and had not spoken any that night. She was afraid she would be lost, and then she began to weep. We got down and prayed, and God came down in power, and converted her and sanctified three others. The work went right on, and there were some of the hardest cases; the strongest infidels and opium-eaters were converted. There was one man in the Church, whom I knew when a young girl. His mother was a sanctified woman, and his brother a Methodist preacher, and he had a son-in-law also who was a Methodist preacher. He himself had

lived all this time in the Church unconverted. Every one was deeply concerned for him, and much prayer was offered in his behalf. I said to him: "What is the matter? Is it the love of money which has kept you out of the kingdom?" After a long struggle he was saved. It is a very wealthy community. One could scarcely find the really poor among them, and they had been so blessed with this world's goods that they had neglected the one thing needful. Ah, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation!" There is wisdom in the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord?" (Proverbs xxx, 8.) They seemed to live to make fine dinners, and try to outdo each other; but it is all wrong.

There were many such cases. One infidel was miraculously converted to God. We closed the meeting after a glorious ingathering of souls. The old fire was rekindled in this my childhood's home, and the meeting proved a "Bethel" indeed to my soul. They sent for us twice to return. The preacher was gloriously sanctified. O, I had such a happy time! I went to my old home, and prayed where my father used to kneel, and I felt we had a reunion there. One of my sisters was with me, and I went down in the valley to the sacred spot, where I used to pray so much, and where I had such glorious times with the Lord. How I realized that God had answered my prayers, though not just as I had asked him! I used

to pray to be a missionary to heathen lands; but he has used me in my own country, and given me a daughter to be a co-worker. We also stood in the old church graveyard, where my parents were buried. Thanks be to God, who taketh away the sting of death, through the blood of the Lamb! We also held meetings with the colored people, who were so greatly encouraged that they soon afterward built a church.

We returned to Cincinnati for a month, when we received a letter from the minister, Brother Fields, our child in the gospel, to come and help him at

WALLINGFORD, KENTUCKY.

Remembering our triumphant service at Paintsville, where we labored together, we decided to go. We had a fight to get there; and when we reached our destination, had we looked to things as they seemed, we would have been discouraged; but "we looked not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Corinthians iv, 18.)

The first week dragged, because there was no "oil," and we did not work in harmony. Only a few came out to the day-meetings; but we prayed, and then we prayed again, sometimes each one of us two and three times. With our much praying (the enemy sometimes calls me "a praying machine") a storm-center was formed; it seemed, indeed, away down between insurmountable mountains of unbelief and

prejudice. Our faith became stronger, and little eddying breezes were sent out over the community, and then we heard of some praying at home. Thus the current rose higher and swifter, until it swept like a tornado, carrying everything before it. A temperance-meeting had been announced to take place on the second Saturday of our meeting. At first we were troubled, as we were afraid of modern temperance-meetings—the devil always gains the victory apparently—but when they said it was to be spiritual, we consented, and it proved to be the best day of all. It aroused the people to action, and on Sunday night they insisted that the meetings should continue. The heat was oppressive, and the crowds had made the church very uncomfortable. We told them that, if they would build us a tabernacle, we would remain two weeks longer. It was a busy time for farmers; but on Monday morning thirty-five strong men offered their services willingly. The women came, too, with their lunch-baskets, and while the men worked they prayed. What a hallelujah time we had! Sometimes the men would have to stop five minutes to come in and shout with us, and then back again to their work. There was a beautiful grove belonging to the Church, which formed a natural canopy. They built a large platform, and covered it with canvas, and made seats for one thousand people. When we dedicated it that night, the holy benediction of God fell upon us, and every man, who “that day had offered willingly,” was richly blessed of God. The meetings turned into an

old-fashioned basket-meeting, and all day long prayer ascended the hill of the Lord, and the Holy Ghost brooded over us. The last Sabbath my daughter was too ill to come to church. There were fifteen hundred people present, and God told me to preach. I do not know what I said; but I was all on fire. When the altar was presented, they came. More than one hundred were kneeling, the meeting continuing until nearly three o'clock. My brother was with us, and he told my daughter he had never seen anything like it since before the war; that strong men with their wives would kneel together seeking God. One man, a wealthy farmer, said that he was convicted through one remark which I made: "You will be intruders on the devil and his angels; for hell was not made for man, but for devils." I always talk about hell, for I think it is a dreadful thing for men to be lost forever. We closed the meeting that night with a big shout in the camp.

That was the last meeting we held before my daughter's marriage. We went on to Mt. Olivet Camp-meeting, where we met many children in the gospel, and once more lifted the Cross of Christ. The minister in charge requested those to stand who had been converted when we were there before, and over one hundred stood up. Nine years had passed, and yet there were so many witnesses that the work was not a failure. To God be all the glory!

During the month of August my daughter visited in Evanston, Illinois. I went to Beulah Heights

Camp-meeting, and had a royal time. I received such baptisms that it almost took me out of myself. From there I went to Park's Camp-meeting, Kentucky, and in a few days on to Bethel Grove Camp, where I met my daughter, and where we had a few days of joyful service.

On October 3, 1894, my daughter Ida was married to Rev. Harvey Reeves Calkins, from Trinity Church, Cincinnati. Our loved pastor, Bishop Joyce, officiated. It rejoiced the mother-heart to see the happiness of my child; but God only knows the heartache as I bade my co-laborer good-bye. It was not for long, however. The pentecostal tie which united us, mother and daughter, into perfect harmony, soon drew us together again into the battles of our Lord.

As laborers in thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee.
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

Chapter XVIII.

"OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE."

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.—This morning I arrived at Chicago, and found Ida and her husband well. Her husband is pastor of Sheffield Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been open every day and night since July, with free employment bureau and reading-room. This pleased me very much, and I went every night for two weeks to the Church. At this time Mr. Calkins said that he desired "to call in two evangelists." After consulting the Official Board, who unanimously consented, the pastor made two announcements: that the pastor's wife was going away for a while, and that two evangelists, Mrs. Vorn Holz and daughter, would begin services the following night. We commenced the meeting at once, with three services a day, and the blessing of the Lord was upon us from the first. The meeting went on, and we flowed together, receiving the spirit of prayer and faith, and much good was done. The Church was revived wonderfully—the greater part professing the blessing of sanctification, and many were converted. Germans, saved and filled with the Spirit, would pray and sing in the German language. One afternoon, after a morning of special pleading for Pentecost, four nationalities were represented, and received "hal-

lelulah salvation" at the same time! "'T is the old-time religion" was sung many times. The fire spread to other Churches, and the people came from far. They are saying that there was never such a revival spirit in Chicago as now; the missions are crowded with people, and many are inquiring the Way of Life. I hope the good work will go on until this city is converted to God; it surely needs it. All nations of the earth are here; a modern Jerusalem, where all peoples are gathered together. O for another Pentecost to send the news of salvation to the ends of the earth!

On the 21st of December I received a wonderful baptism. I just abandoned myself into the hands of the Lord, and such a sense of love and goodness came upon me as I had never realized in all my life. I looked back, and it seemed to me as if all my life were as nothing. The plan of salvation was made plain before me, with the clear light and wisdom of God. No language could express it. I was so overpowered with the majesty and love of God that I could not speak, but remained lost in him; as if I had never known him before. This vision brought deeper humility. Thank God! it is not a sense of our sinfulness which makes us humble, but a glimpse of the holy God.

Janaury, 1895.—On New-Year's eve I received a renewing of the sweet anointing which I received a few days before Christmas. If nothing was accomplished in Chicago, I am already repaid for the labor of love; such blessings I never received before. It is

wonderful what God has brought me through, and how the devil has attacked me, sometimes as though he would destroy me; but the victory is just as great as the power of the devil. I was sitting in my room one day, and it seemed as if something struck me, and I became very tired. I fell to my knees, and tried to pray; but I could not. My son-in-law, Mr. Calkins, came in to help me, and it was some time before I received the victory, when I was utterly exhausted. My daughter said, "We will go to Church," and, not knowing if I would reach it, I started, and realized what was the matter—the devil did not want me to go. He did all that God would permit him to do to hinder; but God is the Strong One, and gave me strength. I was needed at Church that night; no other one could have been used under the circumstances. Some Moody Institute students, many of whom had entered into sanctification, were out that night. The teaching of the school and the professors had muddled them all up about the "doctrine." Now I had received the blessing so long ago, and had been kept so wonderfully, that my testimony, together with the power of God, just settled the question with them. One of the students, a consecrated Christian, who had come to Chicago seeking holiness, and who had been sorely disappointed, came to the Church, and during the testimony-meeting received the Holy Spirit in his fullness. He returned to his home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and has since been greatly used in the Lord's work. One young boy of Swedish parent-

age was converted, and sent me a poem which he composed himself, and which began, "Blessings on thy hoary head." There were street-meetings, in which the young men and women, all on fire for God, exhorted the crowds to flee the wrath to come. There were fast-days and all-nights of prayer; and the faithful ones unselfishly prayed that God would bless all the Churches. I believe a storm-center was formed there, which will sweep out to the ends of the earth. They have since planned to support one of their own young people in the mission field. The revival still continues, and the church-doors have never been closed. They will soon have a jubilee for fifteen hundred nights of consecutive meetings. All glory to Jesus!

Cincinnati, May, 1895.—I have had business to settle in Cincinnati since the 1st of January, and it is not settled yet. Three times I have asked myself the question, "What is the matter that I have been kept here so long?" I have been at some meeting every night but three, working in all the missions. I helped Rev. Mr. Hershey in a two weeks' meeting at Pendleton, and attended a Holiness Convention. I also made a short visit to Bethel, where the Lord used me. I visited my old home, and kneeled in the same room where my father and mother, brothers and sisters, had taken their turn every night at family prayer. All have gone home to glory except an only brother and sister and myself. I had a reunion with them. As we bowed in prayer I felt the Divine power of God

so wonderfully present that it seemed we were not separated, but united together once again. Then I went down into the valley where I used to pray. The old mulberry-tree was there, and the stone I kneeled upon. As I bowed there, my soul was in amazement that the old prayer, "Send me beyond the Rocky Mountains to preach to the heathen thy gospel," had been answered so miraculously; for I had been beyond the Rocky Mountains, and had preached to the Mormons of Christ's atoning blood. O what a joy to be back to that old happy home, and to that consecrated spot! I also had the privilege of going to the old camp-ground where I was converted, on which there now stands a Baptist church. As we kneeled together, we had a hallelujah time with the Lord. I have traveled about a great deal in the last few months; but God has used me in a wonderful manner. I do not know how he does it; I have abandoned myself to him, that he may have his own way with me.

June, 1895.—I am coming to the Lord as never before, to prove him. If I have prayed according to his will, I want to realize that he gives me my prayer. Ever since I have been converted to God, it has been my desire that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon me, if it was consistent with his will. O how I used to love to read about the wonderful things that Elijah did, and of Daniel in the lion's den, and of the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, of Enoch and Abraham walking with God, of Moses in the Mount, of Gideon! I delighted in all the Old Testament Scrip-

tures, and prayed for the faith of those holy people, especially Elijah. If God is going to give me the faith of Elijah, he must give it to me soon; for, as I am over seventy years old now, I will have to go away soon. I am going to wait on the Lord for a few days, to see what he will do with me. I know that he has given me faith all through my past life, for which I praise him; but I have not the faith I ought to have. I have prayed so much to him, that I want to know what he will have me do. I have prayed for my husband forty-five years, from the first day I met him, and for my one precious child who is not saved. I have prayed day and night, day in and day out, through the weeks and the months and the years. I have never ceased, never wearied; but held on, and fainted not. Jesus spoke about the unjust judge and the poor widow; he gave to her her heart's desire, lest she should weary him by her continual coming. And will not God avenge his own elect who cry unto him day and night? He says he will speedily. This has been my promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." The devil attacks me when I am praying for the world, and says, "You would better get your own family saved first, and then you can pray for the great things." By the grace of God I will pray for the world, for God has bidden me pray without ceasing. God does just what he has promised, and if we do not get our prayers it is not his fault; for his words are firmer than the pillars of heaven. These awful trials are telling on me; but never did God reveal his

love, and give me such a thankful heart as now ; never was it so easy to serve him ; I seem to glide along so sweetly amid the trials.

Denver, Colorado, July, 1895.—I wanted to go to Mountain Lake Park ; but as my daughter in Denver was not well, I felt my duty was to do something for my own children. So I came on to Denver, and soon went down to Dean Peck's mission, where they were all glad to see me. I was invited out to Longmont, to work in a tent with the Free Methodists for two weeks. We preached on the street, and then the crowds followed us into the tent, and I believe there was much good done. Great crowds were on the street, who paid good attention, and many hands went up for prayers. I returned to my daughter's in Denver, only to leave in a few days to attend a camp-meeting at Fort Collins, where many were converted and sanctified to God. I returned to my daughter's, and have been going down to the tabernacle and to the mission, helping every night. God is with me in aiding the people to be converted and sanctified. A glorious day is dawning on this world. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever !

Chicago, October, 1895.—I left Denver October 20th, feeling very sad to leave my daughter Belle ; but when I was in the train I kneeled and prayed, and God gave me a glorious blessing. I reached Chicago in safety, and found Ida and her husband well and happy. I went on to Cincinnati, to have an awful fight with the devil, which is not over yet. It

seems to me that I could enter to a degree into Paul's experience, "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." (2 Corinthians xi, 26, 27.)

I returned to Chicago, and in December my daughter, Mrs. Calkins, and I commenced a meeting at Wesley Church, Rev. A. M. White pastor. We had a great fight with the devil; but the Church was stirred, and a great spirit of prayer was given to the people! The first thing to pray is, that the Church may be given the spirit of prayer, and then the burden for souls, in such a way and manner that they will have to pray day and night until the unconverted Church members are saved, and the unsanctified yielded to God. And there must be a coming up of the entire Church to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The weather was severe; but there was a good attendance. At our early sunrise-meetings about sixty attended; and it was a glorious sight to see the white-haired fathers praying for the salvation of the Church. One aged saint who had fought many a battle, never missed a single meeting. She has since gone to her long reward. We closed the meeting on Sunday night, after a four weeks' siege. The Church was greatly strengthened, and many professed the cleans-

ing power. Many said they had never received such a blessing before; and I myself was greatly blessed. I did not see the mountains; but only Jesus. I praise his holy name that he permits me to work for him.

Denver, January, 1896.—I have just come from Cincinnati, where I went after our meeting at Wesley Church. While there I had the privilege of seeing a man and his daughter saved, for whom I had prayed years before. I visited the Riverside church, and had a good time in the missions. I started for Chicago after a hard day's work in the rain and snow, and reached there on Tuesday morning utterly exhausted. On the Saturday following I received a telegram from my daughter Belle to come to Denver immediately, as her husband had been caught in a mine disaster at Victor. In the afternoon there had come a great heaviness upon me, and I said to my daughter Ida, "I feel just as I did when Jennie died." It grew so oppressive, that while we were at dinner we kneeled and prayed. All I could pray was, that God would raise up friends for Belle, and the same spirit of prayer came upon Ida. It was just at this time, six in the evening, allowing for the difference in time, that friends came to break the news. The accident happened at ten in the morning; but they did not tell Belle until evening. It was the most terrible time. The only news we had from Saturday night until we (my daughter Ida and myself) reached Denver, Tuesday, we found in the papers at Omaha. It seemed such a short while since I had traveled that road on

the 20th of October; and now I was going back to my afflicted daughter. I prayed all the way that strength might be given to poor Belle and the children. Little Katharine, whom her father idolized, was especially upon my heart. Although so young, yet she had had great grief when her father would go away for a few days. It was the most terrible time. Hope was given to the last, and the men worked like tigers day and night; not being able to stay in the mines more than fifteen minutes at a time, because of the excessive heat. It was not until late in the week that they reached the bodies, and we did not receive word until the following Saturday. That week of suspense, while the heroic miners removed the mountain, was the most awful we ever spent. When we would go to eat, we would turn deathly sick, thinking that maybe "he" was starving. They brought him home to us; but my daughter Belle could not attend the funeral. Dr. Shannon, his friend and pastor—he put his letter into Grace Methodist Church just before he died—and Dean Peck conducted the services. The last words he was heard to speak on earth were, "I am going down to get the men," a goodly heritage for his children. . . . There were seven others killed. He was connected with the First National Bank of Athens, Ohio, at one time being the youngest cashier in Ohio. His health failed, and they removed to Colorado, where he was cashier of Hathaway Bank, Fairplay. For eighteen months he was connected with the Bimetallic Bank of Cripple Creek, and had

but recently taken the position as manager of the surface work of the Victor mines, because of the close confinement in the bank. He had seen the dangerous condition of the mine, and they had begun repairs. The morning of the accident an immense rock had been loosened, and the men had been forbidden working. When Mr. Sheldon discovered that there were men in the mine, he went down to bring the men up. He had gotten them into the cage, and they were all standing together. He had given the quick danger signal, and the elevator was moving rapidly to the top, when the rock crashed down. During all that week we lived by prayer. The shock was so great, and my daughter's heart in such a condition, that if it had not been for a hemorrhage which she had five minutes before the final word came, it would have killed her. But, thank God! her faith did not fail, and it preached many a sermon to her hosts of friends. One Jewess—an old neighbor—said, "Her face makes me weep; any one can see she trusts God." There was one great comfort; there had been no suffering, and a beautiful calm was imprinted upon my son's features. My daughter was in a precarious state, and in February a babe, a beautiful boy, was born. She rallied, and, thank God! is able to be about again. Only God knows the suspense and anguish of heart. It seemed to be the day of the prince of darkness. When the baby first came he was very delicate, and was wrapped in cotton for the first week. On the first Sunday we thought he was dying. I took him,

and he looked straight into my eyes, with a pitiful quiver of the lips, as if to say, "Help me." I prayed that if it was God's will, he might go to heaven; but that if he desired him to live, the sickness might be taken away. He fell asleep, and from that time he improved, and is now a healthy boy, the very joy of my heart. There is a perfect understanding between us, and he is contented just to be with me.

Denver, April, 1896.—I went back to Chicago, to bid my children, who were going to England, good-bye; and then went on to Cincinnati. I could not stay long away from my precious child, and so hurried back to Denver, and God gave me a wonderful meeting. In May a lady came to me, to ask me to go to the East End, and hold a meeting in the mission of which she had charge. There I labored for nearly eight weeks. The mission had gone down, with only a few in attendance, and they were opposed to holiness. One man had fought it for twenty years, and declared he would answer me publicly. They warned him not to, as I was an old soldier of the Cross; but I just took him to the Lord, and said, "Lord, take him out of my way." God took hold of him in an awful manner, and he confessed how he had lived, received forgiveness of sins, and he was soon professing the blessing more loudly than he had before opposed it. We had a very successful meeting, with about twenty-five converted. Sister Gordy has written me that every one who was saved is holding out, and the work

is going on. She has grown wonderfully herself, and her husband was sanctified at the meeting.

I was requested to take charge of a new mission on Market Street, Denver, one of the worst streets there. I started, July 7th, with no one to help me at first but the mother of Mrs. White, to whom, with her husband, the mission had been given, and who were absent from the city. The Lord was with us from the beginning, and on Sunday night a good many were converted. When Mr. White returned he asked me to continue, which I promised to do for a short time. The place had been a gambling hall. There were no workers sent, and no singers for us. The streets were awful with a thousand fallen women in open sin, and with saloons on every side. . . . We were not discouraged. . . . Mrs. Bridwell, the mother, helped me until she was taken sick, and still the meeting continued. At the end of four weeks there were over seventy persons converted, among whom were gamblers, infidels, drunkards, and some Roman Catholics. They would be convicted in the street, hearing the praying and singing, and come up to the hall, requesting prayers as soon as they entered. Many times the hall was used only for the purpose of altar work. The word had been given on the street, and there was no need of further preaching. At the rising-sun prayer-meeting on the second Sunday four Roman Catholics heard the singing and came in, awfully convicted, asking us to pray for them. They wanted to know if it would interfere with their re-

ligion if they received what we had; and we told them that if they did not have Christ in their hearts they never could be saved. One of them was a gambler, and he said: "Can God have mercy and forgive such a sinner as I am? I have played cards all over this hall." I told him that God could and would forgive him, if he would forsake his evil ways, and confess his sins to Jesus. O, how he did cry to God for help! and it was not long before he was on his feet, and said, "I know God, and I have him in my heart." One other went off by himself to pray, after I had given him 1 John i, 9, to read; and he came with his face shining. When I asked him what he had, he said, "CHRIST." One night an infidel came in while we were having a testimony-meeting. He arose, and said he was glad to see us so happy, but that he could not enjoy it because he could not believe there was a God. We talked to him, and asked him to kneel with us, for we could help him; and that if he would give God a chance to show himself to him, he would know about it. He kneeled down, and I told him as an honest man to pray: "O God, if there be a God, if thou wilt forgive my sins, I will serve thee the best I can, while I live and by thy help." He repeated it after me very earnestly, and God manifested himself unto him. And he said, "I know now there is a God, for I have him in my heart." He went about shaking hands with us all. Instead of putting him down, as a disturber of our service, the Spirit showed me that it was conviction which caused

him to speak, and I was not afraid to trust the meeting in the hands of God. These disturbances are often but the struggle of a human soul after God. I allowed him that liberty which God had permitted, and respected his testimony, thus winning him for God. I had been begging Mr. White to give me a sanctified man to help me with the work, so that the names could be taken down, that we might visit through the day. He was there that night, and I asked him what he thought of the work; and he answered, "It would take twelve men to run it." The people had found fault about the singing on the streets and with some persons' testimonies who were not very bright, saying that they would break up the meeting, and drive the people away. I told them that I had put the meeting into God's hands, and that the people belonged to him, and that I dared not stop them. I have to have much patience; but God has had much patience with me. Instead of driving the people away, they increased in numbers, and came from all parts of Denver. One boy, fifteen years old, came from North Denver, and was wonderfully baptized of God, and wanted to start a children's meeting. I had intended closing; but I dared not. The police had driven us off the corner where we were praying near the saloon; for the proprietor had complained that we interfered with his business! He said we "must go," as if we had been dogs. We went; but we did not stop, for God used it to convict wicked men, who became our friends. One fallen woman

professed to find Christ. I would go down for the afternoon meeting at three o'clock, where I found people who had been waiting for two hours to be converted. We prayed for the power to come down on Denver—on all the ministers, Churches, police force, governor and officials, saloon-keepers, drunkards, fallen women, and that the Spirit might find those who wanted to be saved, and bring them out. We were as confident that God was sending the power down, as that we were praying. It was a wonderful meeting, and I rejoice whenever I think of it.

From there I went on to the camp-meeting at Fort Collins, after which I started East with my daughter, who was going to spend the winter at Athens, Ohio. I felt that my work was not done. O how careful we ought to be, if we are called of God to work in his vineyard! He had given me the minds and the hearts of the people, and he was carrying the meeting on himself. I was never insulted, and when drunkards would attempt to talk, not knowing what they were doing, I would tell them to be quiet, and they were. O it was so easy to let God have his own way, and the meeting moved on so easily! I never liked Denver, and yet it is a beautiful city; but I never wanted to stay there. It was the devil who saw that God could use me, and he wanted to get me away. If he wishes me to return and finish the work, I am ready.

In September I returned to Chicago. While my son was at Conference, a marvelous revival opened at

his Church, where God used me. I have never known a Church to go through a more searching time than Sheffield Avenue Church did at this time, under Mr. Calkins' preaching. It was a season of deep solemnity and much groaning after God. The Church emerged with greater spiritual power than it had ever known before. I never knew a Church to have so much real solid religion as Sheffield Avenue. They have been very kind to me, and I love them very much.

In November my daughter and I were called to work at Cuyler. The meeting opened up nicely, and about fifteen were converted gloriously. Some were sanctified, and the Church was greatly quickened; but the preacher took offense for some reason. The work was in a remarkably good condition, the young people becoming eager to work for God. If we could have gotten along with the preacher, there would have been a fine work done; but, thank God! there are some things which he holds in his hands, and some of the work stands to-day.

In January, 1897, Mrs. Calkins was invited to conduct a revival service at Hemenway Church, Evanston, Rev. W. E. Wilkinson pastor. In three days they sent for me, and the Lord showed me that he wanted to revive his work. God has promised to save the children of the righteous to the fourth generation, and Evanston is an old Methodist community. The people have grandparents who are now in glory. All the while we worked, there seemed a pe-

culiar unction and love resting upon them; surely his mercy endureth forever. I asked the pastor if we might have a testimony service, and in a little time we were working with our old freedom. The minister was a gentleman and a Christian, and had confidence in us. He was ready to do anything we suggested, working and visiting, himself, faithfully. The weather was so bitter that our breath would freeze; but it did not interfere with the meeting, except to get us closer together. Our six o'clock prayer-meetings were well attended, and when summer came they were continued. A Yokefellows' Band was organized, and started out in the work. It was a fine meeting, and we made many friends. My daughter was greatly blessed in her Bible-readings, and I received the richest favors of heaven. I hope the good work will go on until all Evanston is shaken by the mighty power of God, and that it shall spread into wicked Chicago, and kindle a blaze even as the fire of 1871.

We closed on Sunday, after a three weeks' meeting, with happy results, and Monday I went on to Cincinnati, and from there to Athens. In March I returned to Chicago, to assist in the work at "Peniel Place," which had been opened by Mr. and Mrs. Calkins. It was in the midst of Roman Catholics, and on the border of the slum districts, in the neighborhood of "Little Hell." I was up every morning at six o'clock praying, and as soon as the weather settled I was out on the streets preaching salvation. It was a most laborious work; but God was with us. There

were on an average two or three converted every night; but the local work was not satisfactory. Nevertheless there was great good done, and at our pentecostal-meetings many Christian workers received the baptism of the Spirit, and have gone forth in the vineyard of the Lord. The Yokefellows of Sheffield Avenue and of Hemenway Church, Evanston, rendered much assistance. The Evanston Yokefellows were in the open-air meetings, and were all on fire. The work was so great that my daughter's health was impaired, and we left in July, although "Peniel" was not closed until September. I returned to Athens; but in September received a telegram from Mr. Calkins to hasten to Chicago. My daughter was dangerously ill; but God restored her to health. She has been very quiet for the past winter. I returned to Athens, and there had the sorrow of my little granddaughter's illness. She was threatened with tuberculosis, which settled in her hip. There was an abscess formed, from which she suffered much, but was very patient as she lay with weights upon her leg. Through prayer she has been raised up, the doctor in attendance saying it was a peculiar case; the hip disease seemed to have disappeared. Little Katharine always believed God. When she was four years old she prayed for her mamma, who had caught her finger in the shelf of her trunk. Kneeling down and putting her face in her hands, she prayed aloud, "O God, bless my mamma!" When she arose the tears were seen on the box-lid, before which she had

kneeled. God answered, and not even a bruise was left on the finger. May God keep this fatherless one close to himself! All winter I watched with my daughter in her deep affliction. If it had not been for God, we could not have borne it. I had happy times, and God permitted me to be a blessing to the many women who met with me in my daughter's home.

I was watching the old year of 1897 go out, and the new year come in. I saw, as it passed out, that my life was all very bright, except for a single black spot. I tried to get away from it; but it remained there until the old year was gone. I felt that I had failed to do my duty some place; perhaps that I ought to have gone to those camp-meetings in the summer. I would not disobey God for the world, if I knew it. When I saw the mark I thought, "Perhaps there will be souls rise up against me in the Judgment-day, and condemn me," and I prayed that God would forgive me, and that by his help I would never allow anybody or anything to come in between me and my consecration to him. One thing it has taught me, that I can not do to-morrow what I ought to do to-day.

I am also reminded that

Still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

"There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone: the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heavens shall drop down dew. Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places." (Deuteronomy xxxiii, 26-29.)

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I close, praying that every one who reads this book may receive the same happy religion, the same abiding Christ, the same Holy Ghost power, which has been mine for lo, these many years. O may every one be baptized to work for God and win souls for Jesus! May God hasten the day when not only Cuba

shall be free, but all the nations of the earth shall have one King, even our Lord Jesus Christ!

May God hasten the day when Christ shall claim his inheritance, even the heathen unto the uttermost parts of the earth!

May the great blessing of God rest upon us all, and may we meet in heaven at last, and see Him who died that we might be forgiven, who died to make us good!

Commendatory.

DURING my pastorate at Trinity, this city, 1872 to 1875, Mrs. Vorn Holz was one of my most devout and useful parishioners; greatly owned of God in prayer and other public exercises. I have watched her expanding caréer with deep interest, and with joy that God hath anointed her to preach the gospel. There never was a more beautiful sight than mother and daughter in the midst of inquiring penitents and rejoicing believers. Her experience and work, as set forth in her book, will mightily inspire and instruct in the spiritual life.

DAVID H. MOORE.

Office of *Western Christian Advocate*, }
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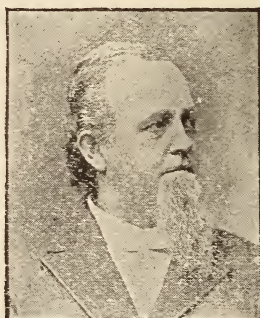
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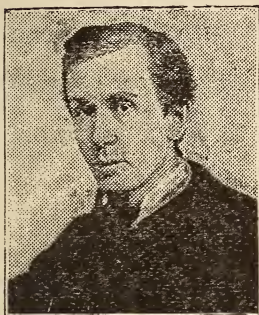


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